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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Vol. III. No. 43 Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1936. PRICE 3d. SYDNEY

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WEALTHY *Bachelor Girl* WHO LIVES in *Planes* and CARS

Attractive Far Nor'west Visitor Owns Enormous Slice of Australia

—AND SHE'S FANCY FREE!

For the past fortnight, Sydney has been entertaining a charming girl, who, while owning probably a larger slice of Australia than any other Australian woman, literally hasn't a home of her own.

She is Miss Patsy Naughton, only daughter of Mr. William Naughton, who died in Rockhampton last year.

Mr. Naughton was one of the millionaire grazier kings of Australia, and on his death his daughter inherited, with her five brothers, the vast grazing properties of Lissadel and Creswell Downs, in North-west Australia, as well as other stations in New South Wales and Queensland.

FLYING and motoring round Australia and world travel occupy all her time.

She has an intense love of her native land, a keen business brain, and a thorough knowledge of the pastoral industry in all its branches. She spends a portion of each year visiting her brothers on their own properties and attending personally to her own pastoral interests.

Flies Everywhere

SHE has flown over every inch of Australia many times, drives her own car over most of it, and has also found time to take several world trips. It was on a recent trip to England that Miss Naughton made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, of Rosevile, with whom she has been staying.

When Miss Naughton wants another motor car or lorry for her North-west Australian stations, she does not bother telegraphing to Sydney for it. She jumps in a plane at Darwin, flies to Sydney, and drives the truck back to Port Darwin herself.

To the average girl of 23 this would be regarded as something of an adventure, but it is merely an incident in the life of Miss Naughton, who is probably the most travelled girl in Australia.

In a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, she said that she had no hobbies, except travel and motor-driving. But a short conversation with her conveyed the impression that she is also a deep reader and a brilliant conversationalist with a ready turn of wit.

Mrs. Hawley, however, refused to allow this statement about hobbies to pass unchallenged.

"Pat is the most kind-hearted and generous girl in the world," she said. "Her hobby in life seems to be going about trying to do everybody a turn. And although she is only a girl she is a real mother to her five brothers, who simply worship her."

Speaking of her recent visit to her property at Lissadel, Miss Naughton said that the summer had been one of the driest and most trying she had experienced and but for the wise provision which Nature has made for artesian water the pastoral industry in the great north-western part of Australia would be impossible.

Marry? Some Day

OF medium height, slim and active, with reddish-brown hair, Miss Naughton would not admit to any romantic attachments.

"I suppose I will marry some day," she said, "when the right man comes along, but at present my boy-friends are my five brothers."

Miss Naughton left by the Niagara for Singapore and Japan on Monday, and on her return from the East intends to spend a holiday with Mrs. Martin, daughter of the manager of Victoria Downs, the largest grazing property in the world.

Mrs. Martin, who holds a pilot's aviation certificate, and flies her own plane, also paid a visit to Sydney recently.

It is a rather remarkable feature of these women, who are doing so much to keep the flag of civilisation flying in remote parts of the continent, that they avoid publicity in every way, and their rare visits to the metropolis are seldom heard of through the usual social channels.

MISS PATSY NAUGHTON (right), one of Australia's "landed ladies," and her hostess, Mrs. Hawley, of Rosevilla, with whom she was staying prior to her departure a few days ago for Singapore and Japan. —Women's Weekly photo.

NEW DANCE MUSIC *Must Now Be* "SWINGY"

Fascinating Rhythm Takes Place of Crazy Crooning

The so-called "hot" numbers of music have received their death blow, and even Bing Crosby, the crooniest crooner of them all, croons no more.

These are the highlights of last season's dance music that have gone to the wall, and their place has been taken by the new "swing" music, which should prove sweeter to the ear and more alluring to the feet.

THE trend of the dance music of 1936, that has been written to entice dancing feet to travel miles and miles over parquet floors, is for "straight" singing and, above all, swing music.

The new tempo is smooth and bright with an emphasis on the "swing high, swing low" rhythm.

No jerking or hot syncopation jars the even flow of the soothing melody and dancing is consequently smoother and quieter to be in keeping.

"You are my Lucky Star" is a typical "swing" number; "The Music Goes Round and Round" another. The latter song has a history. A dance band soloist was asked by a fair young dancer how he played a particular instrument. He replied "I blow through here, and it goes round there, and it comes out here," and the answer gave the composer the inspiration for the popular number.

"Swing Quartets" are all the vogue abroad and are being tried out successfully here by Don Royal and his band over 2FC and at Farmer's Restaurant. The accompaniment (or rhythm, as it is called professionally) is the important thing that strenses the swing crescendo on high notes and fades away in the lower registers.

The instruments of the quartets are very varied, with sometimes a clarinet playing the solo, and piano, guitar, and string bass the rhythm. The more unusual the combination the more successful. Even jews harps are much in favor for this class of music at the moment.

A little scat singing appears in the words of some of the new songs, but it is a more coherent scatting than that of last year! For example:

"Get the hi-de-hi in your soul,
Let that hi-de-hi be your goal;
Give your dancing feet
Rhythm on the beat,
Get that hi-de-hi in your soul."

The words are sung straight with no eccentricities and no crooning. Bing Crosby's numbers in the film "Mississippi" are nearly all in the natural voice.

Other hits of the season will be "Sugar Plum" with "play it swingy" printed over the chorus, and

"Eeny Meeny Miney Mo,
If he hollers let him go,"

with instructions to "swing it."

COMING as *Free Novel:* *"Quiet Flows* THE DON"

"And Quiet Flows the Don," one of the world's most discussed books, will shortly be presented to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly as a separate free novel.

This is in pursuance of our policy of securing for our readers the most outstanding books of the day.

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV, author of "And Quiet Flows the Don," has a style that represents a new phase in literature. He has attracted so much interest by his works that when last year he visited London he was inundated with invitations to public and social functions and lectures.

His remarkable story of Russian romance and adventure under the old regime and the new has achieved amazing success throughout the world.

London has acclaimed it as one of the most distinguished of recent novels.

It paints an extraordinary picture of life under the Soviet regime, and contains a moving drama of love and tangled lives.

The critics have acclaimed it—and criticised it. It is a book that those who keep up with the latest in modern literature cannot afford to miss reading.

Therefore, The Australian Women's Weekly is giving it to you as one of our complete novels so that you can form your own opinion as to its merits.

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FAR
LOVELIER
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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Brownsere.

AUTHORITY ON WOMEN'S WORK

MURIEL HEAGNEY, the recently-appointed organiser of the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau, is busy organising students' tours for the next vacation. These will be excursions to North Queensland and the Great Barrier Reef.

Born in Brisbane, Miss Heagney lived many years outback at Jundah, on the Barcoo, before she found her way to Victoria and then to New South Wales. She has travelled extensively throughout England, Germany, and Russia, and was a delegate to the first Pan-Pacific Women's Conference.

Miss Heagney's book, "Are Women Taking Men's Jobs?", which was published recently, has provoked wide comment.

NOTED MUSICIAN

PROFESSOR HAROLD E. DAVIES, Mus.Bac., F.R.C.M., Elder Professor of Music of the University of Adelaide, and director of the Elder Conservatorium, collected and recorded the only existing records of Australian aboriginal songs—25 of them—while on research expeditions in Central Australia.

Professor Davies, who is the first man upon whom the Doctorate of Music was conferred by an Australian University, is founder and conductor of the Adelaide Bach Society, and also of the S.A. Orchestra. As chairman of the Australian Music Examinations Board he plays a big part in the annual examination of the 25,000 candidates from all over Australia.

In September he will leave on a visit to England, where he will see his brother, the renowned musician, Sir Walford Davies.

WEALTH AND CULTURE

BARON DAN, of Japan, one of the world's wealthiest young men, is at present visiting Los Angeles.

A noted connoisseur and intellectual, his special interest is good cultural relations between Japan and the United States.

The baron's wife, a beautiful and gifted woman, always accompanies him on his trips.

WOMEN LOOK *for the* HAPPY, *Snappy* ENDING

Having the Last Word First With Your Books

By LESLIE HAYLEN

Do you read the ending of a book first? The Rev. Irving Benson, of Wesley Church, Melbourne, says you do. Speaking on this matter recently he said women generally turn first to the end of a book, then dip into the middle, and finally glance at the front, before deciding to read it.

But is it such a silly idea after all, this turning back the pages to see what happens? The ending is often much more intriguing than the beginning of a book. In fact, if you begin COLLECTING book endings you'll be a regular fan in no time.

IN THE SECLUSION of her library, away from the scoffers, this young lady reads the last page first. Is it sad—or just silly? She hasn't made up her mind.

WHILE librarians and others say women do not read a book one bit differently from a man, there are many women who admit the soft impeachment of the Melbourne cleric. They are book-end collectors by instinct, and readers of last lines by inclination.

I must confess as a mere male to having a whole library of book endings. It's a fascinating pastime, and you can get through so much reading that you pass as well informed with a minimum of trouble.

Book endings, I find, fall into very definite classifications, and you can tell at a glance if the book is going to be worth reading again after you have digested the last lines. It's like playing the old game of "Consequences," and you're liable to be shocked at any minute. That is what you read a book for, anyway, isn't it?

HERE'S AN EXAMPLE of team-work among collectors of book endings. One reaches for likely books and the other scans the last page. You can be well-read in no time this way.

How Does It End?

BOOK endings run the whole gamut of the emotions. For instance, Count D'Ornana's "Life and Loves of Marie Walewsky," ends by saying:

"The cemetery is filled with flowers,"

and Parker's "Seat of the Mighty" concludes:

"She handed him a small wooden cross."

Being a devotee of the Lower school of fiction, I turn sadly from these books. I'm sure they are going to depress me, and I'm suspicious of authors who "say it with flowers."

The cryptic ending to a book always fascinates me and makes me delve deeper. Joan Addiscombe concludes her "Kingdom of Dreams" with this:

"It was Leo," she said. "He showed me the way."

Well, of course, that's all right for Leo, whoever he is, but I'm never put off with that sort of talk.

Miss I. A. R. Wylie is equally infuriating with the ending of her novel, "Sideshows":

"But Lucy Popjoy knows better."

After that anyone who would not pursue Lucy's guilty secret back to page one is lacking in natural curiosity, and probably will end up by being run over by a tram.

Then there is the "falling" series of book endings. Great stuff this:

Romain Rolland in "Jean Christophe" starts the ball rolling with:

"Rain Fell. Night Fell."

Arnold Bennett in "Lord Raingo" carries on the good work with:

"His Jaw Fell."

Cosmo Hamilton, who believes in the happy ending, concludes a story in "Come Away From Life" by saying:

"She fell into his arms."

Which is a very fit and proper ending for any well-brought-up young lady.

Again, there is the "You'll be surprised" ending which belongs strictly to the motherhood school and should be approached with respect. An Australian author, too modest to be drawn into this controversy, was guilty of a cliche of this sort:

"Is this true, Janet?" he said.

"Don't be a fool, Selwyn, of course you know."

"Before God, I didn't."

He blames that bad break for the book not selling a million copies. But he sinned in great company (in a literary sense of course). In "Gil Blas" the hero is worried in another direction.

"Heaven has sent me two smiling babes . . . and if ever husbands might venture so bold a hypothesis I devoutly believe myself their father."

This wistful touch is a magnificent book ending and much sought after by collectors. I wonder what sage remark was made, as yet unrecorded, when Mr. Dionne heard of the quintuplets. Surely he didn't say as the husband in one of Ethel Dell's stories:

"Darling, I am a blind fool."

But enough of this.

Beware of books ending with the sunset gilding the hills at the back of the old farm, or the moonlight dappling the silver waters. It's obviously padding on the patched trousers of a weak plot, and you needn't read back.

Food as Theme

I RATHER like the gastronomical ending to a novel. In "Dinner in Chelsea," by James Drawbell, the artist says to his girl:

"What about a grill at some mean joint like the Savoy?"

You know instinctively from this that the artist cove has borrowed a pound note somewhere. If you read back you will find it was from a journalist. This was an improbable story. It is not life.

The gay attitude is very refreshing to readers, but there are other writers anxious to point out that there is an anti-climax to even a grill at the Savoy. Christopher Morley does this in the last line of "Swiss Family Manhattan" when the hero says:

"I think I'll take some bicarbonate of soda."

Now what can you do with a man like that?

Cause For Wonder

THEN there is the speculative ending which has a glamor of its own. Listen to the poetic and "what now" ending of Dr. Alex Munthe's "San Michele":

"What a beautiful girl Peppinella has turned out," thought I as I was falling asleep. "I wonder if Peppinella . . ."

I wonder!

We have also the disdainful ending in which the author drags his character through a 300-page novel and then drops him without even a kind thought or a passing sigh.

Jane England expresses this attitude of contempt when at the conclusion of "Sjambok" she says of her hero:

"We blew the tooter at him."

Major P. C. Wren adds military brusquenss to this attitude in "Cupid in Africa" with the harsh and unsympathetic ending:

"You go to Hades."

There's ingratitude for you!

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TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't increase you—it costs you nothing. I want you to try it; I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to increase your bust this way is marvellous!

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MARY MONROE, DEPT. W.S.
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Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

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DEVELOPED 3 INCHES
"I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 3 inches."—Mrs. A.M. (L., N.S.W.).

WONDERFUL!
"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its one-time firmness—the lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (F.T., Vic.).

GAINED 3 INCHES
"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your cream my bust measurement was 28 inches, and now it is 33 inches."—Miss A.L. (C., N.S.W.).

THESE LETTERS AND MANY MORE CAN BE INSPECTED AT MY OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

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WILL CHARLIE *Drop In* ON US *From* SINGAPORE?

What Multiple Love Has Done for World-Famous Comedian

Aristocrats, politicians, millionaires. Australia has entertained many of them recently, but all are rivalled in public interest by another great name on her visiting list—that of Charlie Chaplin, world king of laughter-makers.

He's coming. . . He's not coming. . . He's married. . . He's not married! So run contradictory and re-contradictory cables concerning Charlie Chaplin's forthcoming (or not) visit to Australia. Will he drop in on us from Singapore?

ONLY three weeks ago, Charlie's engagement to Paulette Goddard was announced. And now, while some say they are already married, others assert that they are not, but that the comedian and his fiancee will take their vows at any time now.

These "mystery" tactics are probably only another instance of the astute showmanship of the world-famed "pathetic" little comedian. A goodly share of the limelight always attached to his name is now centering on that of his leading lady, Miss Goddard, now either Mrs. Charlie Chaplin III. or the soon-to-be Mrs. Chas. Chaplin III.

It is to be hoped that Charlie's third venture on what proved for him to be the tempest-tossed sea of matrimony will be marked by more success than were his first two. What love has done TO Chaplin has made all America gasp—and now what love has done FOR him is making Hollywood and, for that matter, the entire world gasp anew.

Mildred Harris, Charlie's first wife, kept him in bitterly-fought litigation for two years.

Lita Grey, his second and the mother of his two children, added many more grey hairs to the little comedian's head by another drawn-out legal battle which extended even to the two youngsters.

America wondered how he could "take it" and come back for more . . . and keep on coming back, with his mind still alert and essentially creative, giving the world such pictures as "The Kid," "The Pilgrim," "City Lights," and more!

But now, at last, it looks as though love is really doing something FOR him, because his latest picture, made despite the fact that he said he'd never make another, is said to be superior to anything done in the past. And he's promised in future to make two a year.

Hollywood has looked at him for the past two years with amazement . . . at the light-hearted way he has gone about his work, with his latest love ever at his side. No more the sad-faced, lonely clown, haunting odd corners by himself, he has enjoyed life to the full.

There are many in Hollywood, too, who believe that Charlie is married. No one will confirm it, but by the same token nobody will deny it. Charlie also is non-committal! But certain it is that Charlie and Paulette are never seen without each other, happy and smiling, the absolute picture of contentment.

The years have dropped from Charlie's face and figure. The smile which the world remembered only as part of his pathetic characterisations is back upon his face. And as for the creative Charlie—well, those in the know assert that he has regained his old enthusiasm.

Lifted to Fame

CHARLIE'S loves in real life have been closely paralleled by his pictures. And because of the performance which Paulette Goddard—at least, according to Charlie—gives in his latest film, Hollywood is beginning to remark that the genius of comedy's middle name, instead of Spencer, is "Svengali."

Charlie has had three "Trilbys," each of whom could give a performance under his direction, but for nobody else. And Paulette Goddard is his fourth.

Unheard of before he found any of them, all four were lifted to fame by being in a picture with him. It was Merna Kennedy in "The Circus," Georgia Hale in "The Goldrush," Virginia Cherrill in "City Lights," and now . . .!

None of the other three, after leaving him to try the movie business by themselves, ever achieved success, even with his tremendous publicity and prestige behind them. Without him, none of them ever seemed quite able to "get over"; no other director seemed to get the performances from them that Chaplin could.

Virginia Cherrill's blind girl in "City Lights" was an inspired role that she has never approached since, even remotely; Merna Kennedy got a few big parts but finally faded into oblivion; and Georgia Hale is living quietly in a little Hollywood bungalow.

This can scarcely be coincidence. The answer is simply that the "Trilbys" are adrift without their "Svengali"—the spark is no longer there.

Apparently, however, Paulette Goddard is different, inasmuch as she has a role for life. Leading role in his most important picture so far, it is apparent that she is to be the leading lady in Charlie's life—that is, as the position is now!

And, for the first time in five years, Charlie wants to work. Feels like working. Wants to create something for the sheer joy of creating and for the pleasure of having someone to show it to, to do it for.

With Paulette Goddard at his side he already contemplates yet another feature—a picture that, instead of being the climax of Paulette's career, he visualises as only the beginning. It will be Charlie's first talkie, which he will write and direct, but in which he will not appear. He expects to start it upon his return to America, in all probability as a newly-married man.

All this because of his enthusiasm for Paulette—the girl who has seemingly moulded a new life for him.

"Sinister Inn"

Next Week's Free Novel

THERE are action, romance, mystery, and adventure close packed in the pages of "Sinister Inn," the free novel issued with next week's Australian Women's Weekly. The author, Jefferson Farjeon, is a master of mystery, and he has excelled himself in this story.

Mystery piles on mystery and sensation until the clever climax of the story is reached.

Don't miss this brilliant and entertaining thriller next week!

LOVELY PAULETTE GODDARD, whose engagement to Charlie Chaplin has been announced, but who is believed to be Mrs. Chaplin III already.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN as the world knows him—the "pathetic" funny man of the screen—and Charlie minus his make-up—now a smiling, happy man who may "drop in" on Australia.

Asthma Conquered at Last

by Amazing New English Discovery

"No necessity to suffer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Wheezing, Chest-tightness, or Night attacks," says Famous British Specialist.

Instant Relief now FREE to All Sufferers

NOW that this important English discovery is available for Australian Asthma sufferers, there is not the slightest necessity to suffer the misery and inconvenience of Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Coughs, Hay Asthma, Breathlessness, Chest Tightness, Air-Hunger, Feeling of Suffocation, Choking Sensations, Wheeziness, Difficult Breathing, Sense of Pressure or Weight on Chest, Hacking Cough, Tearing Pain in Chest, Gasping for Air, Chest Rigidity, Bronchial Tubes Blocked, Prolonged Spasms of Coughing, Difficult Expectoration, etc.

Mr. Grahame Howard, a famous British Specialist, has for some considerable time past been concentrating on the subject of Asthma and its causes, devoting most of his time and energy to finding a remedy for this distressing complaint. He has discovered in the course of his investigations that there are nearly two thousand different kinds of Asthma, Bronchial troubles, and Chest complaints. It is gratifying to learn, however, that although the symptoms differ, the true or basic cause is the same, and the entirely new, different, harmless, and remarkably effective method which he has formulated permanently banishes every form of Asthma by removing the cause.

HOW THIS NEW DISCOVERY ACTS

In pleasing contrast with the many old-fashioned, nauseous concoctions which temporarily deaden the nerve centres and thus afford a certain measure of relief, perhaps at the expense of the general health, the modern, convenient, and harmless scientific combination formulated by Mr. Grahame Howard, not only brings immediate, substantial, relief, but by building up the nervous system speedily and safely overcomes Asthma and Bronchitis, thus assuring permanent immunity from these annoying, weakening, and often dangerous ailments.

Under the beneficial influence of this new discovery, air is brought into air-starved lungs. The chest becomes less rigid. The wheeziness and breathlessness disappear. The cough softens and soon ceases. Obstructions in the form of tenacious mucus or phlegm are liquefied, loosened and ejected without effort. After a little while the attacks become less and less frequent, and the intervals between attacks are more prolonged. Sleep is less broken, sweeter, sounder and more refreshing. Food no longer causes paroxysms. Diet restrictions may be relaxed, and the one-time sufferer is not affected by climatic conditions or the district in which he lives. These improvements follow the use of this new discovery in all cases, but naturally the results are

more rapid in some cases than in others, according to age, severity, and chronic character of the trouble.

ASTHMA IS A NERVOUS AILMENT

The nervous contraction or spasm causing the difficult breathing of the Asthmatic arises mainly from disturbance of the sympathetic system, the function of which is to regulate the contraction and dilatation of the blood vessels. This disturbance is due to the retention of waste products (toxins) within the blood, resulting from the limited amount of gaseous exchanges between the lungs and air. This leads to the creation of an impure blood stream and defective nutrition.

To remove the cause of Asthma it is necessary to supply the sympathetic system with nerve nutrient; to eliminate the poisonous waste matter from the blood, and at the same time to employ an effective yet harmless vaso-dilator to afford safe relief while the nervous system is being built up. Mr. Grahame Howard's new discovery scientifically combines and provides these essentials in tablet form, and by its speedy, safe and certain therapeutic action, definitely removes the cause of the trouble.

Arrangements have been made by Ludgate Laboratories of Sydney with Mr. Grahame Howard through their English Associates, Messrs. Hamlyn and Houben Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, of 110 Fleet Street, London, to make this wonderful medicinal combination available for Australian sufferers.

ACCEPT THIS GENUINE OFFER

To every Asthma sufferer who applies on the form at the foot of this announcement, the Director of Ludgate Laboratories will send:—

(1) A free trial supply of these new Asthma Tablets prepared from Mr. Grahame Howard's formula and guaranteed to give INSTANT RELIEF, even in the worst cases. He will also send:—

(2) An interesting monograph which will show you how to remain free of Asthma after banishing the trouble.

In inviting all sufferers to accept these offers, the Director of Ludgate Laboratories wishes to make it perfectly clear that no payment is expected for the Tablets and information which he undertakes to supply, nor is the slightest obligation incurred by accepting his invitation.

If you are suffering unnecessarily from night attacks, gasping for air, choking sensations, chest tightness, hard dry cough, breathlessness or any other form of Asthma, you will be not only satisfied but highly delighted with the substantial and lasting health benefits you will enjoy as a result of using Mr. Grahame Howard's marvellous new discovery.

The peace of mind brought about by freedom from the fear of Asthmatic paroxysms, with the enjoyment of tranquil, refreshing, revitalising, unbroken sleep will give you an entirely new outlook on life. Do you realise what this will mean to you? Then take the first important step in this direction at once by writing your name and address on the form below and post to the Director, Ludgate Laboratories, 202D Turner House (G.P.O., Box 3787T), Sydney.

Send the Form Now.

FREE

INSTANT RELIEF for ASTHMA SUFFERERS

The Director, Ludgate Laboratories, Pty. Ltd.
202D Turner House, SYDNEY.
(G.P.O. Box 3787T).

Please send me without cost or obligation a trial supply of your Asthma Tablets to bring me INSTANT SUBSTANTIAL RELIEF, and Monograph to show me how to remain free of Asthma after banishing the trouble. I enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

NAME .....
Please write plainly.
ADDRESS .....
.....

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FIVE Little HEIRESSES

Illustrated by **BOOTHROYD**

The girls assembled in Brenda's cabin, which was littered with flowers. She bestowed a few gardenias on them . . . the orchids she kept.

FIVE LITTLE HEIRESSES travelling by luxury liner to Europe with almost every man on the boat making love to these girls who are beautiful as well as fabulously rich. What a situation for a poor chaperon to cope with, but with Brenda, who is in charge of the girls, it is even worse. She is still young, cultured, and beautiful. She has lost all her money in the depression, but she is much travelled and has the entry to places into which even the heiresses cannot buy their way.

Men fall in love with her, too, perhaps more often than they do with the girls. But Brenda's heart is with a dead soldier lover, and she keeps to her role of chaperon. Almost before the gang-plank is lifted and the Cornucopia on its way, romance breaks out on the vessel and the fun is fast and furious.

By . . .

ALICE DUER MILLER

DURING the Easter holidays, fifty copies of a letter—with the names changed—went out to fifty of the richest and most socially prominent parents in various cities of the Middle West. The letter was beautifully typed on heavy cream-colored paper, and bore at the top the name of one of the most desirable girls' schools on the Eastern seaboard. It said:

"My dear Mrs. (or Mr.) ——: I want to tell you among the first that by my advice my friend and former pupil, Miss Brenda Angell, is making her plans to take a group of five girls to England this summer for a three months' stay. Nobody could be better fitted than Miss Angell to conduct such an expedition. She is a woman of the highest integrity and discretion; she comes of an old New York family, who have had money and position for many years; she was brought up a great deal abroad, and speaks French and Italian well—German better than most people. Accustomed from her youth to every luxury, she finds herself now, when no longer young, without any adequate means of support. Her cultivation and charm of manner make her a valuable adviser to any girl—one of those companions whose services can rarely be obtained. Her social contacts—her sister, as you probably know, is the Countess of Walford—will assure the girls glimpses of certain characteristic aspects of English life which are denied to most tourists.

"I enclose on a separate sheet the itinerary, cost, list of necessary clothes, date of sailing, and so on. If you are inclined to take advantage of the offer for dear ——, I hope you will communicate with Miss Angell at once, as her list is filling rapidly.

"I remain, very sincerely yours,

"AGNES WOOLSEY."

The name of Agnes Woolsey, A.M., Ph.D., was one that aroused respect—even awe—in the breasts of those whose daughters had been her pupils. In all the fifty households to which it went, that letter was read with attention, but this story is concerned with its reception in only four of the fifty.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnhardt were breakfasting in their Sewickley house—a large, serious house full of those masterpieces of painting which could hardly be bought twenty years ago, and definitely cannot be sold to-day. They were eating a large, serious breakfast—coffee and cereals with thick, yellow cream, poached eggs on white chicken mince, popovers, and several kinds of jam. Mr. Barnhardt was dressed for the office, in dark clothes, a linen waistcoat, and spats. In his buttonhole he wore the ribbon of the Legion d'honneur, won by his great benevolence to French orphans during the war.

Mrs. Barnhardt wore a tea gown of a rather hard shade of bright blue—a shade that would have destroyed most women over forty facing a bright morning sun; but Mrs. Barnhardt, plump, fair, and unwrinkled, became it very well. She had a great many chiffon ruffles on her wide bosom, and her thick, blonde hair was braided round her head.

She opened her mail slowly, between sips of coffee and bites of popovers, and finally she came to the square cream-colored envelope.

SHE looked up. "Rudolph," she said, "look at this letter from Miss Woolsey. I do think it would be just the thing for Gretchen this summer."

Mr. Barnhardt reluctantly laid aside the paper in which he was reading an article about the future of the railroads—his fortune was dependent on steel rails—and took the letter from his wife's plump, white hand. He not only read it to the end, but he also read, as she had not, the itemised information on another sheet. He looked at her sidewise over his wire-rimmed spectacles.

"It's a great deal of money," he said.

Mrs. Barnhardt never contradicted her husband—she never wanted to contradict him. Now she agreed at once: "It is a great deal of money, Rudolph, but not as much as if we had all three gone to Europe together."

HER husband laughed rather brutally. "But I never thought of going to Europe this summer. That was all your idea."

"It would be a great advantage for Gretchen to go abroad this particular summer."

"And why?"

She had known he was going to ask that, and she hesitated. The true answer was that in Mrs. Barnhardt's set it was thought the proper thing for a girl to go to Europe the winter before she came out. A certain social prestige would accrue to Gretchen—the best people did it.

Mrs. Barnhardt knew very well that her husband felt the urge towards social prominence as much as she did—even more—but, unlike her, he would never avow it. If she now formulated the social advantages of this trip, he would be thrown into a frenzy of masculine contempt for all such feminine trivialities—he might even veto the whole idea in order to vindicate his own democracy.

She tried now to think of some way of putting the idea into his head without actually stating it, but she couldn't think of a sentence, and ended by saying weakly:

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POOR Butterfly

RIO DE JANEIRO in the height of carnival, a city gone deliriously mad, and such a city! Never did Nature provide diviner setting for the affairs of man: the wisps of mist upon the mountains, the great blue bay, dotted with little emerald-green islands each in its circle of white-crested waves; the palm-bordered Avenida Beira Mar; the salt tang from the sea at Copacabana, where Atlantic rollers break on golden sands; the constant purr of motor-cars driven at high speed; the clink of chips at gambling tables; and through all else—just as the Marseillaise echoes through the 1812 Overture—the music of the Machiche.

Carnival had begun, and in the Theatro Casino Phenix were gathered all manner of people. The air was heavy with the scent from a dozen score of metal sprays. Colored serpentines festooned the pillars, passed over white, rounded shoulders, clung to silk-clad limbs. A band played on a raised stage; the floor rocked with riotous colors; eyes shone brightly, red lips were parted beneath silken masks.

In the party, but yet not of it, a young man leant against a pillar. He had only come that day to Rio after a four days' journey across the Alta Parana. His skin was burnt dark brown; his slim hands hardened by rawhide leather; his eyes had the look in them of a man who has wandered over wide, open spaces, lived much alone, accustomed himself to his own company, and to rely on no man in case of need.

From a box above a serpentine came skimming through the air and fell across his shoulders. He caught the paper streamer and looked up. A black mask looked down at him, covering the wearer's face completely. Below the mask he saw a ruffle, and above a yellow-tasselled cap. In all there were four people in the box: two men and another woman. "A party," he thought to himself, "out together for the evening. I shall find no partner there." He looked back again at the dancers.

HE had been watching perhaps a minute when a figure flitted past—the same yellow tassel and white ruffle caught his eye. She wore orange silk breeches and a little jacket gathered at the waist, showing a slim, rounded figure. She turned her head, and he fancied her eyes twinkled a message to him through that all-enveloping mask.

He stepped forward, put his arm round her, and without a word they began to dance. To the man from the backwoods it seemed like dancing with a dream. She was so light and supple, gave herself to him so completely, brushed his cheek with her scented hair, held his hand in the warm pressure of her ungloved palm.

My Favorite Poem

"The Last Review"

(Extract.)

Turn the light down, nurse, and leave me while I hold my last review,
For the bush is slipping from me, and the town is going, too.
Draw the blinds. The streets are lighted, and I hear the tramp of feet—
And I'm weary, very weary, of the Faces in the Street.

I was human, very human; and if in the days misspent
I have injured man or woman, it was done without intent.
If at times I blundered blindly—bitter heart and aching brow—
If I wrote a line unkindly—I am sorry for it now.

—Henry Lawson.

Sent by Miss E. Whitenstall, Faversham, Arnheim St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

∴ By ∴
Arthur Mills

That dance was the Machiche, played as it should be played, first decorously, then quickening pace, and ending in a wild abandon.

He found himself still holding her after the music stopped, and she looked up at him. He could see now, through the slits in her mask, the laughter in her eyes.

"Well, did you like it?"

SHE spoke in English with the trace of a French accent; her voice had the deep, low tone of the Southern States; she might then be English, French, or American.

"Like it!" he echoed, eagerly putting out his hand. "You must dance the next."

She shook her head.

"You must, I——" He stopped, having no words to say his thoughts.

She laughed softly.

"I cannot!" she said, looking up at the box, where the two men and the other woman were: "Not here."

Of course, one of those men must be her husband. Even in Carnival there was a limit to the licence allowed. She might leave her party to dance with a stranger once, but not a second time. She would have to go back to her own people.

"Listen!" She laid a hand on his arm. "Come to Copacabana Casino in half-an-hour."

"Can't we go together? It will be a job to find you in all that crowd. The mask completely hides your face. I don't even know the color of your hair."

"Or what I look like! I may be old and ugly."

He laughed. "Old you are not certainly, for you dance like a spirit from the woods."

"Ugly, then. Perhaps my eyes go so." She crossed her fingers.

"That, Madame, I will risk. I say! Stop!"

But she had gone—away among the crowd, as quickly and completely as she came.

AT the Copacabana Casino they met and danced again. She was like some rare, rich wine—improving with each glass.

The music over, they went out on to the terrace. A waiter brought them cooling drinks. From the terrace they looked out over the arc of the bay, lit by innumerable electric lamps, glittering like a diamond necklace.

The whole occasion, the beauty of the night, the charm of his companion, the romance of their meeting, seemed to cry out for some softly murmured words, just those little turns of phrase that come so readily to the lips of any foreigner.

He sat there, typically English and inarticulate. He felt that anyone in his place would have already spoken a whole volume. He could feel her mocking him through that mask, was sure her eyes held a smile. All very well for her to laugh at him, but chasing zebu cattle through the woods of Matto Grosso was poor training for such occasions.

In desperation he felt in his pocket, pulled out his cigarette-case, and a ring on which he had a silver matchbox and the key of the room at his hotel.

He opened the case and held it out. She accepted a cigarette. He struck a match and held it out to her, while she lifted the corner of her mask. She made one quick draw at the cigarette, lit it, and sat back.

He laughed. "I was right, anyway."

"Right! What do you mean?"

"You said you might be old and ugly. When I was holding the match and you lit the cigarette just now I saw you were not."

She pretended alarm. "But you could not see my face!"

"No, but I saw your mouth. It was not the mouth of an old or ugly woman."

"But an ugly woman might have a nice mouth."

"If she had lips like yours she could not be ugly." He leant forward and caught her hand.

She drew away. "You must be good, and I, too. I must go back to my party. I have been away too long already."

"When can I have another dance?"

"I cannot dance with you any more to-night."

"Oh, but you must—just as you have begun to teach me what Carnival is."

"To-night I cannot dance any more."

Her tone was final. He could tell that. It would be no use to plead or argue. He sat back dejected.

"To-morrow I will dance again with you."

"Will you? Where? At the Phenix?" He was all eagerness. "I'll go anywhere, wait all night for one more dance with you."

"No; I shall not go to the Phenix, not here—somewhere else. Till to-morrow!"

MIDDAY found Vine pacing his room in the Gloria Hotel. The sun shone brightly over the harbor. One of the great liners of the Royal Mail was leaving port.

Very deliberately he kicked a waste-paper basket from one end of the room to the other.

Burr! Burr! Burr!

He snatched the telephone receiver. "Is that you?"

"This is Vine speaking—Henry Vine. Who is that?"

"Don't you remember me?"

"Who is it? What's your name?"

The voice sounded like a man's, and he could not think of any man likely to ring him up. Besides, the instrument was harsh, and it was difficult to recognise a voice.

"I promised to ring you up."

"You did! When? I don't know who is talking." He spoke irritably.

"You have a bad memory. You were dancing with me a few hours ago."

"I?" All at once he remembered how deep her voice had been. It might well sound like a man's over such a beastly telephone.

"It's you." He bent forward excitedly to the mouthpiece.

"Yes, it is I."

AND now he knew that little, low, unmistakable laugh. Her voice was softer, too. "I must not talk long. You want to see me again to-night. Come to the Palace Hotel at twelve; there is a ball there—I am going. Au revoir."

At the Palace Hotel, in the Avenida Rio Branco, they dance in the ballroom on the roof. Vine arrived a few minutes before twelve, bought a ticket, and rang the bell for the lift. As he was standing waiting a man joined him. The fellow wore London-made evening clothes, but certain signs proclaimed him Brazilian. His black hair, glossy and thick, was brushed straight from his forehead, and smeared with a pungent pomade. The toes of his patent leather boots were cut to points sharp as needles, his eyes were raven black and very bright.

Vine thought he had seen the man before. He could not be sure, but he thought he was one of the two men who had been in the box at the Phenix from which the serpentine had been thrown that had begun the strange adventure.

Vine had just got into the lift when he saw a figure enter the hall. He stepped quickly out again, leaving the Brazilian to go up alone. Vine moved forward. There was no mistaking those yellow tassels, orange breeches, and peculiar mask.

"THAT was risky," she said.

"What was?" Vine was puzzled.

She had arranged they should dance together at the Palace.

"I could not have danced with you there to-night. They have found out that we met again at Copacabana last night."

"Who have?"

"My people."

"But why?"

"Listen. I will take you a motor drive. I can be away an hour. For that time it is easy for me to pretend I got lost in the crowd at the Palace; there are a lot of people there to-night. But we must not go anywhere to dance. It is terrible in Rio the way everyone knows everything—even during Carnival when one wears a mask. You will like the drive I will take you; it is very beautiful."

When they were in the car Vine turned and looked steadily into those eyes twinkling at him behind the mask. So cleverly was the mask contrived that he could not even be sure he knew the color.

"Listen. You say in Rio everyone knows everything. How did you know where to telephone?"

She laughed. "That your room at the Gloria is 251, eh?"

"Yes. I have not been in Rio two days yet. There is not a soul in the place knows me by sight or anything. How could you possibly find out?"

"Ah! It is a nice room, yours; with two windows, one looking on the harbor and the other on the hills; you get always a cool breeze; and there is a little balcony where you can sit, but it is not very safe, because the top rail is broken."

"Look here—how the dickens do you know all this?"

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Illustrated by FISCHER

"I came only to say goodbye," she whispered as he took her in his arms.

Brief Hour of Love

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Complete Short Story

At FIFTY FEET

"I've done fairly well, I think," said Cynthia. "I like your pilots."

"I believe that the liking is reciprocal," said Lexham dryly.

Every trick and dodge known to the flying ace, Lexham tried; up and down the sky, from eight thousand feet to two thousand, the curveting machines dived and soared.

HE hadn't much time for women fliers, but Cynthia was different.

Illustrated by
Alex King

By . . . .
BUCKLEY ROBERTS

LEXHAM stared gloomily from his office window out over the aerodrome. The spring day was sunny, with enough sting in the breeze to stimulate the tardiest liver. Business was good; the Lexham-School of Flying thrived upon a satisfied clientele, the private affairs of its proprietor and founder held no threat.

And yet Lexham was vaguely depressed, conscious of an undertone, irritating and disturbing.

"What the devil's the matter with me?" he asked himself, testily.

Was it, he wondered, the monotony of things? Despite his irritation a faint smile touched his lips at the thought. If anybody had told him ten—fifteen years ago that flying could become monotonous!

Of course, things were different then. When George Lexham had been Squadron Leader George Rodney Lexham, R.A.F., airmen seldom lived long enough to complain of monotony. They learned their flying in a hard school from weary, leather-faced instructors whose job was to transform eager schoolboys into wise, deadly fighting automata in as short a time as possible. One either flew or—well, one could go sick, get out, or crash. Lots crashed. The survivors flew.

Lexham's rapid progress through ground school, dual, solo, gunnery, combat, advanced combat, commission—France, had seemed all too long to him then. But life was so rapid. Men lived and died between smokes in those terrible days.

HE thought of it all now; the early planes: Avro, Jenny, Bristol, Camel, Pup (the fearful Pup which would rather spin than fly!), and laughed shortly.

That was flying! When you were in one of those planes you didn't need a war to liven you up.

A sudden roar of an engine from directly overhead burst in upon his reverie, a roar which was immediately stifled, and followed by the whine and swish of a gliding plane. From above the office building one of Lexham's training Moths swept obliquely down to a perfect landing. He pushed open the window and called to a man in a leather coat who was about to enter the building.

"Hey, Jackson!"

The other stopped and looked up. Joining the school at its inception as a pilot instructor, he had since become Lexham's firmest friend.

"Morning, George," he said.

"Morning. Who's in that Moth, d'you know?"

"Young Cynthia Lyle—you know, the girl with the fat-wad father. That's her last flip—she finishes today."

"Right; thanks." He closed the window, and, going to his desk, drew out a sheaf of pilots' reports from a file and began to study them. Ten minutes later a knock on the door was followed by the appearance of a typist.

"Miss Lyle to see you, sir."

"Very well, bring her in."

Even in his present disgruntled mood Lexham could not help admiring the girl who entered. She looked very businesslike in her flying kit, the keen air had lent a flush to her face and a sparkle to her eyes, so that she brought into the office something of the freshness of the spring morning.

Lexham rose and shook hands.

"Well, Miss Lyle," he said, "I've just been looking at my pilots' reports. They tell me you're a star pupil."

She laughed lightly and sat down in the chair he placed for her.

"I've done fairly well, I think. I like your pilots."

"I believe," said Lexham dryly, "that the liking is reciprocal."

She laughed outright and became beautiful in the process.

"Oh — strictly in a professional capacity!" she added.

"Quite. And, Miss Lyle, strictly in a professional capacity, I should like to say that you have just accomplished a piece of very bad flying."

Her smile vanished, her eyebrows rose, a touch of hauteur came into her expression. Lexham, watching her, was amused.

("As usual," he thought swiftly. "Only child—lashings of money. Pilots make a fuss of her. Thinks she's Amy Johnson and Amelia Earhart in one.")

"You came down over the building, didn't you?" he asked aloud.

"Yes"—defensively.

"You cleared it by about ten feet."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I should be failing in my duty as an instructor if I didn't point out how dangerous that sort of thing is. A sudden down draught, an eddy of air from the parapet, and you might have covered the last fifty feet vertically."

"But I didn't."

"No, Miss Lyle, the cemeteries are full of people who have done things wrongly and got away with it—for a time."

She was angry now, less at his criticism than at his manner. Lexham disapproved of the "only child, tons of money, do-as-they-like" type, and could not help showing it.

She rose.

"Mr. Lexham," she said coldly, "I have been under instruction in your school for three months. I have taken my A certificate, have carried passengers, have passed my aerobatic tests. My instructors have complimented me highly. Everybody who has flown with me is satisfied as to my proficiency. And now, when I have finished, you, who sit in an office all day, tell me that I know nothing!"

Lexham, unused to handling women of this sort, gasped at the feminine exaggeration. His business caution, which warned him that "the customer is always right," was swamped by his indignation. Sitting in an office all day! He, who had forgotten more about flying than this damned kid would ever learn! He fought his rapidly mounting temper and rose to his feet.

"I've no doubt that your proficiency is all that you say," he remarked with a touch of bitterness. "But before you go, Miss Lyle, remember this: Any fool can fly at five thousand feet, but it takes a pilot to fly at fifty. As to my office, it may interest you to know that I make a practice of flying every day, when possible. Should you doubt it, I shall be happy to fly with you and demonstrate the truth of my remarks about low flying."

CYNTHIA LYLE was in a childish fury by now.

"Oh, I know that you fly," she retorted contemptuously. "I've seen you floating sedately round the drome in your Cadet like a little boy on a bicycle. And I learned low flying from your instructors, so your lack of faith in them is a poor advertisement for your school. Good-day, Mr. Lexham!"

There was a step outside, and Jackson's head appeared at the door. He looked puzzled.

"What have you been doing to my soul-mate?" he asked. "She's gone buzzing out of the building like a bee with the toothache."

"Look here," said Lexham. "Can that girl fly?"

"Can she fly?" repeated the other. "George, that girl's a genius with a Moth. She can do as much with it as she can with me, and what she can do with me is nobody's business!"

"Don't stand there, all head and teeth, like a Cheshire cat," said Lexham irritably. "Come in. Now listen, Jack, you're a responsible instructor. Don's you ever tell pupils that it's not good flying to scrape dust off roofs when they're landing?"

"Oh, that was just high spirits! Didn't you ever 'roll' a hangar when you were a kid? Besides, we had to be tactful; she's a bit touchy."

"So I noticed," said Lexham grimly, and related the conversation.

During lunch Lexham's irritation was soothed by the cheerful but shrewd nonsense of his companion, and although the vague depression lingered, he began to see the humor of the morning interview. After lunch they drove back to the aerodrome, and, as they strolled over to the hangars, where his Avro Cadet was being prepared for flight, Lexham made his final comments.

"You know, Jack, flying's too easy nowadays. Look at the people we get. Cocky boys and girls who think they're going to fly the Atlantic after three lessons; elderly rakes who want to cut a new dash; cocktail mothers looking for a thrill.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Taff, sketched by Petrov

MILITARY Motifs Rule Paris Fashions

Legions of Soldierly Suits on the March

PARIS fashion designers have gone definitely military-minded. Regiments of military suits topped by officers' caps march down the streets. Capes and coats of military cut walk side by side with dresses frog-trimmed and braided.

Suits—legions of them—with square shoulders, padded shoulders, epaulets, chests covered with brandenburgs, braid and cord frogs, upstanding military collars, wide red or gold braid belts, buttons in the shape of gold francs or brass helmets, astrachan trimming.

● *MILITARY dress in royal-blue corrugated woollen. White soutache braid trimming on shoulders and cuffs. Belt and bag of white shark-skin.*

● *SPORTS clothes show a military air—bottle-green and beige check tweed for this suit and cape. The jacket closes with green cords, the cape is lined with green.*

● *SUIT OF RED horseguard's cloth. Black astrachan forms the high collar, epaulets and big pockets. The cap is astrachan with a red cockade.*

● *TAILORED SUIT of smooth black cloth. High stiff collar, white cotton braid belt, and gloves complete the ensemble.*

● *TOPCOAT in smooth black wool with high upstanding collar of black astrachan. This fur also makes the frogs on the chest, the belt, the sleeve trimming, and the cap.*

Rigidly Disciplined Lines

THESE suits have straight, narrow skirts, often with a braid stripe down either side. Jackets are tightly fitted at the waist and are hip-length, or longer; in the latter case they flare out slightly below the hips.

In practically every model the jackets fasten centre-front from the waist to the throat, closing with braid or cord frogs, or brandenburgs. Stiff little collars can be of the suit fabric, of velvet or astrachan—in the latter case there will be more astrachan at the cuffs, pockets, or on the shoulders. Jacket edges are bound with braid or astrachan.

Drummer-boy suits, straight and double-breasted, have short capes flung over one shoulder.

A new fabric called horseguards cloth, a thick wool like the stuff uniforms are made of, is used a great deal for these military suits and topcoats. Colors are military-red, purple, blue, and black. Black is by far the most popular.

Wool dresses have a military air with their square shoulders, trim waists bound by wide braid belts, chests plastered with frogs, with colored soutache braid in intricate designs, corded epaulets, bars of velvet on bodices, gleaming gold buttons, military collars.

TOPCOATS, too, have gone military—officers' great-coats tightly belted and full at the hem, strictly-fitted coats trimmed with astrachan collars, pockets, cuffs, and belts. Again, frog-bound chests and braid epaulets. Coats with astrachan yokes, or plain, dark coats worn with fur gloves and fur caps. Coats with files of buttons up the front. Long officers' capes of horseguards cloth are flung over tailored suits; they have military collars and are lined with the color of the suit.

Tweed capes, either hip length or full length, go over tweed suits.

Military capes even go out at night. In flaming red velvet or stiff wool fabric, in rich shades such as purple, royal-blue, bright green, and, of course, black.

TO wear with military suits, coats, and dresses, you must have a hat in keeping. You will see soldiers' caps and officers' caps of felt, velvet, and velour topped by a tuft of feathers, a tassel, trimmed with fur or braid. Whole caps are made of astrachan to go with suits and coats showing the same fur. Drummer-boy pill-boxes are looped with cord. Velvet helmets have tufts of ostrich feathers. There are military-looking tricornes and a variety of styles copied from soldiers' and officers' caps of every nationality you can think of.

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BLACK Retains Its Fashion Prestige!

Photographs on this page were selected in Paris by Mary St. Claire and sent by air mail.

● *LUCILE PARAY designed this charming black dinner gown in heavy crepe romaine. The unusual white sleeves are gathered at the shoulder, elbow and wrist.*

● *THIS BLACK SATIN FROCK, with its turned-down collar and vest of white linen, was created by Patou for afternoon wear. The owner's monogram is embroidered on the tab.*

● *PATOU DESIGNED this delicate lame frock in soft shades of mauve over a black foundation. The high criss-cross neckline and gauged shoulder-line enhance its simple charm.*

● *THE TAILORED evening gown in black lace is another Patou creation. It is worn with a black organza blouse which reveals a band of violet velvet on the bodice.*

By . . .
MARY ST. CLAIRE

HERE in Paris black has practically swept away all color, and although undoubtedly light shades will also be featured shortly, yet they will have a tendency towards soft mist-greys, mauves, purples, and prints that combine black, white, and grey or mauve.

For the moment, wherever one goes one is shown black or black and white.

French women, of course, are noted for their simplicity of dress as well as for their chic. The best afternoon frocks are made of beautiful materials, very plain and soignee, with buttons, belts, or some other detail which marks their formality.

Sleeve Styles

MAINBOCHER has designed some formal gowns in satin, made on shirt-waist lines, with diamente buttons up to the throat, where there is a little turn-over collar

Sleeves may either be slightly leg-o'-mutton or draped at the top, but they are always tight below the elbow, or finished with a straight cuff. These are usually mid-calf length, for he has struck a new note this season by making informal evening suits and frocks, severely tailored, which reach just below the calf

From the Salon of Patou come simple afternoon dresses decorated with tucks or smocking. One of the loveliest and most successful of these models is in a smooth crepe antelope in a soft violet color with horizontal tucks on the bodice, sleeve slightly draped at the elbow, and a box pleat in the front of the skirt. It has not any belt, the waistline being defined by the tucks

Another dress of this same type is in a lame printed in soft mauve tones over a black foundation. Its criss-cross neckline is very new and smart, and the entire bodice is covered with fine gauging. With it is worn a soft taupe hat in black, very small and high, while its matching bag is embroidered with the same design as in the frock.

It is this attention to detail, more than anything else, which is the very essence of distinction.

Satin is a fabric that is very well liked. To add a note of novelty it is often combined with organdie, pique, or linen. Patou designed a charming draped model in black satin, using only the shiny side, and adds a tiny turnover collar and plastron, marked with a monogram, of white linen. The sleeves are particularly good, and the little hat of the same satin is stitched to give added firmness

Greens Favored

HEIM uses a great deal of green in the collection he has just shown to private clients, but he prefers a dark bottle-green to the more vivid tones. He shows a tendency to longer afternoon gowns to distinguish them from the straight and shorter dresses for morning wear

He still shows many tailored suits for the evening, but makes them in lighter colors, such as a silvery grey satin with a waistcoat of purple velvet, to make a change from his darker costumes with light blouses or waistcoat effects

He will use some very thin printed velvets, which are being made especially for him at Lyons, for afternoon and evening dresses for the next summer collection, and he likes them particularly in delicate floral patterns massed on light grounds.

THERE IS VERY GRAVE DANGER IN THE NEGLECT OF A COLD. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or other serious complications

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker than **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.**

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An Editorial

MARCH 28, 1936

ON THE BROAD HIGHWAY

STRAWS show how the wind blows. And often the gyrations of an exceptionally small straw provide the best indication of what is following in its wake. *Now, Mum and Dad have bought a car.*

As a bald announcement this will leave the average citizen of Australia cold. Altogether too domestic on the surface, it is true, but hidden in that seemingly uninspiring declaration is the story of Australia's greatness—of the wonderful economic fight that enabled the world's youngest nation to win its way back to prosperity in record time.

For years politicians have driven everybody frantic with the oft-repeated assertion that Prosperity was "just around the corner." But that imaginative corner, conjured up to keep the people quiet while the apparently hopeless fight against Depression was waged, seemed to be a circular one. The other side never came in sight.

But the news that Mum and Dad have bought a car provides authentic news regarding the death of old man Depression. It is the most accurate barometer of national prosperity, for when cautious members of the community do a little carefully-planned spending on things they could not afford previously, particularly on pleasure, everything is going along all right.

Strangely enough, the information was not blazoned forth in the headlines, but was dryly announced by the statistician. In New South Wales this year sales of motor cars of the "family" variety increased by 7 per cent., while other States report additional sales varying from 3 per cent. to 8 per cent.

In other words, the housewives of Australia, the women who held so tightly to the purse strings over the troublous years realise that the corner has been rounded and are prepared to indulge in luxuries, always to be desired but ever to be pushed into the background when Necessity has first call on the family exchequer.

Yes, Mum and Dad have bought a car.

Great news, it must be admitted. In reality the greatest news Australians have read for years—years filled with fear for the moment and alarm for the future. But now they have gone—for the majority at any rate. Prosperity has taken to the broad highway again with a safe old party in the driver's seat.

Mum and Dad have bought a car!

—THE EDITOR.

Points of View

Endless Task

THE conference of the Australian College of Surgeons, attended by representatives from all States, reminds us what a lot of time medical men devote to the discussion of diseases, and in research.

Death in various guises stalks among us all the time despite our enlightenment, and the price of even a little brief liberty is the eternal vigilance of our men of medicine and science.

Why, in the case of cancer alone, statistics show that this prince of death holds sinister dominion over one-tenth of the peoples of the earth. Nevertheless research goes on—fruitlessly as yet, but there is no shirking the task. And so it is in the case of all disease. But research is an expensive business, and there will never be enough money for scientists in search of a K.O. for those "wogs" that make life a burden for countless thousands.

A Healthy Move

LEGISLATION is to be introduced into the New South Wales Parliament providing for a board of appeal which will hear complaints against fees charged by medical practitioners.

The great bulk of doctors are reasonable in their bills, and they do exercise a wide discrimination between their poorer and richer clients in charging more or less for similar services. The fact remains that, in the minds of many, there is a suspicion that the medical fraternity is "always on the make." Here is the chance now for the suspicious ones to "call their bluff."

Generally speaking, any move to encourage the sick poor to consult a doctor without fear of extortion is also likely to promote community health.

Going Too Far

IS it really worth while persevering with the simultaneous two-way telephone and television communication experiments?

Success along these lines is going to hit professional jokers and fiction writers badly. Gone will be any more traditional jokes about the big business man ringing up the wife with typist on his lap; gone, too, any more falling-in-love-with-a-voice romances.

Most of us would prefer to let bad alone.

Real Sacrifices

THE fierce light that beats upon a Throne, searching as it is, does not always reveal the sacrifices which are the price of kingship.

Our Sovereign, in deference to requests of his Ministers and advisers, may decide to give up travelling by air. Being a modern monarch in every respect, the decision to dispose of his private aerodrome and forgo the thrill of an occasional flight would cost him more than a passing pang.

Similarly, when Prince of Wales, he gave up hunting and cross-country racing, his favorite sports, in answer to popular clamor and fears for his safety.

The smiling graciousness with which he has laid aside these diversions mark him all the higher in the stature of his kingship.

Whose Funeral?

THE N.S.W. team—Constables McAuley, Brownett, and Lewis—defeated the Victorian police debating trio the other night in defending the case for legalised euthanasia.

"They argued," says a report, "that in cases where persons were suffering from an incurable complaint and facing a lingering, painful and inevitable death, Government legislation should be enacted to give authority to medical men to end the suffering if the afflicted person so desired."

But what would the Income Tax Department do for its victims if this ever did become legal?

Romance Lives

ROMANCE is not dead, and chivalry still struts the pavements of this all too-prosaic world.

Almost a century ago a gold-digger at Ballarat found a nugget, a small one, and gave it to his young wife as a memento of the first smile of fortune. Years later it was made into a ring and worn by the woman's daughter.

The other day she met with an accident in Sydney. In the hospital it was found that the ring was missing. A man who heard the story hurried to the scene of the accident and grovelled in the dust in search of the minute piece of gold.

Yes, he found it, although the ring was broken, but thus he has preserved the continuity of a sentiment almost 100 years old.

"NO, SIR. NOT ON THIS BEACH——" So says the police officer in the United States as he gives little Clifford Rogers a ticket for "parking" on the beach in his birthday clothes. So a one-man nudist camp was nipped in the bud.

No Surrender

SYDNEY County Council is worried about a suitable crest and motto, and a competition has been opened for an "adequate and dignified" design. Incidentally, councillors do not like "I take, but I surrender," the motto of the City of Sydney, which it has been suggested they should adopt.

Perhaps if it were curtailed to the first couple of words (since no one seems to want it), it might be presented to the Income Tax Department, and an old symbol would be given a new and poignant significance.

Soft Pedal

WHAT a thing is genius!

Vladimir Cornikoff, famous Russian pianist, caused a pleasurable sensation in a London hotel by practising on a piano which gave forth no sound. This thoughtful man uses a keyboard apparatus which does not give out a single note of music, but enables the pianist to practise anywhere. From which flat-dwellers and suburbanites may take heart again.

Now where is the genius who will discover a permanent soft pedal for the next-door radio?

Preserves Great Names in Scarlet Thread

Produce the signature of a well-known aviator, cricketer, explorer, tight-rope walker, or famous criminal, or even that of a Prime Minister, or a lovely actress, and see the face of the autograph-hunter light up! But Mrs. Maude Wordsworth James, of Adelaide, takes her collection of more than 1000 of the famous quite calmly.

THAT she is interested goes without saying, for she has embroidered 200 of them on linen, but she has collected so many celebrities that she has almost become blase.

King Edward VIII, Lord Hopetoun, Dame Nellie Melba, and Bishop Montgomerie have all put their names on her linen cloth, which Mrs. Wordsworth James has set aside especially for the autographs of her own immediate family. In fact, the King, when Prince of Wales, signed his world-familiar "Edward P." in the corner.

Mrs. Wordsworth James had intended to embroider all the signatures she began modestly to collect in her youth in Tasmania, but she had to abandon the idea. Each signature meant such fine work that it took hours to do, but, all the same, on her wonderful piece of linen are the names of 200 people, practically all of them world-famous.

Every Governor-General of Australia (excepting Sir Isaac Isaacs) has signed his name in pencil for the owner to embroider over in fine scarlet ingrained thread. There are names from all over the world, and a few of those she has clipped from personal letters.

Even the King

AMONG the most outstanding are the names of Sir Herbert Nicholls, May Gibbs, Sir William Sowden, Maude Proctor, Sir Alan Cobham, Sir Keith Smith, Ethel Turner, Mary Gilmore. Then there are Sir Harry and Lady Chauvel, Hans Heysen, Sir Dudley and Lady de Chair, Sir Tom and Lady Bridges.

One corner was originally meant to be devoted entirely to well-known Tasmanian people, and there certainly is a lavish sprinkling of them; while another square is covered with the autographs of Australian politicians whose names are, or have been, household words.

Those autographs which Mrs. Wordsworth James has not embroidered are written in books, many of them being accompanied by the records of those concerned, or some incident connected with their lives. A friend in England made a gift of a list of interesting signatures gathered by herself. These included King George and Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, famous English men and women in every walk of life, and some Europeans whose names will go down in history.

All the famous aviators who have broken records to Australia—Campbell Black, Scott, Hinkler, Sir Ross and Sir Keith Smith, and even young Jimmie Melrose—have given their signatures. Lord Baden-Powell's autograph is attached to a letter. King Edward VIII, as the Prince of Wales, wrote his from Government House, Melbourne, for her.

A happy morning (also in Melbourne) spent with the late Dame Nellie Melba resulted in not only a signature, but in the diva singing specially for the collector.

For the Nation

NOT the least interesting of the autographs is that of the bold "Claude de ——" which is written in one of her many books. It is the signature of one of the most famous jewel thieves, whom the police of France and other countries had followed for years before tracing him.

Another of her signatures is that of the Governor of Alaska, where she spent some time several years ago. While there, Mrs. Wordsworth James slept in the same bed (years afterwards, of course) as the tragic Lady Franklin, who followed her explorer husband into the wilds after having had a quarrel with him. He did not return from that trip, and she remained broken-heartedly faithful to his memory, with the thought of the unsettled quarrel always in front of her. Jean Ingelow composed the words of that beautiful song, "When Sparrows Build," for Lady Franklin, who was her greatest friend, and sympathised with her in her sorrow.

The names in Mrs. Wordsworth James' collection would take hours to read. They are not only on her linen cloth or in books; there are letters from famous people framed on the wall. There are signatures in tiny frames on her desk and shelves; there are signed photographs (one done especially for her son, Col. Tristram Wordsworth James, D.S.C., by the Prince of Wales) of hundreds of famous people.

Mrs. Wordsworth James, who was born off the coast of Tasmania on board the Morning Star, is a great-granddaughter of the poet, George Crabbe, while her husband was a close connection of the poet, William Wordsworth. She herself is a poet of no mean merit.

And her amazing collection is destined for South Australia's Public Library and Art Gallery. Mrs. Wordsworth James says so.

A SURF(ACE) *View of* COAL-MINING

High Jinks in the Lower Workings, or the Sad Story of Little Jim

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Having been sent to the South Coast to go down a coal mine, I got as far as Austinmer when it suddenly dawned on me that there might be a sinister motive in the Editor's decision to send me down a mine, particularly a coal mine.

A lot of mines are being closed down now, and I have a suspicion that he hoped one might be closed while I was in it. I am therefore spending most of my time in the surf at Austinmer.

L. W. Lower does a spot of surf-mining.

STILL, this does not deter me from telling you about the time when I was a coalminer.

When I was a coalminer I used to do an occasional spot of coal-mining in between strikes. I mean to say, a man who spends most of his time on strike has to have a hobby of some kind.

Imagine me, then, setting off with my little tucker-tin in my hand, with my hurricane-lamp strapped to my forehead, and my best bone-handled pick upon my shoulder and my little darg following me.

Arriving at the pithead, I am greeted by the union delegate.

"Lennie," he says, "you're late again. If you don't hurry up and start work you won't be eligible for the stopwork meeting. It's on in five minutes."

"Llwdywlys!" I said contemptuously in Welsh.

"Grwllhw," he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

I couldn't think of an answer to this, so I decided to go down the mine.

My son, little Llewellyn, who had had an attack of the horrors the night before, pleaded with me as I was about to step into the cage:

"Don't go down the mine, daddy,
They say that dreams come true,
And you know it would break my heart, daddy,
If anything happened to you."

"Get out, you brat!" I replied, and stepped into the cage.

"Ground floor, please," I instructed the lift-driver.

It was not long before I was waist deep in coal dust and whirling my pick at Number 1 face. The owner of the face was protecting himself as best he could with his shovel.

I eventually settled down to a bit of solid hewing and knocked off several large lumps which I dollied and then washed in the pan, and was rewarded with several specks of coal. This encouraged me so much that I almost forgot the stopwork meeting in my mad coal lust.

However, I was forcibly dragged to the stopwork meeting. Anyone who knows me will tell you how hard it is to get me to knock off work, even for a moment.

Light That Failed

THE only way my fellow-miners could placate me on this occasion was to tell me that there would be a chariot-race in the mine after the meeting. This turned out to be quite exciting.

All the pit ponies were lined up at the barrier, with the skips attached. (A skip is not a thing you do with a piece of rope; it's a kind of truck thing, I think.)

I had drawn an inside marble, and when the barrier rose what a merry lot of madcap tomboys we became!

The mine manager himself could scarce forbear to cheer. As a matter of fact I was betting with him on the results, and won the mine off him eventually.

It was a three-day meeting, of course. Anyhow, after the first day's meeting was over we all went back to work, and bit by bit I was adding to my little hoard of coal until my lamp went out.

Unable to borrow any kerosene, I folded up my pick and went off to have my coal weighed by the manager. Spreading it out on his desk, I said, "Now, I don't want this to get about, but I've struck a lucky patch. Don't tell the boys!"

"You can rely on me!" he said.

Little did he know that I was to win the mine from him in two days' time! Anyway, I sold my mine, and am now living in effluents. (Wassat?) Influence. (Give you one more go.) Affluence. (Hooray!)

I will now conclude with that pathetic little thing which you all know and love so well.

The cottage was a thatched one,
the outside old and dim,
And inside lived the collier's wife
and his small son, little Jim.
Home came the collier from his toil, with his pick upon his back,
And said, "Now, don't get lemony, love, but I've got the bloomin' sack."
Then up spoke the collier's helpmate, a woman gaunt and grim,
"I'm sick of you pair of blisters—blast you and little Jim!"

* * *

Well, I'm going down to the beach now.

How did she get so SLIM

IT'S hard to believe that a short while ago she was putting on weight—quite rapidly too, until she was advised to take Bile Beans.

Now her figure's as lovely and slim as it ever was, and she takes good care to keep it so by taking Bile Beans nightly. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

You, too, can regain your slim line and keep a lovely fashionable figure by taking Bile Beans nightly.

"Taking Bile Beans every night got rid of my surplus fat and reduced my weight by nearly four stones, and this without having to cut out any of my food. Bile Beans are a fine rejuvenating medicine, too. Everybody says how well I look now both in figure and health. I feel twenty years younger." Mrs. M. Smith.

* * *

"After taking Bile Beans nightly for six weeks, I am delighted to tell you that I have lost fourteen pounds of unwanted fat. Another result is wonderfully improved health and I feel brighter and more energetic than I have been for years." Mrs. K. Basketter.

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WHEN THE CHILDREN COUGH

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–She wants it!

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LYRICS BY LIL

I met Joe Brown again to-day,
He looked so strong and well.
I said, "Why, Joe, you look O.K."
He said, "I'm feelin' swell.
"I took CLYSMAC as you advised,
"CATARRH just went like that—
"That's the best 1/9 I ever spent.
"Put it here, Lil, old cat."

Clysmac is on sale at all chemists for 1/9.

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If you are troubled by any of these symptoms, be on your guard against Constipation.

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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

SIXTEEN PENS on the *Dead Man's Chest* in "MURDER PIE"

Australian Writers Produce an Excellent Thriller

Sixteen pens to write a murder story!

Which proves that you can't trifle with murder—without getting a big public behind you, for the whole world loves a thriller, and every author wants to write one when he has the time.

It has taken a young Australian University graduate, Miss Jeannie Ranken, to see that everybody is satisfied, and the result is "Murder Pie," issued this week by Angus and Robertson.

SHE has also successfully demonstrated that Australians can write thrillers which are as good as anything else of the sort produced overseas. You'll be surprised, also, at the number of our well-known writers with murder in their hearts, and their elegant technique in this direction.

MISS JEANNIE RANKEN (left) and Miss Ethel Turner (Mrs. H. R. Curlewis), who joined forces with fourteen other Australian writers for the production of "Murder Pie," reviewed on this page.
—Dorothy Welding.

Such a lot of people are interested in murder. The professor thinks about it with his class nodding over lectures. The literary person dreams about it when he sees the rich rewards that accrue to a judicious and well-planned wordy massacre, and the librarian rubs his chin and wonders about the rush on the bookshelves that carry the thrill that kills.

So it didn't take Miss Ranken long to line up sixteen well-known Australian writers and dabblers in the art to assist her to make her murder pie. She wrote the first chapter herself, and killed off somebody at the Sydney University; which may or may not have been a startling piece of originality. Then she left the rest of the cooks to their work.

They have made a splendidly enthusiastic job of it. Not one murder but six, are committed, and each author wrote his own story with only the exploits of the previous writers to guide him. Women have simply revelled in disposing of bodies and bringing a few more in from the literary pantry so that when the pie is opened you are in for the thrill of your life.

You mustn't judge the various writers by their past deeds before reading the book. This is a sort of busman's holiday for them, and they have gone to it with a will.

Professor Walter Murdoch has put aside his gentle, chiding manner and the quiet humor of his essays to slay a few more or less harmless people as well as to create further confusion as to the whys and wherefors of the case. Ethel Turner and her "Seven Little Australians" must stand aghast at the havoc she wrought in the chapter allotted to her. There must be a lot of Jekylls and Hydes in the writing game in this country. All the others, who include Mrs. Clunies Ross, M. Barnard Eldershaw, S. Elliott Napier, Professor Portus, Professor Dakin, J. L. Ranken, Ruth Bedford, C. H. Bertie, Marie Irvine, Leslie Victor, Francis Jackson, Allan Clunies Ross, and Bruce Pratt, have made a tradesmanlike job of their slice of the pie.

A word must be said for the ending of the book written by Noelle Brennan.

It is splendidly planned and just as brilliantly executed.

Rather surprisingly, the story has a smoothness which one would not expect from such a mass-produced effort at murder. It runs from chapter to chapter with admirable sense of sequence and a multiplicity of thrills.

In the editorial foreword to the book the editors—two women, mark you—Miss J. L. Ranken and Mrs. Jane Clunies Ross, cold-bloodedly explain why they selected the particular sixteen to write "Murder Pie."

"They must have brains and a love of criminology. They must love blood—for, after all, the corpse 'is the thing.'"

In this connection it is safe to say the writers have stuck to the ideals of the editors; in fact, they have "done 'em proud."

"Murder Pie." Sixteen Australian authors. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-)

OCCASIONALLY you come across a book with thoughtful, almost heavy, treatment, yet at the same time it is good reading all through. Such a book is "The Son of Marietta," by Johan Fabricus. Women will feel a genuine sorrow for poor little Marietta, the sweet-faced figure of tragedy who moves through the book as its major character.

For her it is always the sacrificial altar and the spirit of renunciation.

HER son Benedetto is the very opposite of his mother, and his life of a roistering blade in an Italian town during the reign of Pope Clement XII, ends, also, in tragedy.

THERE are rich and vivid characters on every page.

IT'S a book to be wrestled with for the beauty it contains, and it has something that will leave an impress on your memory for many days after you have read it. (Gollancz. 9/6. Our copy from Angus and Robertson Ltd.)

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"SAINT OVERBOARD." Leslie Charteris. Once again "The Saint," hero of a series of Leslie Charteris books, leaps into the limelight with a new and enthralling adventure. This fiction character has won a tremendous public, and it is sufficient to say that in "Saint Overboard" he is his own rollicking self. Saint is a roaring adventurer in the Elizabethan manner, and an amiable rascal as well. In this book he brings to his fans full measure and brimming over all the ingredients of reckless thrills and action they could possibly desire. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

✣ ✣ ✣

"PEARLS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS." F. C. Meyer. This little book of poems published by the author proves him to be a nature-lover in its truest sense, and also a singer with a graceful note, and a strong sense of observation. Most of the poems deal with beauty spots on the Blue Mountains and the atmosphere of ferny dell and shadowed glade has been cleverly captured in almost every verse. (Published by the author, 5/-.)

When teething makes him feverish

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Hypol

LEMON SNOW CAP:

1 packet White's Lemon Jelly Crystals dissolved in three cups of hot water (1 pint). Pour half the mixture into mould and set aside until nearly firm. When remainder begins to thicken, whip until frothy and thick and then pour in on top of Jelly already in mould. Chill until set and serve with Sliced Peaches, White's Custard or Cream.

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Send your name and address to White's Jelly Crystals, Box 2104S, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.1, for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipe that will be published regularly in this Journal.

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Complete Short Story

Mr. LEVINGROU'S Daughter

MR. LEVINGROU took his long cigar from his mouth and shook his head sorrowfully. He was a fat man, thick - necked and heavy - cheeked, and could not afford to spoil a good cigar.

"That is awful . . . that is brutal! The lash! Tch! It makes me sick . . . poor Jose!"

His companion snorted in sympathy.

For Jose Silva had fallen. An unemotional judge, who spoke rather preciously, had told Jose that certain crimes were very heinous in the eyes of the law. For example, women were held in special esteem, and to trade on their follies was regarded as being so dreadful that nothing but a nine-thonged whip applied some two dozen times could vindicate the law's outraged majesty.

And Jose had offended, beyond forgiveness. He ran the Latin-American Artists Agency to give young and pretty aspirants to the stage a quick and profitable engagement on South American stages. They went away full of joy, and they never came back. Letters came from them to their relations, very correctly worded, nicely spelt. They were, they said, happy. They all wrote the same in almost identical language. You might imagine that they wrote to dictation, as indeed they did.

Nobody arrested Jules Levingrou and haled him from his beautiful little bijou house in Knightsbridge and tied him up to a steel triangle. And nobody arrested Heinrich Luss, who was his partner. They had financed Jose and many other Joses, but they were clever.

"Jose was careless," sighed Jules as he sucked at his cigar.

Heinrich sighed, too. He was as fat as, but looked fatter than, his companion, because he was a shorter man.

Jules looked round the pretty saloon with its cream and gold decorations, and presently his eyes stopped roving and fixed on a framed photograph that was on the mantelpiece. His big face creased in a smile as he rose with a grunt, and, waddling across to the fireplace, took the frame in his hand. The picture was of an extremely pretty girl.

"You see?"

Heinrich took the picture and mumbled ecstatic praise.

"Not good enough," he said.

Mr. Levingrou agreed. He had never yet seen a picture that quite did justice to the delicate beauty of this only daughter of his. He was a widower; his wife had died when Valerie was a baby. She would never know how many hearts were broken, how many souls destroyed, that she might be brought up in the luxury which surrounded her. This aspect of her upbringing never occurred to Mr. Levingrou. He prided himself that he had no sentiment.

He was part-proprietor of twenty-three cabarets and dance halls scattered up and down the Argentine and Brazil, and drew large profits from what he regarded as a perfectly legitimate business.

He put down the photograph and came back to the deep armchair.

"It is unfortunate about Jose; but these men come and go. This new man may or may not be good."

"What is his name?" asked Heinrich.

JULES searched breathlessly in his pockets, found a letter and opened it, his thick fingers glittering in the light from the crystal chandelier, for he was a lover of rings.

"Leon Gonsalez—Herr Gott!"

Heinrich was sitting upright in his chair, white as a sheet.

"Name of a pipe! What is the matter with you, Heinrich?"

"Leon Gonsalez!" repeated the other huskily. "You think he is an applicant for the post . . . you do not know him?"

Jules shook his huge head.

"Why should I know him—he is a Spaniard, that is enough for me. This is always the way, Heinrich. No sooner does one of our men make a fool of himself and get caught than another arises. To-morrow I shall have twenty, thirty, fifty applicants—not to me but through the usual channel."

Heinrich was looking at him hollow-eyed and now in his agitation he spoke in German—that brand of German which is heard more frequently in Poland.

"Let me see the letter." He took it in his hand and read it carefully.

"He asks for an appointment, that is all."

"Have you ever heard of the Four Just Men?"

Jules frowned.

"They are dead, eh? I read something years ago."

"They are alive," said the other grimly; "pardoned by the English Government. They have a bureau in Curzon Street."

Rapidly he sketched the history of that strange organisation which for years had terrorised the evil-doers who by their natural cunning had evaded the just processes of the law; and as he spoke, the face of Jules Levingrou lengthened.

"But that is preposterous!" he spluttered at last. "How could these men know of me and of you . . . Besides, they dare not."

Before Heinrich could reply there was a gentle knock at the door and a footman came in. There was a card on the salver he carried in his hand. Jules took it, adjusted his glasses, and read, meditated a second, and then:

"Show him up," he said.

"Leon Gonsalez," almost whispered Heinrich as the door closed on the servant. "Do you see a little silver triangle at the corner of the card? That is on the door of their house. It is he!"

"Pshaw!" scoffed his companion. "He has come—why? To offer his services. You shall see!"

LEON GONSALEZ, grey-haired and dapper, swung into the room, his keen, ascetic face tense, his fine eyes alive. A ready smiler was Leon. He was smiling now as he looked from one man to the other.

"You!" he said, and pointed to Jules.

Monsieur Levingrou started. There was almost an accusation in that finger thrust.

"I come in a perfectly friendly spirit." Leon's smile broadened, his eyes were twinkling, as with suppressed laughter. "You will forgive that lie, Monsieur Levingrou, for lie it is. I have come to warn you that your wicked little business must be destroyed, or you will be made very unhappy. The police do not know of the Cafe d'Espagnol and its peculiar attractions."

He dived into his overcoat pocket, and, with the quick, jerky motion which was characteristic of him, produced a sheet of notepaper and unfolded it.

"I have here a list of thirty-two girls who have gone to one or another of your establishments during the past two years," he said. "You may read it," and thrust the paper into Jules' hand, "for I have a copy. You will be interested to know that that sheet of paper represents six months' inquiries."

Jules did not so much as read a name. Instead, he shrugged, pushed the paper back to his visitor, and when Leon did not take it, dropped it on the floor.

"I am entirely in the dark," he said. "If you have no business with me you had better go—good-night."

"My friend"—Leon's voice was a little lower, and those eyes of his were piercing the very soul of the man who squatted like an ill-shaped toad in the luxurious deeps of silk and down—"you will send cables to your managers, ordering the release of those girls, the payment of adequate compensation, and a first-class return ticket to London."

"The Three Just Men" Series . . . By

EDGAR WALLACE

Please turn to Page 24

Here's the FINEST INSTRUMENT OF ENTERTAINMENT I'VE YET PRODUCED

POPULAR? Why, of course I'm popular. Just look at me . . . all dressed up in my smartest of cabinets with every modern fitting and accessory that makes my entertaining the finest obtainable anywhere. If you have not seen me, nor yet heard me, and the entertainment I provide . . . come up and see me—anytime.

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TONE CONTROL AND NOISE SUPPRESSOR
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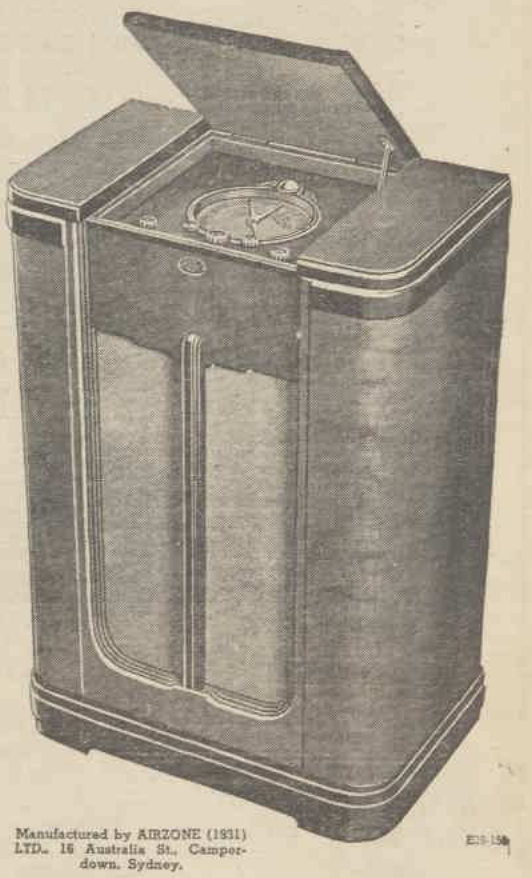

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Big double-size packet holds 5/- worth of Radox — yet costs only 3/9

THINK of it! The big double-size packet of Radox contains **twice** the quantity of the 2/6 packet — yet it costs only 3/9! A real bargain! If you haven't yet enjoyed the luxury of a Radox bath, if you don't yet know the pleasurable sensation of well-being that it gives you, then you really ought to try Radox, now. The economical double-size packet contains 1-lb. of Radox . . . this wonderful Radox that relieves aching feet, reduces surplus weight, revives tired bodies, corrects perspiration odour.

Sold by all chemists.

RADOX
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MILLIONS STARVING!

ON THREE MEALS A DAY

NERVE TROUBLES CAUSED BY MINERAL DEFICIENCY IN MODERN DIET

AMAZING MEDICAL DISCOVERIES CORRECT CONDITION... GIVE NEW HOPE TO NERVE SUFFERERS...

Benefit — Guaranteed Or YOU PAY NOTHING

is offer made to you to-day by discoverer.

BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY

For MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Millions are starving on three square meals a day. The result of this unconscious starvation is a long list of deficiency and nervous disorders, and the deficiency is that of certain important food minerals which constitute the very keystone of health and the proper functions of the human body. The cause—drastic changes that have taken place in the nature and preparation of foods generally consumed, as well as the terrific strain of modern living. These changes have been so gradual that most of us are unaware of them. But they have taken place just as surely as the march of civilisation has changed almost every one of the other conditions of human life.

We drain from our body vital mineral substances by hard work, worry, over-indulgence, over-active emotions, and our normal food supply does not replace them.

The result is we become victims to this mineral deficiency.

MINERALS ARE NEEDED BY EVERY CELL IN YOUR BODY.

CALCIUM — HEART, TEETH, BLOOD, BONES, NERVES

PHOSPHORUS — BRAIN, GLANDS, BLOOD

IRON — BLOOD

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BIDOMAK contains them all... in an easily assimilated & pre-dissolved liquid form

Thanks to BIDOMAK

Say These Australians....

I FEEL A DIFFERENT PERSON!

Haberfield, N.S.W.

The Douglas Drug Co.

Dear Sirs,—

I have just finished a bottle of "Bidomak," the result of which I feel it my duty to report to you.

I have taken other tonics, all leaving me as I commenced—nervy, lifeless, weak, and in a general state of nerves, but thanks to "Bidomak" after one bottle I feel a different person. My energy has been restored and life has taken on a different aspect. I sleep, eat, play tennis, and enjoy life like any other person.

Unlike other tonics I have previously tried, although I have discontinued taking "Bidomak" for three weeks, I have not felt it necessary to resort to it again.

Should you feel that this letter will help anybody I would be very happy to have it published.

Hoping that other sufferers will benefit when hearing of "Bidomak" as much as I,

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) MRS. M.W.

EVERY DOSE A BLESSING

Ashfield, N.S.W.

"I have spent pounds on supposedly excellent tonics, to no avail; 'Bidomak' has solved my problem. It is the only tonic out of the many that I knew that I would advocate to my friends. Economical and efficacious, with lasting good results. 'Every dose means a blessing' is how I would adequately describe it."

(Sgd.) MRS. D.T.

(Original letter on our files.)

PRODUCT OF THE DOUGLAS DRUG CO.

Distributed by the Douglas Drug Co., Adelaide; Douglas Drug Co., Australia House, Carrington St., Sydney; G. Wood Son & Co., Perth; G. Wood Son & Co., Broken Hill; Rocke Templ & Co., Melbourne; Fairthorne & Co., Tasmania.

We Suffer from

NERVES

SLEEPLESSNESS — DEPRESSION — LISTLESSNESS—ANAEMIA—NERVOUS INDIGESTION — NEURALGIA — NERVE PAINS — LACK OF CONFIDENCE — HEADACHES AND SIMILAR CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS.

You may be suffering from some chronic, nagging complaint — headaches — nervous dyspepsia or the like. Or you may be numbered with the vast army of people who are simply under par, lacking pep—lacking the energy and vitality it takes to make work a pleasure and success. Suffering from the depressing influence of being constantly tired—subject to headaches or colds or to a number of minor ailments unimportant in themselves but serious indeed in the way they slow you down mentally and physically. BIDOMAK restores to the blood-stream the vital elements, which include food-iron, potash, lime, sodium, glycero-phosphates and phosphates.

INCREASE OXYGEN IN BLOODSTREAM

The cell salts of BIDOMAK correct dyspepsia or indigestion, and allow the body to make better use of the ordinary food supply. They increase the supply of red and white corpuscles and charge the bloodstream and tissues with an increased supply of revitalising, life-giving oxygen. They create new, healthy fluid, at the same time removing poisons and waste from the tissues. They create a storage of energy and nerve force. That is why it is necessary for almost everyone who wants to feel at his top to take BIDOMAK. Take a course yourself—you must feel better for it.

3/- for a big Bottle

Benefit or Your Money Back

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit by taking it we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty BIDOMAK bottle to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

POOR *Butterfly*

Continued from Page 6

SHE waved one of her white arms.

"You are missing a very pretty view."

Away back in Rio the riot of Carnival continued. It seemed natural that he should slip his arm around her, lift the edge of her mask and touch her lips with his. That kiss was soft and honey sweet and when at last he raised his face from hers she gave a little sigh of happiness.

"To-morrow night is the end of Carnival," she said. "After to-morrow——"

"After to-morrow?" he repeated.

"Listen." She took his hand. "In Carnival in Brazil all are free. For four days we may do what we please. It is then the girls of good family dance with the sweethearts they like best. Even the young Brazilian married woman has her liberty. For all the other days of the year she will stay in her husband's house, receiving only formally and very rarely. But when Carnival comes she puts on her mask and her fancy dress."

"Then you are Brazilian?"

"Yes, sir—but, I speak a little English—no?" she answered mockingly.

"And after the four days?"

"Poor Butterfly! Yes, it is like that."

Vine said nothing. The situation was beyond his powers of comment. They were coming now to the end of the borders of the lake. Ahead, a glow in the sky lay above the brightly-lighted town. He was holding her hand still, half absent-mindedly. He became aware of the pressure of her scented fingers. He turned and saw her looking up at him through that enigmatic mask. He longed to snatch the mask away and see for himself the face of his adorable companion. He gently caught hold of one black silken corner.

"May I take that mask off?"

"If you do I cannot let you kiss me again; even in Carnival I could not do that."

She lifted the mask herself a few inches, showing her lips.

"All right. I'd rather you wore the mask."

He took her in his arms, pressing his lips on hers.

Now this time their kiss was of a different kind. It seemed that at his touch the blood in her veins turned to molten fire. Long after he had freed her she clung to him passionately, seeking his lips afresh.

He sat back at last unsteadily. She was utterly unlike any woman he had ever kissed before. In those few moments she seemed to have thrown her whole soul into his arms. Yet now she was sitting back in the corner of the car as unconcernedly as if they had never met.

"We are coming to the town now," she warned him. "I shall have to leave you. I will drop you near to the Gloria Hotel, and you can go up and sleep quietly in your nice airy room—251, eh!" she added mischievously.

"LOOK here!" He caught her hands. "I'm not going to let you go till you tell me how you knew I was staying at the Gloria, and my room number."

She laughed.

"I'll stop the car. I mean it. It is not fair. I have not asked you to take off your mask or anything. The least you can do is to tell me how you have found out all about me."

"Why do you want to know? It does not matter, does it, as long as I can telephone to you?"

"It does. I will know." He leant forward and touched the driver's shoulder.

She saw he meant to stop the car.

"Not here. We shall be seen. I will tell you. At the Copacabana, when you took out your matchbox and lit my cigarette, you took out, too, the key of your room, and I read the number on the metal disc."

"But how did you know it was on the Gloria Hotel keys?"

"Can't you guess?"

He shook his head.

"If you get out of the car and say good-night to me nicely, I will tell you."

"Well," he asked, as he stood in the road beside the car.

She said something to the chauffeur, and the car started forward.

"Hi—you promised to tell me."

"Because I am staying at the Gloria too!"

She waved her hand, and the car disappeared into the traffic.

By eight o'clock in the evening Vine was nearly frantic. He had spent the entire day trying to unravel a problem which he felt sure any averagely competent London constable would have solved in five minutes.

He had danced two evenings now with a girl staying in the same hotel as himself, and all he had to discover was which that girl was. He had plenty of data. He knew her height and build; he knew she was Brazilian; she had telephoned to him on two occasions and he knew the times at which she had telephoned; most important of all he knew every detail of her fancy dress, and there must be someone in the hotel who had seen her enter or leave the building wearing it.

Things did not pan out well. There were some four hundred people of every nationality staying in the hotel. Vine read through the list several times, but beyond picking out some of the prettiest of the Brazilian sounding names, got no further. After he had asked the register clerk particulars as to age and appearance of several perfectly harmless ladies the latter lost his suavity and adopted a wooden, don't-understand-you-sir expression.

The head waiter was more obliging.

"It was possible," the head waiter said, "that madame did not come down to the restaurant. There are several guests in the hotel who take their meals in their apartments."

The best clue, the fancy dress she wore, was the most useless of the lot. Of course, come to think of it, it would be. Anyone anxious to disguise herself would not leave her hotel room and walk past a row of hotel porters in the make-up she had selected. Anyway, none of the porters in the Gloria had seen a lady enter or leave the building wearing orange colored breeches.

During the afternoon Vine visited the private telephone exchange. The operator was a nice girl. She spoke English, and had a twinkle in her eyes. Henry warmed to her. No, she was afraid she could not remember what the number of the room was that had asked for his yesterday and the day before. Vine told her it was a lady speaking, and she had a low, deep voice (fresh twinkles in the operator's eyes). What was the number of monsieur's room? If she knew it she would remember next time he was asked for, to note the number that made the call. 251 was monsieur's room? But, hold! That number had just been asked for, but a minute ago.

Vine snatched up his hat.

No, it was no use for monsieur to go up to his room. As he had not been there, the caller had rung off. However, the number that had asked for 251 was—yes—The operator looked at her little row of discs; she remembered the plate was stiff and would not go back into its place automatically. Ah! the number was 252! A very coy smile lit the operator's eyes.

"252!"

Please turn to Page 16

WISE WOMEN and THEIR SKIN

Every night give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream. Rub this cream well into your face all over. It's a good idea, too, to give your neck, throat and the exposed portion of your chest a good massaging with the cream to cleanse away dust and other beauty destroying things that lodge in the pores and on the skin.

After giving your face, neck, throat and chest a good massage with Charmosan Cold Cream rub it off thoroughly with your face towel or tissue. You will find that the cream cleanses beautifully, for it goes right into the pores and out again and removes "make-up," dust, etc., from the pores and skin in a way that soap and water can never do. Notice how supple and smooth your skin is. This nightly massaging will also keep away wrinkles, crows feet and other lines . . . what a blessing.

In the morning wash your face, neck, throat and chest with nice warm water and a good soap, dry well, and then apply your Creme Charmosan. Do not confuse Creme Charmosan with Charmosan Cold Cream. They are quite separate and distinct. Rub your Creme Charmosan well in wherever it is required, for its mission is to protect your skin from the ravages of the sun, dust and winds, and to hold your powder all day. Creme Charmosan removes many faults and many signs of age from the skin and makes it look years and years younger and prettier.

After applying your Creme Charmosan use your Charmosan face powder—the most amazing powder money can buy. It stays on hour after hour with sweet witchery, and gives instant charm to your skin. It is perfumed with the most gorgeous fragrance in the World. It is suave, chic, modern. Nothing like it. You get it in all shades and sunlan. The powder of skin youth and charm.

Creme Charmosan: Jars 2/6, tubes 1/-. Charmosan Face Powder: 2/6 per box. Charmosan Cold Cream: Jars 2/6, tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere.***

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IS EASIEST FOR ALUMINIUM!

Light rubbing with Steelo gets everything off . . . cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a packet . . . 5 pads and special soap . . . enough for 5 weeks.

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Washing Day at the Front : More Quads

A NEW STUDY of Mrs. Amy Mollison, snapped at a London gathering of business and professional women, who met to celebrate their economic independence. Was she thinking of husband Jimmy in Australia, or dreaming of her plans for aerial tourist cruises for round-the-world trippers, as announced recently?

ABOVE: An unusual picture of a military domestic scene in Abyssinia. A halt in the march of Italian soldiers to allow them to bathe and wash their clothes.

ABOVE: Disaster in the kitchen. Production came to a sudden halt in the kitchen when one of the cooks came into violent contact with the frying pan. It's a situation, in slightly different form, that every mother has to deal with when the juvenile cooks strike trouble.

WAR FEVER is reflected in German parlor games now. Called Friegur, and played for the capture of fortress and flag, this new game somewhat resembles chess.

ON THE snow-covered slopes of Cortina d'Empresso, in Italy, are scattered numerous raised shrines and altars such as this made of glass. On Sundays skiers pause in reverent devotion to participate in prayers, and then resume their play.

ANOTHER FAMILY OF QUADS. The sons of Mrs. Philip Perricone, of Beaumont, Texas, they are the only known living boy quadruplets in America. They are 6½ years old. Their names, from left to right, are: Anthony, Bruno, Carlo, and Donald. Mrs. Perricone had four other children before the quadruplets were born.

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CATS, DOGS and BIRDS

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1/3 tin

Double Size, 2/-
1lb. tin, 4/-; 1lb. tin, 6/-
AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES
Manufacturers: HOUGHTON & BYRNE, Specialists in Pest Destruction—Offices in all States.

POOR *Butterfly*

Continued from Page 14

VINE flew down the stairs. Of all things conceivable the room right next to his. He snatched up the typed list from the register, ran his eye down the room numbers.

251. Captain H. Vine.
252 ———

There was no name against 252.

"Who has got room 252?" he asked.

The register clerk mustered a polite smile with some effort.

"252 is not occupied, sir."

"But it must be; someone has telephoned to me from there."

The register clerk retained his bland expression.

"I tell you someone has telephoned to me from there twice," Vine repeated.

"Number 252 is not occupied, sir," repeated the clerk. "The workmen are repairing the bath."

And so it was that eight o'clock came and found Vine no further. In vain he waited in his room for three hours between tea and dinner. The telephone bell did not ring.

At last he dressed and went down to the dining-room. He flung himself dejectedly into his seat and pulled open his napkin.

A piece of paper fluttered to the ground. Instinct made Vine put his foot on it and continue unconcernedly ordering his dinner. A few minutes later he had cause to be thankful he did this, for looking round he saw, two tables away, the same sleek-haired Brazilian with the bright, dark eyes he had noticed on the two previous evenings. Though the fellow seemed to be eating his dinner unconcernedly, Vine felt he was being watched. After some manoeuvring he contrived to pick up the paper and read the message.

"Atlantica, third bathing station, 5 a.m." That was all. Vine slipped the paper in his pocket; calling over the head waiter he asked for the wine list.

AT Copacabana one solitary figure stood on the beach. Just opposite in the towering white hotel the greatest ball of all still raged wildly. She was in there somewhere. He dared not go inside. Instinct told him that to do so might jeopardise her life. Besides, her orders were clearly written.

"Atlantica—Third Bathing Station—5 a.m."

So Vine waited in that quiet manner which distinguishes soldiers, at once passive and alert.

Tong! Tong! Tong! Tong! Tong! A church clock struck five.

He saw a figure flit across the road, jump from the promenade to the beach, and come forward. He placed himself so that the figure was silhouetted against the moon, and he could see the least action; at the same time he slid his hand over his revolver in his right-hand pocket. A man does not travel along the Bolivian border and across Matto Grosso without learning sense.

A moment later he had withdrawn his hand from his pocket and was racing to meet her. Yes, there was no doubt now. She came forward like a dew-dappled fairy in the pale dawn. In her hand she held the mask that had baffled him. She lifted her face, looking up at him, as much as to say: "Well, you can see me now."

Vine saw. He saw a small, oval face, dark eyes and carmine lips.

"I came only to say good-bye," she whispered as he took her in his arms. "It is very dangerous. They have found out about that drive last night. To-day they watch me every minute and to-night, too; that was why I could not telephone and let you come to the ball. If they had seen you, they would have known you had come to meet me again. But they will never guess I have come out here. Take this—that you do not forget me quite."

He felt something wrapped in tissue paper pressed into his hand.

"It is a souvenir," she said. "I shall wear it no more after the sun rises. Look!"

Both turned and faced the sea. Over Rio Harbor a blood-red dawn was breaking, roofing the twenty mile long bay with crimson light.

He turned to her again, but stopped as he was about to take her in his arms for into her eyes had crept a look of tremendous solemnity.

SHE pointed one white hand. "They will be waiting. I must go."

Following her gesture he saw the sun's rays on the mountains. He held out his arms to keep her, but she slipped past, leaving him with the paper packet in his hand.

He unwrapped the paper and found a blue Brazilian butterfly.

A few words were scrawled on a half sheet.

"When the sun's rays touch the summit of Asuca, Butterfly dies," he read. "Keep this to remember her by."

Vine sat dejectedly in the hotel dining-room.

The head waiter watched him sympathetically. The young Englishman was taking something very hard.

The door of a private dining saloon beyond opened, and a procession appeared. At the head walked a Brazilian priest in robes and skull cap, with rosary and cross; following him came a string of people, some old, some young, walking in couples with the solemnity befitting a Brazilian family function.

The head waiter touched Vine's arm.

"That is interesting for you to see. It is a Brazilian wedding breakfast—the Senhor Rauol das Chavantes and the Condessa Gita d: Vina. The Condessa Gita belongs to one of the oldest and most important Brazilian families. Yes, that is Senhor das Chavantes."

How well Vine knew the man's sleek, pomaded hair and those bright black eyes.

The waiter's voice trailed on:

"There is the Condessa Gita on his arm; she is very beautiful; it is a pity she does not turn her head."

Vine gripped the table.

"Yes, Senhor, they were married at ten o'clock; they leave now for Senhor das Chavantes' estate."

"When the sun's rays touch the summit of Asuca!" echoed wildly through Vine's brain.

And now Butterfly was dead!

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

When Beauty & Severity Don't Clash

Helene Yrande created this deshabille in grey satin. The hood, which forms an attractive collar, and lining are of pale rose satin. Its strictly tailored lines are flattering.

—Air Mail Photo.

NEW PLASMIC
America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.

Actual Photo (Untouched). Mrs. Marion Beltner Age 53, Darlinghurst Road. Taken Dec. 16, 1935.

Actual Photo (Untouched). Mrs. Marion Beltner taken Jan. 8, 1936, after 8 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.
YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.
BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION, or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

"Doctor—Will these PIMPLES leave Scars?"

Repellant, pimply skins not only cause "inferiority complex"—they may scar for life! Youngsters and grown-ups, both, can now quickly clear the skin with Kathleen Court's Complexion Pills. These tone the liver, wake up the skin's cleansing apparatus, attack skin irritants that unbalance the blood, and generally give the required purification—directed at the skin in particular. Good Chemists can supply Kathleen Court's Complexion Pills at 2/-. If any difficulty, write to Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney.

KATHLEEN COURT'S COMPLEXION PILLS

END Blotches, Pimples, Blackheads Where these are due to Internal Upset

★ P.S.—Want long, fascinating Eye Lashes? Use Kathleen Court's Eyelash Grower, 1/-.

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Sleep Sound All Night.

The largest selling medicine for bronchitis and asthma in all of blizzardy-cold Canada is Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—now sold in Australia—a blessing to thousands.

There's nothing so safe and sure in the world—2 or 3 doses in sweetened hot water just before bedtime and many a sufferer from strangling, choking Asthma has found relief and a good night's rest—and that bad, old, persistent, bronchial cough has left you—if you don't believe it get a bottle at any good chemists, with the understanding you must get satisfaction or money back.

Depend on it, Buckley's Canadiol Mixture gives definite quick relief from that choking, gasping struggle for breath.

AT CHEMISTS - 2/ 3/ BOTTLE

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD. Toronto Canada — Rochester, N.Y.

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● Insects are the filthiest things alive; they cause sickness and death. Guard your health; kill all insects quickly, with genuine Fly-Tox.

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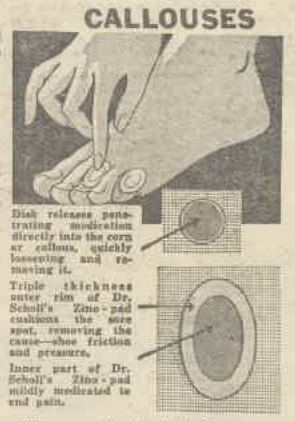
BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

Corns
BUNIONS
SORE TOES
CALLOUSES

PAIN GONE IN ONE MINUTE!



Disk releases penetrating medication directly into the corn or callous, quickly loosening and removing it.

Triple thickness outer rim of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pad cushions the sore spot, removing the cause—shoe friction and pressure.

Inner part of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pad mildly medicated to end pain.

Aching corns, tender joints, sore toes, painful callouses, throbbing bunions, sore insteps, chafed heels—all instantly relieved by these three dainty, soothing, healing, protective pads. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end the cause by cushioning and protecting the feet and toes. They soothe irritated nerves, soreness and inflammation, and prevent corns, blisters and abrasions from tight shoes.

A SAFE TREATMENT

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pad is the world famous remedy for corns, callouses, bunions, soft corns. It is the safe and sure way to instant relief from these painful foot troubles. No longer risk the danger which is attached to the methods as many use, such as cutting the corns or burning them with caustic liquids. The risk of blood poisoning is always too great. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are made in four special shapes and sizes—for corns, callouses, bunions and corns between the toes. Each packet contains Medicated Disks for loosening and eventually removing old, hard, stubborn corns and callouses, and soothing and relieving painful bunions.

Always keep a packet of these pads in the house.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

Obtainable from chemists, shoe shops, stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Depots. If you are unable to obtain a supply please write Dr. Scholl's.

Farleigh, Nettheim & Co., 1-15 Foveaux Street, Sydney.

4-Piece Breakfast Set

Bertha Maxwell's 4-piece marigold breakfast set is still available, in white or cream linen, 4/-. In yellow, green, or blue Cesarine, 3/-.

Individually, 18 x 24 traycloth, linen 1/6, Cesarine 1/-; 16½ x 11½ tea-cosy, linen 1/3, Cesarine 1/-; 12 x 12 serviette, linen 1/-, Cesarine 9d.; egg-cosy, linen 6d., Cesarine 4d.

To obtain any of the items send to The Australian Women's Weekly with amount in stamps or postal note enclosed.

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"Varex" treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varex Booklet. Ernest Healey, pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney; 92N Collins St., Melbourne.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

FATHER: What do you want? Haven't I just set your husband up in business?
DAUGHTER: Yes, but Harry wants you to buy him out.

DRUNK (to conjuror who has changed glass of water into beer): Are you doing anyshing after shix o'clocksh?

NURSE: A lady wishes to see you.
ACCIDENT VICTIM: Tell her I'm not dressed.

"What's the quarrel all about, anyhow?"
"Never mind about that now. You've got me so hot and bothered I can't remember a thing."

BOSS: How is it I always catch you loafing?
JACKY: Mine tinkit you walkem too quiet, boss.

DON'T BLAME YOUR SHOES
IF FEET ACHE
PUT THEM RIGHT WITH
Zam-Buk

DO you throw off your shoes with a sigh of relief as soon as you get home from work, shopping, or after a dance? Nine times out of ten it's not the fault of your shoes, but simply that you're not looking after those hardworked feet of yours.

If you want feet in perfect condition, free from soreness, burning pain, and other discomforts, bathe them in tepid water and after drying thoroughly gently massage with Zam-Buk. Do this every night, especially during the hot weather. It only takes a few minutes but it's surprising what immediate relief it brings. As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, and joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Zam-Buk also keeps the tissues sound, the muscle pads flexible and is soothing to the nerves. Start with Zam-Buk to-night and have comfortable feet all day.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

"Being on my feet 12 hours a day on hospital duty made them ache and burn terribly. After one application of Zam-Buk my feet were quite easy and comfortable. During rest time nurses use Zam-Buk for foot treatment." Nurse F. Kass

"For soothing and healing tender, blistered heels, I have found nothing to come up to Zam-Buk. Rubbed well into the skin, Zam-Buk is fine for keeping the feet sound and healthy. Miss L. Sinclair.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"THE difference between the cow and the milkman," sneered the angry customer, "is that the cow gives milk."
"Yes," said the milkman. "And another difference is that the cow doesn't give credit."

BEGINNER: What's the matter with my game?
Golf Instructor: Well, first you'll have to unlearn all you know about the game. That'll take only a minute.

MAID: I'm sorry, but she said I was to tell you that she is not at home.
Caller: Oh, that's all right. Just tell her that I'm glad I didn't call.

MISTRESS: Jane, what time did the master come in last night?
Jane: Dunno, mum; but when I came down this mornin' 'is overcoat was still swingin' on the 'allstand.

DOCTOR: You must drink a glass of warm water every morning.
Patient: I do that now, but they call it coffee at our boarding-house.

"IT beats me how you have the nerve to call yourself a lady, maid!"
"I haven't since I got this job, madam."

A FARMER had just offered a tramp a job and three meals a day.
"What's the job?" asked the tramp.
"Digging potatoes."
The tramp yawned. "Don't you think you'd better get the man who planted them? He knows where they are."

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YOU can develop a splendid resonant voice of great range and purity of tone, by practising simple SILENT exercises in the privacy of your room. This method is invaluable to singers or speakers, a complete remedy for weak voice, harshness, limited range, and all vocal defects. Invaluable to all who suffer from STAMMERING or STUTTERING. Hundreds of astounding testimonials.
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Your Height positively increased in 14 days or your money back! Note that this amazing System is GUARANTEED to make you taller. This unique System will quickly bring you levels "pep" and energy, as well as a permanent gain in height of 2-5 inches. No drugs, no appliances, no exercise! W.L. gains 2in., J.H. age 28, gains 3in.; V.B., age 17, gains 4in.; S.J., age 63, gains 3in. C.T., age 34, gains 1½in. Complete Course 7/8 sent privately under plain sealed cover.
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Even if you've never danced a step in your life before, you will have no difficulty in learning by this method. All the latest Dances, including Slow Foxtrot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc., can be learned in an amazingly short time, and soon you will be one of the best dancers in your district. Success is ASSURED, for the "Dumont" System NEVER FAILS.

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Amazing FREE Book reveals the secret of dancing success. You can't fail by this system. Get out of the rut, and be a popular dancer. Send NOW, while this book is FREE.

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Prof. Dumont, Studio W3,
Castlereagh St., Sydney
Please send me your Free Book, "Dancing Made Easy." I enclose 3d stamp towards postage.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

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● The rosebud softness of youth comes to mouths touched by Michel! It gives pulsating color to lips . . . makes them soft and warm. And it is so truly indelible, one application lasts all day. Try this smarter, gayer, more permanent lipstick today. Beware of imitations. Genuine Michel has the name on the case.

5 APPEALING SHADES
Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Medium Cherry
Sizes: Large—Popular

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmetique.

Michel
LIPSTICK
Obtainable From All Chemists and Stores.

AT *Fifty* FEET

Continued from Page 7

"I BELIEVE young Cynthia Lyle could handle anything," persisted Jackson. "She may be a bit headstrong, but she's young and full of confidence. Criticisms's hard for people like that. Besides, you're not a model of tact, are you?"

The Avro was all ready now and stood outside the hangar, propeller turning slowly while the engine warmed. It made a fine picture with its aluminium glinting in the sun, and Lexham admired it as he strapped on his helmet. "One thing," he thought, "we've got fine buses nowadays. Flights may be easier, but it's more efficient, too."

This was his never-failing anodyne, the taut response of the stick, the steady roar of the engine, the buoyant rise and fall of the machine. The old alchemists, thought Lexham, had sought for their elixir of youth in the wrong medium; here was the elixir; here was eternal youth: nothing grew old and dried up here—the air was young for ever.

Lexham found himself remembering other such peaceful flights under different circumstances, when every inch of an innocent blue sky had to be searched constantly by eagle eyes for the surprise attack which never was a surprise. There would be just such an empty sky, just such a sense of peace—perhaps the country would be less beautiful, torn and scarred by two years of savage war, but up here all would be still and calm, not a cloud to hide an enemy, only the V-shaped flight glinting in the morning or evening sun. And then, staring into that sun, with the wisdom that one learned in those days, one would suddenly sight a tiny black speck—two, three, half a dozen! A signal from the leader of the flight, nerves tense, guns ready—the flight would wait for the specks to grow with incredible swiftness into diving enemy planes. The old dodge, ever new—hiding in the sun! Automatically Lexham looked up at the sun, narrowing his eyes at the blinding glare.

"But you never caught me, did you, you old blighter?" he said whimsically.

"I was lucky enough——"

THE words died on his lips as he stared, stared at the face of the sun through his goggles.

By God, it was a speck, a growing speck, a rushing, diving speck!

All his old fighting instinct swept back upon him, his hand tightened on the stick, his feet braced on the rudder bar—and then suddenly he laughed.

"It's England, 1936," he said. "Some fool trying to scare me."

Nevertheless he opened the throttle slightly and turned to face the sun, climbing slowly. The speck was undoubtedly a plane, diving swiftly. Lexham thought quickly. Suppose—suppose it was some homicidal fool——?

He made his decision rapidly. Better take no chances, he was at a bad disadvantage here. He pushed forward on the stick, opened the throttle and started down in a power dive.

Now—he cut the throttle, eased back on the stick, holding off with all his strength. The dive flattened a little, gradually straightened, the wings vibrated from end to end with the strain. As the nose began to lift Lexham smacked the throttle wide and drew the stick right back as far as it would go. Up came the nose, the engine roared again, and the Cadet flashed upward in a terrific zoom, all the velocity of the dive behind it.

Up, up, up—Lexham thrilled to the surging ascent—this was a zoom that no war-time plane could have accomplished without tearing the wings from the fuselage. The speed began to lessen rapidly, the engine to labor. He pushed forward on the stick, shut off, hung for a moment motionless, and then dropped off on one wing, hesitating on the verge of a spin before floating round in a half-circle and taking up even flight again.

Keenly he gazed around and below for the other machine. According to all precedent the attacker should now be beneath because he had been diving while Lexham was zooming, but with growing amazement Lexham realised that the sky beneath was empty. He twisted in his pit, looked back and up.

There, riding his tail, perhaps three hundred yards away, sat the other machine—a dark blue Gipsy Moth, brand-new it seemed, sparkling and dancing in the afternoon sun. Lexham caught his breath involuntarily. Had this been war it would probably have been his last breath, for the Moth was in perfect position to rake him from nose to tail with lead. Sheer instinct rather than fear guided Lexham now. He kicked on left rudder, flung the stick sideways, and came sweeping round in a vertical turn.

ONE of the first lessons a combat pilot learns is, "When he's on your tail—circle." An aeroplane machine-gun is fired at a fixed angle through the propeller and can only be aimed by pointing the nose of the plane at the target. If the target is sweeping round in a rapid circle it cannot be hit because, follow it as quickly as one may, it is always ahead on a curved path, and the gun which fires round corners is not yet invented. The only thing one can do is to join the circle on the tail of the target and wait for the moment when the other pilot can flash round and round no longer.

Lexham was in the deadly circle. His war training held him there grimly, waiting. But, for the first time in his life, he realised that he was thirty-eight. The exhilaration, the muscular control, the fierce joy of combat were missing. The strain seemed unbearable. In the first few sweeping turns he knew that he was an ace no longer, that he was old, broken, defeated.

The plane jerked violently, fluttered, hung——

Lexham sat limply, waiting for that familiar tat-tat-tat—for the sound of splintering wood as the bullets smacked home, for the sudden searing agony which was the penalty of defeat. So often had he himself been the stern, relentless victor meting out the penalty. Now——

The nose of the plane lifted sluggishly, hung, dropped. The machine plunged downward and went into a spin. The earth swung round his vision in a careening, tilted nightmare. With a superhuman effort he tightened up on the rudder, shut his eyes to lessen the vertigo, fought the increasing spin down to a straight dive and floated up again to an even keel. One thought was dominant in his recovering brain, a thought which gave him back life, renewed his youth, restored his confidence—"He's got no gun!"

He looked back and up again. There sat the Moth, serenely, calmly, seeming to mock at him in a cool consciousness of supremacy. At any moment during the past two minutes the pilot of the Moth could have ended the battle. The Avro had been at his mercy.

Lexham stared intently at the flashing arc of the Moth's propeller. No, he believed there was no gun. Then what the hell was the game? Somebody trying to scare him? One of his old buddies playing the fool? Some pupil—a blinding light flashed upon him, nearly causing him to jerk the stick into a dive.

Cynthia Lyle!

HE furiously rejected the idea. No chit of a girl with 15 hours' solo could outfly him—Squadron-Leader George Lexham, A.F.C., D.S.C.! At the very thought there welled up in him such a wave of fury and chagrin that he literally gasped for breath.

Then Lexham went berserk. Up and down the sky from eight thousand feet to two thousand, the curveting machines dived and soared. Split turn, chandelle, roll, half-roll, roll off a loop, Immelman. Slipping, sliding, diving, twisting, spinning, until Lexham felt it must have been a glorious sight.

Lexham was beaten. He knew it; he felt it. Youth must be served. But the feeling of despair, of disgrace, was gone. He had been beaten by a genius. Whoever was in that cloth was no more driving it than the brain of a bird drives its flight. That pilot was a part of the Moth, as much a part as the brain is of the bird, flying it instinctively, not reasoning, not thinking, but riding every gust, controlling every movement with such perfect balance and instinct as an eagle possesses. And Lexham was content to be vanquished by such a pilot.

Please turn to Page 22

Now I know why women use these creams

...my complexion flatters me as never before

How surprised and delighted you will be when you see how the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream improves your complexion. Just spread a thin film of this cream over your face. See how velvety it makes your skin . . . how completely it conceals any little blemishes you may have . . . see what a smooth finish it imparts to your powder and make-up. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream also *protects* your skin against sun, wind, rain and dust. Once you try it you will never again be satisfied with any other vanishing or foundation cream.

Daggett & Ramsdell

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IT is astonishing how *quickly* Nyal ESTERIN banishes headache. Two Nyal ESTERIN tablets, taken immediately, give prompt relief. Pain *originates* from the nerve centres, and Nyal Esterin (made from ingredients regularly prescribed by the medical profession) goes direct to the source of pain and smoothes it away. Esterin acts quickly because it contains Esterin compound, a sedative which acts *directly* on the disturbed nerve centres. There is nothing in Nyal Esterin which can form a habit or affect the heart. It can be taken with absolute safety. In all cases of headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, rheumatic or nerve pain—take Nyal Esterin. Sold in handy tins by all chemists. 1/3.

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Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431BB, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

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COCKROACHES CONTAMINATE

● Filthy Cockroaches, vile flies, mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, ants and moths. All menace health or property; all should be killed, quickly, with genuine Fly-Tox. Refuse all substitutes.

FLY-TOX

Banish BACKACHE & BLADDER WEAKNESS—this quick new way

"The intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease" states Prof. K. Schmeidler, the famous German Doctor.

"A cruel annoyance" is probably the best way to describe either backache or bladder weakness. Movement is painful and sleep at night is disturbed by constantly having to get up. You feel depressed, you have no vitality, your back, legs and feet ache, you have frequent headaches. Urination is often smart and painful. But these troubles are now rapidly banished because science has discovered that the basic cause of backache, kidney and bladder weakness can be traced to the physical reason for self-poisoning, i.e., a clogged colon.

Clogged Colon

The Cause of Autoxima

The colon, the most important part of the intestinal tract, has two functions. It must remove essential minerals from passing food, and it must see that all waste matter is promptly ejected from the body. Modern foods and feeding give insufficient exercise to the colon walls, and they lose their power of normal movement. Soon the walls fail to extract the essential minerals and fail to eject the decaying waste. The folds become clogged with putrefying matter. Virulent poisons and bacteria form and seep into the bloodstream. The entire system is attacked—every important organ in your body is undermined by autoxima, i.e., self-poisoning.

Long Standing Case Relieved

"I have much pleasure in telling you what COLOSEPTIC has done for me. It has cured me of long standing weakness in kidney and bladder. I could not walk any distance with pleasure and my rest was disturbed at night. Now I can say in truth that COLOSEPTIC has done its work—I am cured. What joy to go out and walk without trouble now."—Mr. E.A.S., Feilding.

FREE—This Absorbing Book

Mail coupon to-day for a demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, and you will receive, under plain cover, by return mail, a book telling you all about Autoxima, an intimate and highly important subject. The book is absolutely FREE—so fill in and mail the coupon now.

A clogged colon is one of the prices we pay for civilization. The modern foods we eat make it more and more difficult to maintain the active functioning of the colon. Until your clogged colon is cleansed and revitalised and the cause of autoxima thus removed, you cannot hope for permanent relief from many ills. Science has discovered a new and effective remedy. It's name is COLOSEPTIC (Wayne's Improved Formula).

Unclogged Colon

Coloseptic's Vitalizing Action

To regain perfect health you must remove the encrustations which line your colon. Normal bowel movements cannot do this, the walls have become too sluggish, and opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon. Look at the two illustrations and see how COLOSEPTIC clears your colon. It tones up the walls, giving back their power of normal movement, it corrects acid conditions, and stimulates the action of the pores of the skin, the respiratory system, and the kidneys—the three other important organs which eliminate poisons from your system. Remove the main cause of disease by drinking COLOSEPTIC and enjoy perfect health ALWAYS.

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A4

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Please send me your FREE book on Autoxima. Also send me my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 1/- in penny stamps.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

INVITATION TO WRITE

Readers of this page, interested in comparing viewpoints, are invited to contribute some new topic, or answer any of the topics already introduced on the page. Make your letters short, snappy—and provocative!

LONG SKIRTS FOR EVER!

I HOPE that short skirts are not coming back.

We have all looked neat about the ankles and feet during the past two or three years. Our leg deficiencies have been kindly hidden by skirts coming below the calf for street wear, and instep-length for evening wear. Must we go back to the horrors of 1929-30 and have our artistic sense tortured by the sight of those myriads of billiard-table legs, bandy calves, knobby knees, and so on, which (alas!) far outweighed the number of charming and shapely limbs which the fashion displayed?

I maintain that the unrevealed is always more appealing than the obvious. Let us, then, help our appeal by retaining the graceful fashions of the past three years, during which time woman en masse has looked better than at any period over the past century.

Does anyone agree with me?

£1 for this letter to Elizabeth McGrath, c/o Room 818, 109 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

SLOWING DOWN AUTOS

WOULD it not be possible to build cars that are used for pleasure with engines capable of only limited power, thereby making it quite impossible for them to be driven at a dangerous pace?

In my opinion, cars fitted with high-powered engines should be restricted to the medical profession, police, ambulance, and firemen.

It seems the only way to lessen motor accidents. What do other readers think?

Miss G McCure, Altona, Arara, Vic.

UNENVIABLE WEALTH

TWO articles which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly (7/3/36) greatly interested me. One article was concerned with Barbara Hutton's infant son and her millions, and the other was about the girl from Roper River—Miss Hobley.

Could two women's lives be more completely different from each other's?

There is nothing in the world that money can buy which Countess Reventlow cannot have. Yet her millions bring untold worry. She is afraid of kidnappers and acquaintance scraping friendship for personal ends. And desires, immediately gratified, must bring little but surfeit. Often the Road to Happiness is lost among the glittering avenues of wealth.

In contrast there is the "Roper River girl," who has nothing but her own wide outlook and vast sun-drenched spaces. Asking nothing of civilisation, and little of life, she gains that which we all strive for—peace and contentment.

Of the two, I think Miss Hobley is the one to be envied.

Mrs. B. Atherton, West Ulverstone, Tas.

MUTILATING MAGAZINES

AS a subscriber to a large library, may I voice a protest against those thoughtless and selfish people who will persist in cutting or tearing pictures and illustrations from the magazines they borrow from the libraries.

In several instances I have been reading an article, and on turning a few pages have found the end missing, probably that which was on the back of Clark Gable's picture, of a frock pattern, or other picture which has taken the fancy of a previous reader, and which has been torn out without any consideration whatever for the next person.

Miss Pam Collins, Box 887G, G.P.O., Adelaide.

RUNNING DOWN TEACHER

IT is strange how the old idea that the teacher is the child's natural enemy lingers, especially in country districts.

Any teacher can tell those in her class who have sensible parents by the behaviour of the children themselves. Children always take sides, so if the teacher is criticised in their hearing at home they feel that every time they annoy her they are showing loyalty to their parents.

So, parents, give the teacher a fair deal!

Mrs. G. Stockwell, Jimna, via Kilcoy, Qld.

Women's Hysteria in Time of Danger

I DO not think women are hysterical through mere force of habit, but often because they wish to draw attention to themselves.

I think, on the other hand, that women are more sensitive and highly-strung than men, and hysterics arise mainly from a weakened and irritated condition of the nerves. So hysteria is often constitutional—and no mere "playing to the gallery."

Miss Zoe Stocks, Braddon St., Penguin, Tas.

Lack Self-Control

MY opinion is that hysterical women lack sufficient self-control to overcome this exasperating habit. They work themselves into a frenzy in times of danger, and this not only wears them out, but also those around them.

Incidentally, it draws attention and places the woman in the limelight.

Miss L. Francisco, Brura, Cobar, N.S.W.

Men Sometimes Hysterical

I DO not agree with Mr. Warren that women become hysterical in times of danger. I know of many instances where women have been praised for their presence of mind during an emergency when first-aid members have been looking on and could do nothing. I also know of several men who faint and get hysterical at the sight of blood or accidents. I think hysteria is common to both sexes.

Miss Manchip, Brighton, S.A.

Women Not Hysterical

HOW many times, Mr. Terence A. Warren, have you encountered an hysterical woman? And why judge all by what must surely have been an exception? In times of crisis a woman's nerve is often stronger than a man's. Granted when the strain is over, women often give way to tears, but hysterics—"No, no, a thousand times no!" Nowadays these are only encountered in fiction.

Miss Edie Johnson, Levuka St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

Feminine Habit

I MUST agree with Mr. Warren re hysterical women. Hysteria is just a traditional feminine habit.

These hysterical moments may also be largely attributed to lack of self-control. The best treatment for such women is a none-too-gentle smack to awaken them to stern reality.

J. Perks, Yass St., Young, N.S.W.

Merely Victorian Tradition

ARE women hysterical, Mr. Warren? Or have you been indulging in a course of Victorian literature where the heroine, at every possible opportunity, has the "vapors" or "megrims," or faints gracefully into the arms of the handsome hero?

True it is that women are, and always have been, of more delicate constitution

Hysterics draw the spotlight.

than men, and therefore more prone to hysteria.

But how many women nowadays do you see succumbing to this affection? Women have more control over their emotions, their feelings, than they once had.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 11 Opawa, Royston St., King's Cross, N.S.W.

Excellent in Emergency

I CANNOT agree that women become hysterical in times of danger.

I have witnessed many a street accident when a woman has been the first to make the victim as comfortable as possible, and at the same time quickly sent someone for assistance.

Also consider the presence of mind of the average mother when a child takes convulsions—or swallows a safety pin. Of what use would hysteria be then? I wonder if a man could be as quietly efficient in a similar emergency?

Certainly women are more highly strung, and doubtless show their feelings more, but this does not prevent them doing the right thing in a crisis.

Miss M. Raymond, 169 Johnstone St., Annandale, N.S.W.

When Friends Ask the Price of an Article!

RE Miss Rooke's letter (7/3/36) complaining of those women who inquire the cost of one's purchases. My intimate friends never ask me, as I do not hesitate in telling them. A good deal of pleasure can be derived by comparing prices and articles with each other. As for those whom I term "just acquaintances," I am sure they would not ask me such a question. I would be very tempted to furrow my brow a little and answer "I just can't remember" if they did.

Mrs. P. Bone, Kiata, via Nhill, Vic.

Not Important

WHILE I agree that it may be bad taste to ask an acquaintance the price of a purchased article, I don't think the matter should worry anyone to the extent that it does Miss Rooke (7/3/36).

For instance, the majority of us only discuss personal affairs with friends, and as they are friends we don't mind their knowing how much an article we possess may have cost. Then, again, there are quite a number of women who pride themselves on their keen shopping sense and advertise the price of a genuine bargain among their circle of friends.

If a friend, or even an acquaintance, asked me the price of something I'd bought, I wouldn't consider it important enough to conceal.

Mrs. F. Pitt, 22 Queen St., Burnie, Tas.

Men Are Different

WE women are different from men. How often does one hear a man say to another, "How much did you give for it?" without either party turning a hair?

Tram-Travelling Toddlers Are Pests

THERE are many mothers who take children with them in trams, and expect other people to amuse them.

Toddlers are allowed to pull at passengers' hats and clothes, their feet often rubbing against the garments of the persons opposite. Children are petted, coaxed, or scolded in loud tones, and are allowed to show off.

Although a lover of children, after a hard day's work I don't often feel like playing with strange infants or having them fuss around my clothes and hair.

E. J. M. Biard, 230 Vulture St., South Brisbane.

We women shrink into our shells at once and call the question "rank bad taste."

Mrs. M. Wallis, 61 Morang Rd., Hawthorn East E2, Vic.

Bad Taste to Refuse

I DO not agree with Miss Rooke that it shows "rank bad taste" on anyone's part to ask the price of some article which a friend has purchased, and I think it would be extremely selfish of the owner to refuse to disclose it.

A friend of mine in search of a new coat very diffidently asked me the other day where I had bought mine, and, even more diffidently, how much I had paid for it, and I had no hesitation in answering her question. As a result, she now has a coat like it and is delighted with her purchase.

To give a friend such information could hurt no one; to refuse to give it would be bad taste.

Elizabeth Miller, 103A Clovelly Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

Curiosity Breeds Contempt

I AGREE with Miss P. Rooke (7/3/36) that it is bad taste for a person to ask the price of the purchases of her friends.

To some, privacy is an essential to happiness and peace of mind, by this I do not mean secretiveness, but a natural diffidence against having their personal affairs flaunted publicly; and, of course, the inquisitive person is usually a gossiper at the same time.

If people wish to make their doings known they tell of them naturally; but when they feel that curiosity—rather than healthy interest—is at hand, then it is that they become more reserved, and emulate the oyster; for inquisitiveness is a form of familiarity which "breeds contempt."

Miss M. deJ. Robin, 39 East Parade, Kensington, S.A.

No Food for Men Who Won't Chop Wood!

LIKE Mrs. Rowland (7/3/36), I, too, notice men's dread of the woodpile, met with everywhere in the country. A woman's life would be made much brighter and happier if the man would spend ten minutes each morning wood-chopping.

Should he do this, it would soon grow into just such a habit as the morning's ablutions. He would find he would be more prepared to relish the meal which a much more cheerful wife had prepared for him.

Miss L. Grimshaw, Valley Apiary, Glen Alice, N.S.W.

No Wood, No Meals!

LIKE Mrs. Rowland, I have seen innumerable cases in the country where men regard getting firewood as a bugbear. Many women are not in the least averse from chopping wood, but it is not always convenient, nor expedient

"No wood, no meals!"

for that matter. One woman of my acquaintance, after months of suffering, sat down on the job and decreed, "No wood, no meals!" It was most effective.

Mrs. Eve L. Ricketts, High St., Lismore, N.S.W.

Let Women Do It!

RE Mrs. M. Rowland's paragraph about wood-chopping on the farm, what is wrong with the womenfolk getting a little healthy exercise by filling the wood-box themselves? The men are often too busy in other directions. One who has lived on a farm can assure you there are many harder things to do than chop a stack of wood.

Martha Longe, 51 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

GIRLS "DON'T CARE"

WHY is it that, when asked by a young man where they would like to spend the evening, the majority of girls say "Oh, I don't care"?

Nothing can be gained by adopting an attitude of indifference, and generally it places the man in an unenviable position. Usually, after a lot of thought, he is still far from a solution as to where to take the lass.

I have noticed repeatedly how girls use this time-worn expression, and can see no excuse for it unless they wish to place the responsibility of a night's outing on another's shoulders. Then, of course, they cannot be blamed if it is not a success.

Mr. J. Davis, 67 Beighway Avenue, Croydon, N.S.W.

CAMPING OUT IS FUN!

WHAT an enjoyable time one can have on a camping holiday, sometimes moving on from place to place, or discovering a beauty spot that claims one for the entire holiday.

The friendliness and good spirits of fellow-campers are revelations to anyone experiencing them for the first time. It is an inexpensive and popular way of seeing our own country, and brings trade to many out-of-the-way towns.

If camping grounds were improved this kind of holiday would be even more popular than it is at present.

Mrs. R. S. Irvine, 20 Clifton St., Maylands, S.A.

WORKING TO SCHEDULE

QUITE a number of us, while being particularly careful to save expense, do not pay the same minute attention to the saving of time.

The clock can either be friend or enemy, but it's safer to work with it. Arrange a schedule for the day, giving a certain time for dressing, breakfast, kitchen, rooms 1, 2, 3, etc. Once you get the habit of working to routine your day's chores will not take so long, and "keeping to time" becomes a sort of game and relieves the tedium.

Spend five minutes, outline your work for the day, allow a reasonable time for each task, and decide just how pleasantly you will spend the time thus saved.

Miss G. Jayens, Ottiwell St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

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Dear Sirs,
I have used two full bottles of Schumann's Salts now and can thoroughly recommend them to any other person suffering with rheumatism as they gave me great relief. I am certainly going to keep up the treatment.
Yours respectfully,
(Sgd.) E. Trigg, Fairfield.

PERMANENTLY FREE FROM HEADACHES

I am sending you my appreciation for the most wonderful headache cure which I find in your Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. I have always suffered with headaches and very sickly turns. I have been to doctors, taken all kinds of medicine but I would have the attack for days. I don't intend to be without your wonderful salts in future. You may use this letter or any part of it any time or anywhere you wish and I wish you every success with your most wonderful salts.
Thanking you, I remain, Yours very gratefully,
(Sgd.) M. J. Earnshaw, Alexandria.

Schumann's EVERY MORNING
Will make an amazing difference in your health.
Thousands take Schumann's regularly to keep perfectly fit and well.

Insist on SCHUMANN'S from your Chemist or Storekeeper
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You think you've protected her from every peril, but there's one danger threatening which you may have overlooked. Dental decay germs—enemies of teeth and gums—are ever present in the mouth, and it's up to you to save her from them.

First, see to it that she's taken to the dentist every six months.

And, equally important, be sure that she brushes her teeth twice a day with a **germicidal tooth paste.** Euthymol is the tooth paste which kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds, and keeps the mouth healthy. If your children use Euthymol Tooth Paste regularly, you are giving them the best possible protection against decay.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

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1/3 per tube

CHILDREN *Herded Together* In SCHOOLS

Overcrowding Breeds Disease and Criminality

Are the education authorities accessories before the fact to the present diphtheria epidemic in New South Wales?

That question is prompted by a survey of the conditions under which children are herded together in the class-rooms in many of the public schools of Sydney. These are such that it is small wonder that contagious and infectious diseases spread rapidly in Sydney.

In fact, it is surprising there are not more epidemics.

THE special commissioner of The Australian Women's Weekly investigated during the past week numerous complaints in regard to the overcrowded condition of the public schools, particularly in thickly-populated industrial areas of Sydney.

A number of schools were visited, and first-hand information obtained as to the appalling conditions under which children are being educated.

Standard class-rooms provided by the Education Department are designed to accommodate classes of 40 pupils. These definitely err on the wrong side in regard to floor and air space. With 48 pupils in one of these rooms, in which they spend from five to six hours a day, the position is bad enough, but in one school no fewer than 80 children were crowded into such a room, the area of which is about 25ft by 25ft, and the cubic air space approximately 10,000 cubic feet.

This allows for 125 cubic feet air space for each child in a country where fresh air is one of the greatest assets—and it costs nothing.

Appalling Crowding

AS against this no factory or shop is allowed to provide less than 400 feet of cubic air space for each employee, but apparently one-third of this is sufficient for a child who has no Shops and Factories Act to protect him.

While this class of 80 children is an extreme case, and was one which has since been divided into two classes of 40 each, there are many other instances in the city schools of classes of 50 and 60.

The answer to this state of affairs is the usual and time-worn one—that the Government has no money to provide school buildings for the children whose education it has not only undertaken, but made compulsory.

Estimates Cut

FOR the financial year 1929-30 the Education vote was £5,406,375, while for the year 1935-6 £4,319,110 was considered sufficient to devote to the cause of education.

Incidentally, it is interesting to remember while on the question of finance that the Government, which has decreased the education vote by over £1,000,000 since the pre-depression period, has recently promised to substantially reduce the burden of taxation which is alleged to be crushing the poor bookmaker out of existence.

The Teachers' Federation of N.S.W. has for years advocated that school classes should not exceed from 30 to 35 pupils, and this overcrowding of the classrooms opens up another and very serious matter. Prominent educationists, interviewed by our Special Commissioner, attribute much of the juvenile crime to the fact that where there are large classes, teachers are unable to give individual attention to each pupil. The result is that the brighter pupils get along all right, as they would in any circumstances.

The backward children, however, need special attention, which they do not get. In short, they are neglected. They pass through their school careers without acquiring the knowledge necessary to fit them for positions in life, their moral training is neglected, and they inevitably drift, later, to the ranks of the unemployable, the recognised breeding-places of vice and crime.

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES, who has been described as the best-dressed woman in Anglo-French society, is, with her husband, the Hon. Reginald Fellowes, a close friend of His Majesty King Edward VIII of many years' standing. She is a member of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in France.

Car Costing £500 Offered for 1/-

A 1936 Pontiac Straight Eight Sedan, fitted with wireless and costing £500, will be given away shortly. Someone will get it for 1/-. It can be obtained by a reader of this paragraph who acts quickly.

This beautiful car has "all that's best of all that's new"—tall, narrow-fronted radiators and aristocratic length of bonnet—high mounted streamlined headlights—no-draught ventilation—dual electric windshield wipers — steel wheels — armourplate safety glass in windshield—the latest and most up-to-date wireless. Any reader would be proud to own it, and may get it for 1/-.

This "Pontiac"—the most beautiful thing on wheels—is the second prize in the New South Wales Golden Chest No. 4 in which the first prize is valued at £2000.

Readers, over 18 years, who want to win either the Pontiac car or the first prize, valued at £2000, are invited to clip this paragraph and send it, with a Postal Note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope, to the Honorary Secretary, The Golden Chest, Desk WW2, Box 4005VV., G.P.O., Sydney.

By return mail the ticket which can win the first prize or the Pontiac will be sent.

DON'T DELAY! MAIL TO-DAY! LET THE PONTIAC COME YOUR WAY.

BOOK THROUGH YOUR OWN BUREAU

Holidays Arranged Everywhere.

JAPAN

A WONDERFUL economical tour of Japan at Chrysanthemum Time, specially arranged for Women's Weekly readers in co-operation with the most experienced of Eastern travellers, Miss Bertha Clarke. Fascinating detours. Everything included. Write immediately for full details.

£105 INCLUDING EXCHANGE

AUGUST in the SOUTH SEAS

Leaving Sydney August 8 by Messageries Maritimes' "Laperouse," 25 days with 14 ports of call at the very best time of the year. The ideal bay cruise. With first-class throughout and wonderful harbor, river, and shore excursions included. This is the same cruise (plus extra days and ports) that was so successfully organised by the Women's Weekly at Xmas.

INCLUDING EXCHANGE

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Every day for nearly half a century hundreds of thousands of bars of Sunlight Soap have been sold — and every day more housewives are asking for Sunlight. Pure, gentle Sunlight suds do more washing, and do it better.

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FREE BATH TOWEL—FOR 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS
Beautiful white Bath Towel, 46 x 23 inches—the genuine Admiralty make, as supplied to the British Government—a marvel for wear.

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Extra large size, 31½ x 21 inches, made from best pillow cotton, and charmingly finished with hemstitching and embroidery.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT
Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: Lintas Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (opp. Town Hall), Sydney. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to: "Sunlight Department," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4316YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Do Not Enclose a Letter.

SUNLIGHT SOAP L.195.10

HIGH AND DRY

High in spirits and with nice white shoes—perfectly dry, although only cleaned a few minutes before—the sporting youth of to-day counts on "HI-MARK"—the amazing new nine-penny shoe-cleaner—when it comes to shoe appearance. "HI-MARK" will not rub off.

Obtainable from all Stores. Agents: A. J. Veall (Agencies) Ltd., 177 York St., Sydney.

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What Women Are Doing

Clever New Zealander

MISS FREDA GORDON MEADOWS, a young New Zealander, has distinguished herself by passing the Fellowship examination in London of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers.

She also passed the British Optical Association examination.

Miss Meadows was educated at the Tauranga (N.Z.) primary school, and three years ago left for England to study optics. She has now returned to New Zealand.

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Learnt the Art of Sitting Still

MISS JEAN WILKIE, daughter of the late Mr. Leslie Wilkie, president of the S.A. Royal Society of Arts and curator of the S.A. Art Gallery, is a photmaster in the art of sitting still.

She sat as a model for her father, starting at 8 months old, and therefore the necessary still, natural pose, usually with a serious expression, is easy to her.

Always among artists and connected with art exhibitions, Miss Wilkie found arranging an exhibition for Mr. George Whinnen an interesting experience, and also that it required a knowledge of salesmanship.

At present Miss Wilkie is studying modelling at the S.A. School of Arts, having previously studied painting.

Although there is no opportunity here as yet to learn interior decorating, Miss Wilkie is particularly interested in this subject, and has spent two years gaining what knowledge she could from books with the hope of further practical study later. Reading, music, and singing are her hobbies, and she has done some amateur theatrical work with the S.A. Operatic Society.

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Sisters Choose the Same Calling

ON their way to New Zealand, and then America, the Misses P. E. and L. M. Precise, two missionaries from India, called at Australian ports in the Maloja recently.

They have been on the mission fields of India, separated by about 60 miles, since 1922, and they are taking their furlough together, and will spend part of it at their home at Texas, U.S.A.

Miss P. E. Precise is in charge of the hostel which houses 200 Indian girls at the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Gujarat.

Her sister looks after the Nurses' Training School in the hospital at the mission on the estate of the King of Baroda. She did her training as a nurse in America before going out to India as a missionary.

The sisters do not consider it is the least bit odd that they should both have chosen to be missionaries. They say that they have always done things together, and both fell under the same influences while in college in Texas which decided them to become missionaries at the same time.

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She Is Interested In Education

PLANNING to visit the Kaiserwerth Institution, where Florence Nightingale received her nursing training, is Mrs. G. A. Keller, wife of the headmaster of Immanuel College, South Australia.

Mrs. G. A. Keller
—Rasburo, Adelaide.

Mrs. Keller, who will be accompanied on her tour abroad by Mr. Keller, is greatly interested in education, and explains that this institution at Dusseldorf, near the Rhine, in Germany, is the head of several similar institutions in Europe, and is not only for training in nursing, but also for teaching and kindergarten work. The former head of the Kaiserwerth College is now on the staff of Immanuel College.

After touring England and Scotland by car with another member of the college staff who is working at the London University, Mr. and Mrs. Keller will be in Germany for the Olympic Games, and will visit Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, and Palestine.

Travelling with them is Mrs. Keller's nephew, Mr. Clem Kuchel, who is the winner of an unusual scholarship for research into fisheries at Torrier, Aberdeen.

Novelist at Work

MISS EDITH LYTTLETON, better known by her pen-name of G. B. Lancaster, is engaged on a new book, and as she is deeply interested in historical records it seems likely that it may be concerned with matters of the past.

Miss Lyttleton, who has taken a flat in Sydney for some months, is particularly keen on the development of art and culture in Australia.

She is extremely interested in the new trend in art and literature, and expresses herself as completely in sympathy with it. "It makes you think for yourself, for it attempts to show you the meaning that lies behind words," she says.

Miss Lyttleton recently visited Hobart, and while there was the guest of Mrs. Harold Turner, of Holbrook Place.

Knows What She Wants To Do

A GIRL with definite ideas as to what she wishes to do is Miss Fay Lonnen, winner of the John Creswell Scholarship for Commerce at the University of Adelaide.

Miss Fay Lonnen
—Rembrandt

She is doing secretarial work at the University office and hopes to complete the four-year commerce course, taking night lectures, in three years. The reason is that she wants to qualify for the Joseph Fisher Commerce Medal, for which the time spent in doing the course is taken into consideration.

Miss Lonnen was educated at the Adelaide Technical High School, where she distinguished herself by gaining eight subjects in the Intermediate examinations, and came top of the State in the Leaving Commercial examination.

She was also head prefect there last year, editor of the school magazine, and was in the first tennis and basketball teams.

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Queenslander to Visit Home State

MRS. T. J. RYAN, Queensland Government representative in Victoria, will leave by the Canberra this Saturday on a business trip to her home State.

The six weeks' trip will include Cairns, Atherton Tableland, the Barrier Reef, and her home town, Rockhampton. She will return to Melbourne in time for the busy tourist season from Melbourne to Queensland, and will give a series of broadcast talks from 3LO.

Missionary From India In Hobart on Furlough

FROM Sholapur, in the Bombay Presidency, India, comes Miss R. Radcliff, of Tasmania. She has a year's furlough, which she intends to spend in Hobart.

For the past year Miss Radcliff has had the whole of the overseeing of the Zenana Mission at Sholapur to do—no mean job, when one considers it includes a big orphanage for infants and toddlers, a school, a teachers' training college for Indian girls, as well as the outside evangelistic mission work. This Mission at Sholapur is supported solely by contributions from Australia, according to Miss Radcliff.

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Judging Milk Recipes Competition

IT would be difficult to better the choice of the five women who are to help the Victorian Milk Board judge the recipe competition arranged in connection with the Board's "Consume More Milk" campaign in Melbourne.

Mrs. A. G. Wales

The competition closes on March 31, and then the judges will set to work.

They are the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, Mrs. A. G. Wales, and the president of the National Council of Women, Mrs. I. H. Moss, of the National Council of Women, Mrs. I. H. Moss, who are both excellent cooks; Miss Betty Wilmot, who when she joined the staff of Victorian Railways last year became the first railways dietitian in Australia; Miss R. Evans, who is a cookery expert with the Education Department; and Miss V. Herman, the cookery expert attached to the State Electricity Commission in Victoria.

Keenly Interested in Victorian Politics

MRS. E. NEWTON, the newly-elected president of the Victorian Labor Women's Committee, has been associated with the women's section of the Labor party for 35 years, and has been a member of the executive for eight years. This is her second terms of office as president.

She is a daughter of Mr. Jacob Ford, one of the original movers for an eight-hour day.

Mrs. Newton is a J.P. and a special magistrate of the Children's Court at Footscray. She has been a delegate to the Victorian Labor Women's Conference since its inception in 1918.

Among her many other activities she numbers that of president of the Yarraville branch of the Ladies' Benevolent Society; Yarraville correspondent of the Children's Welfare Department, and secretary of the Spotswood and Yarraville South branch of the Labor Committee.

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Designing and Drawing Pageant Costumes

MISS THELMA THOMAS, of Adelaide, is drawing all the designs for the costumes for the S.A. Centenary pageant, a big but extremely interesting task.

Miss Thelma Thomas

A careful study of detail in color, texture of material, effect, and a thorough knowledge of the various historical periods are a few of the things necessary before Miss Thomas could have created the exquisite period designs she has worked out.

Of these, each is correct to the last detail, and instructions are printed beside them about materials and intricate points. For the hundred designs which Miss Thomas will draw, Miss Heather Gell, the producer of the pageant, has collaborated with her in the designs for the symbolic costumes particularly.

Miss Thomas is interested in anything to do with the theatre. She designed the symbolic costumes for the Melbourne Centenary pageant, and was artist to Pierre Fornari.

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Awarded a Linnean Fellowship

MISS ELIZABETH POPE, who graduated last year at Sydney University, has been awarded a Linnean Fellowship tenable for three years (with a possible extension of five) and bearing an honorarium of £400 per annum. Miss Pope is a New Zealander.

Helped Design Gift To Royalty

MISS PAT GOLDMAN, a Melbourne girl designer, had the distinction of making the drawings for the design of the beautiful desk made of Australian woods which was Australia's wedding-gift to the Duke of Gloucester.

Seated in her studio near the showroom of the Melbourne factory where she is a designer, Miss Goldman looks a mere schoolgirl, but there is much knowledge of furniture and timbers tucked away beneath her mop of dark brown, wavy hair.

Educated at Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School, she worked at the Working Men's College under Napier Waller and Joffi Rowell for several years, and is still attending life classes there.

Planning modern interiors is her main delight, but she finds time for modelling and water-color, too.

Miss Goldman says that the desk for the Duke has given her more joy than anything else she has ever handled, mainly because our loveliest woods are used, but partly because there was no necessity to curb ideas to keep within a certain cost.

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Enthusiastic Workers For Child Welfare

SUPPORTERS of the Child Welfare Association in Hobart have just put in a very busy and profitable week when the annual appeal for funds was held from March 9 to 14.

An active and capable band of workers, including Mesdames Seager, D'Emden, Hopkins, Pickering, Gray, McRae, and Miss Wise gave valuable assistance during the week to the Child Welfare central executive members, who also had the co-operation of representatives of similar organisations in Hobart.

The association, whose work of maintaining a high level of health and hygiene among the mothers and babies of the State is particularly valuable, is anxious to build a clinic at North Hobart, and also to provide a nurse to visit country towns where welfare centres have not yet been established.

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A Queensland Pioneer

ONE of the best-known pioneer women of the West of Queensland, Mrs. M. M. Leeds, has been on a brief visit to Sydney to see her relatives.

Mrs. M. M. Leeds
—Sidney Riley.

Mrs. Leeds is a woman of many parts.

Since 1914 she has managed her own station, Airlee, with occasional help from her son, who resides on another of the Leeds family's stations.

Mrs. Leeds was the first to form a branch of the Country Women's Association at Cunnamulla, and says the people of the district are quite outstanding in their response to any charitable movement.

Some years ago Mrs. Leeds was instrumental in obtaining the necessary funds for endowing in perpetuity two cots at the Children's Ophthalmic Hospital, Brisbane, and was one of the first, if not the first, to present an X-Ray apparatus to the hospital.

Her sheep stations include thirty-one thousand acres, which can boast the fourth largest artesian bore in Queensland, which waters not only hers, but her neighbors' land, for a distance of twenty miles.

With their big-hearted and capable leader, the women of the West of Queensland have more than the average to their credit in great deeds.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP

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LISTEN-IN to RICE BUBBLES

The best sound in the morning is the snap, crackle and pop of Rice Bubbles and cold milk or cream! It's a signal that children answer eagerly--there's no coaxing or scolding to get them to eat! Grown-ups respond to their cheerfulness, too, for their crackling sound means delicious toasted crispness. Rice Bubbles are an energy-food—ideal for active kiddies and for brain-workers as well.

at breakfast time!

They're easily digested, quickly assimilated. Delightful combined with fruit. Rice Bubbles save work in the kitchen too—they come ready to serve, no cooking is required. Order some to-day — you'll all like them!

Kellogg's
RICE BUBBLES

3-2-34

AT *Fifty* FEET

Continued from Page 18

HE surrendered, dropping down in a slow, flat spin—itself admission of defeat, for in actual warfare there is no better target than a plane in a flat spin.

Then, straightening out, he held both hands aloft in token of surrender, gripping the stick between his knees.

The occupant of the Moth saw his signal and waved in reply; then, forsaking his position on Lexham's tail, he swung down until he flew alongside and slightly above the Avro, to the left.

Lexham stared hard at the helmeted head. No, it was impossible to tell. The figure waved an arm and pointed down. Lexham looked down, and suddenly realised that he was lost. The combat had so twisted and turned, drifted and swayed, that miles of country had been covered. They were over open country now; far to the right appeared a black smudge that might be a town, but he could not recognise any landmark.

Well, no use landing here, he thought. He knew the compass bearing of the drome and its position relative to the sun, for only three-quarters of an hour had elapsed since leaving the field. He shook his head at the Moth, pointed to the sun, and then at the direction of the drome, and began to bank round in that direction.

To his surprise, the Moth heeled round and, instead of following his lead, came soaring directly overhead, the pilot stabbing downward with his arm.

"You go to blazes," growled Lexham. "I'm landing on my drome and nowhere else."

The Moth dipped and came lower, still directly overhead.

"Hey, hold off, you fool!" shouted Lexham, and frantically waved the other away.

The blue plane never wavered. It dipped lower, lower; it blotted out the sky from Lexham, its roaring engine mingled with the noise of his own, its wheels threatened the centre section of the Avro. In sheer desperation Lexham put his nose down and began a turn to get away. The Moth turned with him and held its position.

Lexham began to lose his temper again. Damn it, why should he land here, when the drome was only a few miles away?

He began to twist and turn again, but on an even keel now, for they had not sufficient height to indulge in any more aerobatics. It was useless. The Moth followed his every movement, and always rode only a few feet above, forcing him to give way before the threat of collision.

Lexham gave it up, looked about for a suitable landing place. Away to the right was a sweep of grass-land, dotted with grazing cattle. Ahead were fields of young corn, to the left a railway, with low hills beyond. Lexham decided on the pasture. The cattle were mostly herded at one side of the meadow, leaving plenty of room for him to get down. He shut off his engine, and with a final wave of surrender put his nose down for the field.

The pursuing plane fell off in a half-circle to leave him room, itself intending to land behind him, and to one side.

Then, as he neared the ground, a sudden idea came to Lexham. Why should he land? Why not get nearly down, thus lulling the other's suspicions, and then smack the throttle wide, go up again, and dash for home? While the Moth was recovering from its surprise and getting up again he could get a substantial lead and perhaps retain the lead as far as the drome.

HE cast a rapid glance round: the Moth was settling, behind and to the left.

Here was the field—down, down, hold her off, gently now! Bang went the throttle, the engine bellowed, the nose came up, and away roared Lexham skimming the hedge like a frightened bird. He held off with just enough height to clear any possible trees, and kept the throttle wide, then looked back to see the effect of his manoeuvre.

The pilot of the Moth had been utterly taken by surprise. Lexham saw the machine, nearly touching the ground, jerk suddenly as the engine cut in abruptly. Up came its nose—too steeply, surely—yes, good God!

It happened in a second.

The nose of the Moth lifted sharply to the surprised jerk on the stick, hung for a horrible moment with the propeller clawing at the air in a vain fight for flying speed, and then, sickeningly, the port plane dropped, the whole machine lurched and fell sideways, and the wing crumpled into the ground with a rending smash, dragging the nose round abruptly and pitching the Moth down as though it had been plucked from the sky.

Even as the nose of the Moth had lifted Lexham realised what was going to happen, and he came round in as tight a turn as the Avro would make, shut off, glided back over the field, and, slipping into the wind, dropped down on to the field near the wreck.

Almost before his machine had stopped Lexham was out of it and racing towards the Moth. If it should catch fire——

He was there. The pilot was struggling feebly in his pit. Thank heaven, he was alive, then! He turned as Lexham arrived, and made a weak gesture.

"The rudder bar, it's caught my foot."

"All right," said Lexham, "we'll soon have it out."

It was Cynthia.

He grasped her shoulders and half-helped, half-dragged her from the wreck.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded anxiously.

She shook her head. "N-no," she said doubtfully. "I was so afraid—fire—I——"

SHE staggered a little, and sat down abruptly on the grass. Lexham stood and looked at her, fighting for words.

"Well," she queried at last. "Can I fly?"

A Bachelor's Philosophy

The safest way to keep out of a woman's clutches is to make her despise you, and the only way to make a woman despise you is to marry her—so what's a man to do?

Lexham seemed to wake up. He took a step forward.

"Shake!" he said, and held out his hand.

She took it with a laugh that had a catch in it, and for a moment they were silent, looking at each other.

"I'm sorry," she said at last. "Do you know, you've given me the finest flying lesson I've ever had."

"I have?" echoed Lexham. "Why, you had me utterly beaten."

She shook her head. "I simply followed your manoeuvres. And it came off. But you won. You beat me with the last trick."

"Miss Lyle," said Lexham, slowly, "I am deadly serious when I say that you're the finest pilot I've ever met." (He seemed to have forgotten that he was still holding her hand. So did she.) "I hope you'll let me fly with you again—often."

"Oh, but, of course, I'm coming back to the school."

"What on earth for?"

"To learn to fly." Then, gravely, "'Any fool can fly at five thousand feet, but it takes a pilot to fly at fifty!' And you were right. Is it a bargain?"

"It's a bargain," said Lexham, and smiled down into her eyes.

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A WORD TO WOMEN IN CONFIDENCE.

Headaches no longer necessary.

It is not necessary to give in to that headache. It's a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes Bayer Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Bayer Aspirin tablets handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they are fairly started if you will only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and ensure your comfort shopping; your evening's pleasure at the theatre or pictures. Those annoying, nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after you have taken two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin.

The more serious your suffering, the more these tablets will help. If you get Bayer Aspirin you will get real relief. In every package of genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets are proven directions which cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and similar suffering.

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All chemists sell genuine Bayer Aspirin in boxes of 12 tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark is on every tablet. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Better.

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WILL NOW SAY *Good-bye to* ALL THAT—

Sir Harry and Lady Budge to Leave Vice-Regal Social Whirl

Vice-Regal society will very greatly miss the Budge social diplomacy, when, about June, Sir Harry Budge retires from the position of official secretary to the Governor of N.S.W., a position he has occupied for 35 years.

Not only will Sir Harry Budge, himself, be missed. The departure of his wife and daughters from Vice-Regal circles will be equally regretted.

HIS retirement from public life will remove from the social spotlight one of the best-known and best-liked men in Australia.

Throughout his official career Sir Harry has been the arbiter of social standing, not only in New South Wales but throughout the Commonwealth, because it has been his particular function not only to guide the footsteps of new Governors from England, but to act as the arbiter of social destinies at home and in Australia.

Born at Parramatta on October 12, 1873, Sir Harry Budge entered the Public Service in 1889, and within thirteen years became official secretary to the Governor—an important post for a young man of 29 years to win.

The history of his personal romance has run side by side with his able association with one of the most outstanding diplomatic positions in Australia. A year after his appointment at Government House he married Rosa Elise le Fevre, daughter of the late Dr. le Fevre, M.L.C., of Victoria.

ROSEMARY, youngest daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Budge.

During his career he has handled the affairs of State Governors who have eventually become Governors-General. Coached in the Budge tradition in New South Wales they were always prepared to accept Sir Harry's standards in the wider spheres of Federal social affairs.

MISS SADIE BUDGE

In the course of the years Sir Harry has developed a purely official task into a diplomatic position, so that to-day he is unquestionably the most finished diplomat in Australian social circles.

His is a position of infinite trust, and all who know him are aware of his scrupulously high sense of honor.

Sincere rejoicings over the knighthood conferred upon him extended well beyond the borders of the Commonwealth.

Family's Part

LADY BUDGE and her three daughters, Sadie, Elise and Rosemary, though very much in the public eye and part and parcel of the social life of Government House, have managed to retain an unusual amount of privacy about their own lives.

Though most helpful and approachable about all matters pertaining in any way to their official position, the family have steadfastly adopted a modest attitude about their own activities, quite erroneously insisting that their doings, unrelated to their position, could have no news value.

Many a nervous debutante owes much to Sadie, her father's right-hand "man," and known as the unofficial aide-de-camp.

Pleasantly smiling in the reception hall of Government House on the occasion of Vice-Regal balls, always ready with a merry jest and the right word at the right moment, Sadie was a host in herself.

Her first consideration was to see that the girls' dance programmes were full. There was one occasion when Sadie had, with some difficulty, provided a late-comer with partners and then found that the girl had lost her card.

With the best will in the world Sadie produced a second card and at once set to work again.

Elise ably assisted her sister on these strenuous occasions, and Rosemary, though her debut is not yet thought of, wore her frilliest frock and did her bit in the way of handing guests programmes and dashing hither and thither at the behest of her family.

The girls are excellent tennis players, and have arranged many tennis parties and tournaments on the Vice-Regal courts. Contract bridge holds no terrors for them, and they are able at a minute's notice to take a hand with the most expert of the Government House visitors.

Served Three Kings Eight Governors and 12 Premiers

ROYAL messages from three English Kings have passed through the hands of Sir Harry Budge in his official capacity at Government House.

During his period of service New South Wales Governors included the following:—

1902. Admiral Sir Harry Rawson.
1909. Lord Chelmsford (previously Governor of Queensland).
1913. Sir Gerald Strickland.
1917. Sir Walter Davidson (died in office, 1923).
1923. Lt.-Governor Sir William Cullen, C.J.
1924. Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair.
1930. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game.
1935. Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven (now Governor-General).

Twelve Premiers held office during the same period, some on more than one occasion. Most momentous of them all so far as Government House was concerned, was Mr. J. T. Lang, whose tilt with Sir Philip Game in 1932 needs no recalling.

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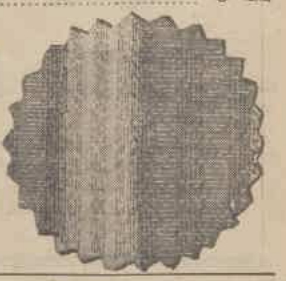

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
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Creamy ☐	Grey ☐		Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐		LIPS
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Sun Tan ☐	LASHES Light ☐		Dry ☐
	Dark ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE

MR. LEVINGROU'S *Daughter*

Continued from Page 13

LEVINGROU shrugged.

"I really don't know what you mean, my friend. It seems to me you've come upon a cock-and-bull story; that you have been deceived."

Mr. Jules Levingrou reached out deliberately and pressed an ivory bell-push.

"Show this gentleman to the door."

If he expected an outburst he was pleasantly disappointed. Leon looked from one man to the other, that mocking smile of his still playing about the corners of his sensitive mouth, then, without a word, turned, and the door closed on him.

"You heard—you heard?" Heinrich's voice was quivering with terror, his face the color of dirty chalk. "Herr Gott! You don't understand, Jules! I know of these men. A friend of mine . . ."

"Hush!" growled Jules.

He had heard the girl's step in the hall. She was going to the theatre, she said—her explanation stopped short at the sight of Heinrich's white face.

"Daddy," she said reproachfully, "you've been quarrelling with Uncle Heinrich."

She stooped and kissed the forehead of her father and pulled his ear gently. The stout man imprisoned her in both his arms and chuckled.

"No quarrel, my darling. Heinrich is scared of a business deal. You wouldn't imagine he could be such a baby."

A minute later she stood in front of the fireplace, using a lipstick skilfully. She paused in the operation to tell him an item of news.

"I met such a nice man to-day, Daddy, at Lady Athery's, a Mr. Gordon—do you know him?"

"I know many Mr. Gordons," smiled Jules. And then, in sudden alarm: "He didn't make love to you, did he?"

She laughed at this.

"My dear, he's almost as old as you. And he's a great artist, and very amusing."

IT was a gay party of young people about her own age that Valerie joined. The box was crowded, and was hot and thick, for the theatre was one where smoking was allowed. She was relieved when an attendant tapped her on the shoulder and beckoned her out.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss."

"To see me?" she said in wonder, and came into the vestibule to find a handsome, middle-aged man in evening dress.

"Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea you were here!"

He seemed unusually grave.

"I have some rather bad news for you, Miss Levingrou," he said, and she went pale.

"Not about father?"

"In a sense it is. I am afraid that he is in rather bad trouble."

She frowned at this.

"Trouble? What kind of trouble?"

"I can't explain here. Will you come with me to the police station?"

She stared at him incredulously, her mouth open.

"The police station?"

Gordon summoned a waiting attendant.

"Get Miss Levingrou's cloak from the box," he said authoritatively.

A few minutes later they passed out of the theatre together and into a waiting car.

Levingrou was on the point of mounting the stairs to bed when a thundering rat-tat shook the house. He turned to the footman.

"See who that is," he growled, and waited curiously.

When the door was opened he saw the stocky figure of a police inspector.

"Levingrou?" asked the visitor.

Mr. Levingrou came forward.

"That is my name," he said.

The inspector strolled into the hall.

"I want you to come with me to the police station." His manner was brusque, indeed rude, and Levingrou felt for the first time in his life a qualm of fear.

"The police station? Why?"

"I'll explain that to you when you get there."

"But this is monstrous!" exploded the stout man. "I will telephone to my lawyers——"

"Are you going quietly?"

There was such a threat in the tone that Jules became instantly tractable.

"Very good, inspector, I will come. I think you have made a very great mistake and . . ."

He was hustled out of the hall, down the steps and into the waiting car.

It was not an ordinary taxicab. The blinds were pulled down. Moreover, he discovered as soon as he entered the interior that it was well occupied. Two men sat on seats facing him. The inspector took his place by the prisoner's side.

He could not see where the car was going. Five minutes, ten minutes passed . . . there should be a police station somewhere nearer than that. He put a question.

"I can relieve your mind," said a calm voice. "You're not going to a police station."

"Then where am I being taken?"

"That you will discover," was the unsatisfactory answer.

NEARLY an hour passed before the car drew up before a dark house and the authoritative "inspector" ordered him curtly to alight. The house had the appearance of being untenanted. The hall was littered with refuse and dust. They led him down a flight of stone stairs to the cellar, unlocked a steel door and pushed him inside.

He had hardly entered before an electric lamp in the wall glowed dimly, and he saw that he was in what looked to be a concrete chamber, furnished with a bed. At the farther end was a small open doorway, innocent of door, which he was informed led to a washing-place. But the revelation which came to Mr. Levingrou, and which struck terror to his soul, was the fact that the two men who had brought him were heavily masked—the inspector had disappeared, and, try as he did, Jules could not remember what he looked like.

"You will stay here and keep quiet, and you need not be afraid that anybody will be alarmed by your disappearance."

"But . . . my daughter!" stammered Levingrou in terror.

"Your daughter? Your daughter leaves for the Argentine with a Mr. Gordon to-morrow morning—as other men's daughter's have left."

Levingrou stared, took one step forward, and fell fainting to the floor.

SIXTEEN days passed. Sixteen days of unadulterated hell for the shrieking, half-demented man who paced the length of his cell for hours on end till, exhausted, he dropped almost lifeless on his bed. And every morning came a masked man to tell him of plans that had been made, to describe in detail the establishment in Antofagasta which was to be the destination of Valerie Levingrou; of a certain piestro . . . they showed him his photograph . . . who was the master of that hell broth.

"You devils! You devils!" shrieked Levingrou, striking wildly out, but the other caught him and flung him back on the bed.

"You mustn't blame Gordon," he mocked. "He has his living to earn, . . . he is merely the agent of the man who owns the cabaret."

Then one morning, the eighteenth, they came and told him, three masked men, that Valerie had arrived and was being initiated into her duties as a dancing girl.

Jules Levingrou spent the night shivering in a corner of his cell. They came to him at three in the morning and pricked him with a hypodermic needle. When he woke he thought he was dreaming, for he was sitting in his own saloon, where these masked men had carried him in the dead of night.

A footman came in, and dropped the tray at the sight of him.

"Good God, sir!" he gasped. "Where did you come from?"

Levingrou could not speak. He could only shake his head.

"We thought you were in Germany, sir."

And then, clearing his dry throat, Jules asked harshly:

"Is there any news . . . Miss Valerie . . .?"

"Miss Valerie, sir?" The footman was astonished. "Why, yes, sir, she's upstairs asleep. She was a bit worried the night she came back and found you weren't here, and then, of course, she got your letter saying you'd been called abroad."

The footman was staring at him, an uncomfortable wonder in his gaze. Something peculiar had happened. Jules rose unsteadily to his feet and caught a glance of his face in the mirror. His hair and his beard were white.

He staggered rather than walked to his writing table, jerked open a drawer and took out a foreign telegraph form.

"Ring for a messenger." His voice was hoarse and quavering. "I want to send fourteen cablegrams to South America."

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Allen, now returned from honeymoon, are unpacking treasures at charming new home at Woollahra?

Loveliest of Frocks

LOVELIEST of frocks worn by Mrs. John McPhillamy at opening night of "Night Must Fall" . . . Peach-pink satin covered by softly-tiered cape of ninon in deeper tone, and wonderful jade ornaments gave color contrast . . . Her mother, Mrs. T. H. Kelly, departed from usual dark-toned frocks for theatre wear, and wore pastel-tinted floral on beige background . . . Margaret Vyner resisted frangipanni in favor of sparkling diamente hair ornaments . . . Strella Wilson occupied box, wearing turquoise-blue velvet gown, with cape of beaded black net.

❖ ❖ ❖

Belinda Street had large crowds to wave her farewell at sailing of Strathnaver. Sir Philip and Lady Street, grandparents of traveller, among party of relatives at ship's side.

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. and Mrs. Harris Return

DR. AND MRS. HARRY HARRIS due home Monday by way of America after many months of delightful travel . . . Friends had attractive house at Double Bay massed with flowers waiting arrival . . . First party in honor of returned travellers takes place this Tuesday at home of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Inglis . . . Vari-colored chillies forming main decoration in L-shaped reception room . . . Medical profession well represented on guest list . . . Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate, Dr. and Mrs. Coppleson, Dr. and Mrs. R. I. Furber, and Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Thompson among the half-hundred names.

Three Little Maids

THREE dark-haired little girls all in bright red cardigans over summery frocks now gladden walks around Bowral as they trip about with their mother, Mrs. Crispin Smith, of Vaucluse . . . Family rusticating at Green Trees . . . Joe Pearse with dark-eyed wife and young hopeful has returned to town from Bowral, and Mrs. Rex Middleton, with her mother, Mrs. Humphries, of Brisbane, has made tracks for home in Goulburn vicinity after bout of contract bridge playing at Bowral.

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Wedding bells for Commander Johnson and Mimi Healey in April. Couple sail immediately after wedding for England.

❖ ❖ ❖

Scanty Shorts

LOVELY sparkling sunshine for Davis Cup exhibition games at White City courts on Saturday . . . Stands full of tennis fans, including Lady Gordon and Sir Henry Braddon . . . Juniors put up splendid display . . . Noticeable that young things not in favor of shorts . . . Gilchrist made great hit with overhead smashes and young Mr. Huxley played heady game. Girls on adjoining courts in costumes very scanty as to shorts and quite missing as to backs.

To Distant Hills

JOYCE STEELE, now returned to Vaucluse home, had perfectly marvellous time in South Australia . . . First stayed with Mrs. Irving Wald, and then guest of Bronte Wiltshire . . . One of farewell parties took participants on horseback to distant hills . . . Lack of moonlight rather cramped style of riders, but grilled chops for supper helped cheer them up . . . Bronte was hostess at sherry-cum-picture-cum-dance and bacon-and-egg party as farewell to guest.

Families Travel Together

A FAMILY party from Gundagai district will set sail by Strathaird next month . . . Travellers will include Mrs. Fraser, of Deltroit, Tumblong, and daughter Isabel, at present staying at Queen's Club, and Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Ellerslie station, with their daughter . . . Jack Fraser and his wife, formerly member of Campbell clan, will wave farewell to both families from Melbourne . . . Ellerslie, one of southern landmarks and show property, recently sold to N.Z. pastoral company.

Round the World

STRATHNAVER has shipload of interesting travellers en route for London . . . Sir Isaac Isaacs and Lady Isaacs will join ship in Melbourne . . . Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Burns and their attractive daughter, Margaret, will be on board, en route for London . . . Mr. J. R. Hardie will be missed from end-of-season yachting races as he is on board same ship with sails set for European holiday, accompanied by wife . . . Alfred Keene, an all round world tourist from U.S.A., will join ship at Melbourne.

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Mrs. Clive Webb, of Sydney, on visit to Orange, where she is guest of cousin, Mrs. Frank Blackwell.

❖ ❖ ❖

Short Engagement

SHORT engagements approved of by Rosetta May and Derick Vyden . . . Young couple announced glad tidings last week, and wedding-bells will ring next Wednesday . . . St. Mark's, Darling Point, chosen for ceremony . . . Mrs. E. F. Foster will be matron of honor, and Joan McKegg bridesmaid . . . Sam Stirling will look after groom's interests and see that ring is produced at right moment during ceremony.

Off to Galashiels

MRS. STUART JONES is off to old home in Bonnie Scotland in April . . . Object of trip is to take small son, Reginald, to see great-grandmother, who is naturally anxious to see third generation . . . Young man at present being inoculated against all sorts of ailments as protection on travels . . . On way to Galashiels, Scottish home town, Mrs. Jones will travel leisurely through Italy and France, and will also spend some time on Continent before catching return ship at Genoa.

Change of Occupation

CHANGE comes o'er scene for "Giff" at this year's Royal Sydney Show . . . Instead of attending Vice-Regal party complete with top hat and morning coat, erstwhile aide to be in charge of two milk bars . . . R.P.A. will benefit by ministrations to thirst of general public, and "Giff" is asking for girls to volunteer in good cause.

Back Stage

ALLEN family well known as patrons of theatrical art . . . Nevertheless, quite surprised to see Margaret Allen wandering round back stage at New Tivoli on Saturday night . . . New production, "Heading for Happiness," includes many bright turns and skill of yo-yo experts bewildering . . . Henry Ritchie, with becoming iron-grey streak in dark hair, and Jo Rich registered approval from stalls.

MISS ELIZABEH McFARLANE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McFarlane, of Young, who is an expert and picturesque equestrienne.—Women's Weekly photo.

A Dog's Day

BIG dogs and little dogs all did their bit to charm customers to R.S.P.C.A. shop in Pitt Street during week . . . Tiniest miniature Australian terrier at doorway looked on with scorn by imposing Airedale collecting in good cause . . . Mrs. Bingle most industrious with luncheon trays, and Judith Jenkins lent willing hand during rush hours . . . Among many well known doing their bit of buying or selling was Mrs. Victor White.

No "Perm" Needed

MRS. GORDON THOMPSON, with Helen and David, arrived safely in London . . . Cable received during week tells of excellent trip via Cape . . . Harry Tighe, Mrs. Thompson's uncle, came to ship's side to welcome family . . . Helen assured of perfectly grand time . . . And why not? . . . Young and pretty, with most lovely nut-brown curly hair quite innocent of "perms" or even setting-combs . . . Gordon Thompson is putting in spare moments during family's absence at family bungalow at Newport.

❖ ❖ ❖

Joan White and Fred Moses to be guests-of-honor at party being given by Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Colcroft at Elizabeth Bay House this Friday. This wedding will be high social light of the week.

❖ ❖ ❖

Bride Wept

SYDNEY friends will be interested to hear of wedding in Melbourne of Noel Boyd and Russell Gourlay . . . Unlike most actresses, Noel completely lost self-possession, and wept unrestrainedly coming down aisle . . . Wedding unconventional affair altogether, as bride, having no superstitions, wore green shirtmaker frock of uncrushable velvet and upturned halo hat of same shade . . . Pink begonias had unusual honor conferred on them by being chosen for bouquet . . . Bride was attended by sister Marjorie and Mrs. Delghton, from Ceylon.

❖ ❖ ❖

Much-heralded mauves and purples all vogue at Romano's on Saturday night. Enid Hull chose mauve net with little puffed sleeves and purple violets in decolletage. Mrs. Douglas Nettlefold wore spray of flowers outlining deep V. at back of fuchsia ninon model.

❖ ❖ ❖

Rise in Copra

STILL another month's furlough in hand has Mrs. R. H. Whitton, of Samarai . . . Ever since arrival in town, visitor from tropics has been raiding stores for novelties to take back home . . . In small community anything out of usual much prized . . . Mrs. Whitton's stepdaughter, Mrs. Bob Bunting, just arrived in London after delightful trip through Java and Malaya . . . Rise in copra prices good news to traveller, who is part-owner of Pacific island entirely planted with coconut trees.

Have You Noticed—

Original yachting costume worn by Mrs. Gwen Wharton? Shells adorn slacks and outline collar of blouse, and corks dangle from shady hat.

Jane Anne

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FOR EASTER

You must have

SANDALS

Clean, Cool, Comfortable Macrame. Correct for the beach, color for the cruise, comfort for the home. Colors available in this design are: Black and white, brown and white, red and white, saxe and white, navy and white, yellow and white, green and white, brown and beige.

11/6

10/6

Colors available in this design at 10/6 are: Black and white, red and white, saxe and white.

Colors available in this design at 8/11 are: Green and white, blue and white, navy and white, red and white, yellow and white, brown and beige.

8/11

MAIL ORDERS POST FREE

Please make a second choice.

Scrap drab slippers and wear Sandals in the home; they retain the natural arch and keep your feet young and slender.

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147 KING STREET. 'PHONE: MA 3837

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A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 PITT STREET

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378 PITT STREET
(Opp. Anthony Horderns)

And at NEWCASTLE

AN INTERESTING development in operatic circles is the establishment of classes in New South Wales under the control of Signor Franco Izal, formerly organiser of the Imperial-Williamson Grand Opera Company. Starting with "Faust" on Saturday, March 21, the students at Newcastle will present a series of performances. In the picture, from left, are: Mephisto, Mr. W. Smith; Martha, Mrs. George Brown; Siebel, Miss Sylvia Woodland; conductor, Signor Franco Izal; Margarita, Miss Bunty Morgan; and Faust, Mr. Alan Hardwick.

NO GERMS or Dust *for This* Millionaire BABY

Barbara Hutton's Boy Pays Penalty of Great Wealth!

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

"Mother and baby are very comfortable." This is the latest bulletin issued from the home in Hyde Park Gardens where Countess Barbara Haugwitz-Reventlow, formerly Barbara Hutton, lies happily contemplating the third generation of Woolworths.

This heir to the Woolworth millions is a sweet little baby. He has a down of light brown hair and blue eyes, and his father has described him as "cute."

FRANKLYN HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW—that is the baby's name—has everything that money can buy. He has two nurses in constant attendance. His nurseries are gaily colored, have rounded corners so that the dust cannot lodge there, and washable walls so that germs can be scrubbed away.

His cot is the last word in hygienic comfort, and is decorated in pale blue. His clothes are dainty, every stitch made by hand, yet he cries when he is hungry just like any other baby, and he kicks and wails for exercise just as much as the baby who is rolled in an old shawl and tucked into a battered pre-war bassinet.

The young man, who weighed 7¾lb. at birth, is healthy and strong. He has lost a few ounces in the past day or two, which is the habit with new arrivals.

A few favored friends have seen him, but no one saw the countess for days after the birth. Her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn Hutton, who arrived from America for the great event, are staying with their daughter, and visits from them and from her husband were considered sufficient excitement in the early days.

Before her son arrived, Countess Barbara (apart from the extraordinary precautions taken against kidnappers, as related in the cables) made a list of personal friends who would be likely to call. This was placed on a table beside the front door and was consulted when the butler was in doubt. All the people mentioned in that list were allowed to see the baby, and one of the first callers was the Australian-born Lady Milbanke, who is one of the countess' closest friends.

In addition to her day and night nurses Countess Reventlow has, from the third day, had a masseuse in attendance. She then began having gentle massage in the most approved modern style for mothers, and she has already begun doing simple exercises to help to strengthen her muscles.

The baby Franklyn is having artificial sunlight treatment as a precaution against influenza and colds which at present are very rife. The baby is not going out-of-doors just yet as the weather is still cold and March winds are treacherous.

The nurseries are centrally heated and the windows are always wide open—possible intruders being kept out by stout iron bars.

"These charming young parents who have no financial worries and no anxiety about the future are being made miserable by the terrible and constant fear that their child will be kidnapped," a friend of theirs told me.

"They feel that until Franklyn is quite grown-up he will be obliged to have nurses, governesses, tutors, and detectives in constant attendance wherever he goes."

STOP! you'll spoil it!

LOOK CLOSELY INTO YOUR POTS AND PANS

Think . . . before you use a drastic cleanser! Surfaces pitted and furrowed by harsh block cleansers or wire scourers can't keep their new brightness . . . *can't* give the wear they should—*must* get hard-to-clean.

Vim is made specially to clean smoothly without scratching. The fine, regular, soap-coated grains of Vim are hard on dirt but easy on the surface.

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KINKARA TEA

The HEALTH DRINK

Save the Coupons for Useful Presents in conjunction with MOTHER'S CHOICE Self-Raising Flour, Custard Powder, Rolled Oats, and Curry Powder.

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MAGIC MINDS *Make Women's Lot* EASIER

How They Speed-up Your Lay-bys, Letters—and Cheques from Hubby

Housewives and shoppers, as well as office girls, stenographers and secretaries, should be interested in the modern equipment for speeding up business and shopping routine, as shown at a unique exhibition associated with the Australian Congress of Accounting in Melbourne.

THE modern adding-machines would be a joy to the schoolboy struggling with his sums, or the housewife frantically trying to balance her accounts.

They divide, multiply, add, and subtract merely at the touch of a button, and one machine actually knows when it has made a mistake and stops till a correction has been made.

A machine for lay-by transactions works so fast that it can handle more than 80 customers in five minutes, and 15 clerks are needed to keep its hungry mechanism supplied continuously with the various dockets for posting the ledger, issuing receipts, checking totals, recording deposits, final payments, return of stock, etc.

One of these machines in a big departmental store handled 6000 transactions between midday on Friday and midday on Saturday. The machine is not much bigger than a cash register.

Another machine for use in big stores records money paid in, in up to 29 different departments. The clerk may have been recording thousands of purchases in all the 29 different departments all day, but at any moment has only to press a button to know how much money has been taken in any one particular department.

Once upon a time the chief qualifications of an efficient office-worker were honesty and neat penmanship with a graceful quill pen.

Nowadays clerical work is so highly specialised that the office-worker speaks a jargon as complicated and mysterious as the jargon of the motorist or the radio fiend, and knows nearly as much about machinery as an engineer.

Honesty is even more necessary nowadays, as the machine is so perfect that it will find out any who try to be dishonest.

One of the machines, which will be on sale in Australia soon, is the Addressograph. No bigger than an ordinary blotting-pad, it contains a whole mailing system, which stamps, cancels, and seals 150 envelopes a minute, merely by the turn of a handle.

With an extra attachment the machine will open mail at the rate of 200 letters a minute, without destroying the contents. The machine, which will cost £100 to £150, has been approved by the G.P.O.

Another use for the machine, which has yet to be approved by banking authorities, is the signing of cheques at 150 a minute. Between the hand-signed and machine-signed cheque no difference can be detected either in signature or ink.

What a joy to the wife whose husband is always passing off the excuse that he has no time to sign cheques.

The inventors are considering adding another attachment for automatically rejecting any letter that is overweight.

Have you ever looked everywhere but in the right place for an index card among hundreds of others in an allegedly perfect filing system? If so, a new machine operated by electricity through a magnet will be a dream come true.

You can put Mr. Y. Z. Jones' filing card under any other letter but the right one in the alphabet, and merely by spelling out the first five letters of his name on typewriter keys—YZJON—his filing card will pop up magically from among the other 1500 cards in the index.

At the bottom of each card is a serrated edge, the five letters at the beginning of each name resulting in a differently-cut pattern on the edge of each particular card.

Some of the calculators are so detailed in mechanism that they look like a miniature engineering works, but it is reassuring to remember, after seeing the exhibition, that twice two still makes four.

A FINE BUST in plaster of King Edward VIII. It was exhibited at the British Industries Fair at Olympia.

NEW TYPE *of* THRILLER

"Night Must Fall" at Theatre Royal

An entirely new type of "thriller" was seen at the Theatre Royal on Saturday night, when the premiere of "Night Must Fall" scored an instant success.

THE interest is sustained at fever pitch throughout, although there is no attempt to whitewash the real culprit or blacken the characters of the innocents. In fact the play opens with a spotlight on a darkened stage depicting a Lord Chief Justice pronouncing the sentence of death.

Each and every player gave an excellent performance and Gregan McMahon was responsible for the production.

Lloyd Lamble, a young Melbourne actor, has the forceful role of "Dan," and his interpretation was as brilliant as it was convincing. This part is taken in the London production by Emlyn Williams, the clever actor-author of the play.

Another success in character acting was scored by Ethel Morrison in the difficult role of Mrs. Bramson. Elaine Hamill is her niece, Olivia Grayne, and it was not without amusement that the audience heard this well-known beauty proclaim the lines, "I am plain and have no friends."

Attractive Campbell Copeland did his best to appear the crashing bore that the role demanded, and Erna Living made a convincingly impudent cook. Harvey Adams, Norman Shepherd, Phyllis Baker and Enid Hollins completed the talented cast.—V.M.

Sure to get it at . . .

Grace Bros.

TWO DISTINCTIVE STYLES FROM THE AMAZING RANGE OF "FASHION-RIGHT" COATS

Now Being Shown
in our
Coat Showroom
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"DEBONAIR"
Imported BLACK FANCY COATING fashions this exclusive Coat, while its luxurious collar is of Fitch, made from superb skins. It is Satin-lined throughout and beautifully finished in every detail.

GRACE BROS. SPECIAL
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Every Coat is exceedingly beautiful—with the rare quality of chic that distinguishes a really fine coat. We selected the Furs with meticulous care—to give you the shining splendour of rich, deep, full skin pelts. The fabrics, fashioned with the grace and distinction that do so much for your figure, are fully worthy of the luxurious Furs.

Just Arrived!
A NEW RANGE OF ENGLISH
"RODEX" COATS

"MARGUERITE"
One of the new Cascade Collars in genuine Northern Skunk ripples down the front of this charming Model Coat in NAVY WORSTED COATING. It is lined throughout and well finished.

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Ashamed of Skimpy Hair?

Scalp Specialists' Treatment Grows Hair at Rate of One Inch in 14 Days

AMONG hundreds of Australian men and women—victims of scalp troubles, dandruff, falling hair, or baldness—who have reported remarkable experiences with Crystolis Rapid—Mrs. F. Adams, of Melbourne, states: **"It has grown nearly 2 inches of new hair, and in one week killed every speck of itching dandruff that was causing my hair to fall out by handfuls."**

Dandruff is not—as many imagine—simply the white scaly flakes that fill the hair. It is a **germ**—hidden in the hair roots—these white flakes are but a symptom. When this insidious germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens and falls out. Soon—if your scalp is not cleansed of these plugs—baldness will come.

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—is swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions.

So highly endorsed by world-famous scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded.

If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of luxuriantly thick, lustrous, healthy hair—ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS Copyright **RAPID**

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative

FIVE *Little* HEIRESSES

Continued from Page 5

"GRETCHEN is too fat. Mrs. Browning took Rosalie abroad last year, and she came home as thin and elegant——"

"I don't know why going abroad should make a girl thin," said Mr. Barnhardt, showing a disposition to go back to his paper. "Travel never seemed to have that effect on you, my dear." He shook slightly with internal laughter.

"It would be better for her than a house at Watch Hill," said his wife.

At this he laid the paper aside. He saw, in one of those flashes of vision that had put him at the top of American business life, not what his wife hoped he would see, but something better; he saw how the whole situation could be turned to his own advantage. For many summers now his wife had insisted on taking a house somewhere on the Atlantic seacoast. She said it was entirely for Gretchen that she did it, but quite obviously she herself immensely enjoyed the round of bridge parties and women's luncheons in which she spent her summer. Mr. Barnhardt hated it all—he preferred to stay at home in Sewickley, where he could play golf at his own country club and have the run of his own excellent cellar.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I could manage to send her—that is, if I didn't have the expense of a house at the sea."

Mrs. Barnhardt sighed, but after an instant she said cheerfully—thus proving the superiority of maternal affection—"Of course there would be no point in our taking a house anywhere if Gretchen went abroad. We only do it for her."

And at that moment Gretchen herself came in, looking, fortunately, rather fat and sleepy; so that her father thought for the first time that something really ought to be done about it.

"The child eats too much," he said, in one of those unreasoning impulses of domestic irritation.

GRETCHEN'S round eyes filled with tears. "It's too hard—when I've given up ice-cream sodas and sugar on my cereal," she wailed, "and I guess it's just an inheritance, anyway."

"Your mother was as thin as a rail at your age. But she didn't have everything done for her as you have."

"I don't want everything done for me," said Gretchen. "I wanted to go to college and be a writer, and you wouldn't let me."

"Did I stop your being a writer?"

Gretchen nodded. "I wanted to go to college and you said——"

Mrs. Barnhardt interrupted—this was an old family dispute she did not wish to hear revived. "Would you like to go abroad?" she said, thrusting Miss Woolsey's letter into her daughter's hand. "Your father would let you do it if you want, although it costs a great deal of money."

"Go abroad?" cried Gretchen. "Oh, gee, that would be bliss."

And so a favorable answer was at once despatched to Miss Angell.

The same morning one of the letters arrived at an imposing detached house in the best residential district of Cleveland. It came in the morning mail, but nothing was done about it until late in the afternoon. About six o'clock, however, an exceedingly handsome and well-turned-out man of about forty-five came rapidly down the thickly carpeted stairs and held out his hand for his hat and gloves, which were being offered to him by a severe-looking English servant.

"Mrs. Oliver would like to see you for a moment, sir, before you go out."

The tall, straight-featured man turned at the news, managing to keep his face blank, although inwardly he was saying: "Another scene!" He kept his hat and gloves in his hand—thus betokening haste—and, crossing the hall, he opened the drawing-room door—a pale, beautiful room furnished with the spoils of some French eighteenth-century palace.

"You wanted to see me, Dorothy?" he said. Every shade of inflection had been extracted from this simple question.

MRS. OLIVER could never have been a pretty woman, and she was now at an age when even pretty women must take a good deal of trouble to preserve their looks. She had taken no trouble at all for many weeks. Her pale, sad face had fallen into many soft little depressions; her pale eyes were paler from crying, and her hair was pushed straight back from a high forehead. She looked up at her handsome husband, and instantly the rims of her eyes reddened.

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Oh, no." His tone was courteous, but he glanced at his wrist watch.

"I wanted you to see this."

She gave him a cream-colored letter. He unfolded it quickly and began to read:

"My dear Mrs. Oliver: I want to tell you among the first that by my advice my friend and former pupil . . ."

All the time he was reading he was uncomfortably aware that her eyes were devouring him with a sad, voracious look. When he had finished he looked, not at her, but at a point over her left shoulder.

"You are thinking of this for the girls?"

"It would be a solution."

"A solution?"

"Well, I don't suppose you want them to go through all that vulgar horror at Reno, do you?"

He stiffened. "Of course, it is for you to say, but I should think you might be lonely with the ocean between you and the children."

The drawing-room door opened and a girl entered, so exactly like Oliver that there was something almost startling about the resemblance—the same flat back and straight profile and dark brows. She copied him, too, in her manner—in the blankness with which, having taken in the whole scene as she entered, she then averted her eyes, and said in a level voice:

"I thought you had gone out, father."

MRS. OLIVER gave a throaty laugh. "I don't wonder you're surprised at finding your father in the house, but he's just going—just going."

Oliver gave his daughter the letter. "We were discussing this," he said, speaking as one equal to another.

She read it and looked up quickly. "I thought it was arranged I was to spend my summers with you, father."

"Yes, yes, of course. Later summers—not this one. Would you like such a trip, Celestine?"

"I really don't care, father. Betty would, I think."

From behind her handkerchief, her mother said crossly, "You needn't be so indifferent about it. It will cost a lot of money."

Oliver interrupted. "The money doesn't matter, Dorothy, if the children are happy."

His daughter glanced at him and away. He felt the speculation in her eyes: could he think that whatever she did she was going to be happy?

The girl stood a moment, mechanically patting her mother's shoulder, and then she said, "I had better go and talk this over with Betty. If we are to go, I suppose you ought to send an answer at once."

Please turn to Page 42

IF IT'S PRACTICE that makes perfect, be careful what you practise.

Nancy gets *compliments*—dates galore

She removes cosmetics the Hollywood way—guards against ugly Cosmetic Skin

"BELIEVE me, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting *Cosmetic Skin*. It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"I don't take chances! Naturally I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with *stale* make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way—with Lux Toilet Soap. It's gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who *think* they remove make-up thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to *choke* them . . . enlarge them, cause blemishes, even blackheads. Signs of Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this with Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich lather is ACTIVE, made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*—every hidden trace!

At night, and before you put on fresh make-up during the day, wash with this gentle soap. This protects your skin, keeps it lovely!

A LEVER PRODUCT

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THE MOVIE WORLD

March 28, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 29

CALLING *Australia!*

Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES

By SPECIAL CABLE
from Hollywood

Astaire Calls Tune

WHO'D BE a motion picture executive? Paramount chiefs are not alone in their worries over temperamental stars. R.K.O. are now experiencing a bit of difficulty with Fred Astaire.

With a tentative contract in the balance, involving just the bare million dollars for four pictures with Ginger Rogers, Astaire has downed tools and told the harassed studio officials that he won't make any more films until he's had a six months' holiday.

The reason given by the star is that too frequent pictures starring himself and Miss Rogers will diminish their popularity. Sound enough reasoning, just quietly.

What is giving R.K.O. chieftains the horrors is the thought of all the good dollars that WON'T be made during Fred's six months off.

Agnes Doyle Approached

THREE WEEKS ago I cabled you news of the success of Agnes Doyle, young Australian actress, who has made such a success in "Fresh Fields," with Margaret Anglin.

Immediately after her debut on Broadway, I predicted that the Movie Moguls would be on to her, and now it is announced that 20th Century-Fox scouts have roped her in for a screen test.

The test has already been made, although nobody as yet knows the result of it. If satisfactory, however, Miss Doyle will receive a contract from the Fox organisation, and will leave Broadway for Hollywood.

Planning a Comeback

GLORIA SWANSON is planning a screen comeback. While refusing to state whether she is in negotiation with any particular company, the star admits that her intention is definitely to make a return to the celluloid. She says that this is in response to the thousands of requests she receives from still-adoring fans.

Universal Sold

THE UNIVERSAL DEAL has been finalised at last. The company announces that a group of New York financiers, headed by J. Cheever Cowdin, has exercised the option granted some little time back, and has bought the concern for 5½ million dollars.

BLONDE JEAN HARLOW—Soon to Be Seen As a Brunette

Dick Powell Reprieved

ROMANCE had the curb-bit put on it once more when Dick Powell and Joan Blondell had to postpone their aeroplane hop to Mexico.

The two stars had decided to bring off their much-discussed marriage immediately on completion of "Hearts Divided," but both marriage and honeymoon flight have been delayed by—of all unprosaic things—an attack of laryngitis.

One thing a motion-picture star can't afford to be, and that's ridiculous. Maybe that's why everything's been put off. The sight of Mr. Powell, throat muffled up in wraps, standing at the altar and saying "I will" on his fingers would be too much!

This Week's Divorce

NO week is complete without its divorce news. The Bancrofts supply the item for this cable: after being married since 1913—twenty-three years, no less!—they decided to cut the painter!

Edna did the suing, and, to get the job put through in the quickest and easiest fashion, took up residence in Reno, Nevada, the Mecca for pilgrims who have found they can't stay the distance in the Matrimonial Handicap.

The Bancrofts are very reticent regarding the reasons back of their separation, and, for once, the Nosey-Parkers of Hollywood haven't been able to get on to anything really "hot."

Lucky Paulette

CHARLIE CHAPLIN will again take up the director's megaphone in a few months, this time in the interests of his protege, Paulette Goddard. He is so delighted with her work in "Modern Times" that he is going to star her in an important talkie.

It may be that he will use the story that H. G. Wells left for her as a mark of his appreciation for her hospitality when he was visiting with Charlie. Miss Goddard, needless to say, was highly flattered at so distinguished a gift.

It was certainly a lucky day for Paulette when Chaplin first spotted her on the Hal Roach lot.

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TRAGEDY Of Hollywood Extra PLAYERS

Thousands in Colony Starving Hoping for Lucky Break

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

TOSSED OUT of other work by the depression, attracted by the false stories of Hollywood's squanderings and extravagances, excited by the thrill of living and working in the same town and the same industry with world-famous personalities, is a vast band of unfortunate, penniless and for the most part, heart-broken people in Hollywood.

They compose what is commonly known to most of us as "extras"—girls, boys, elderly men and women who have been lured to this Mecca in the hope that they could make good and become as famous as the world identities they worship.

BUT it is, indeed, a forlorn hope. With such ability and efficiency as one must possess in this highly specialised art of movie-making these days, they have very little chance of ever achieving even faint recognition. Instead, they have created a problem for Hollywood, that bright and tinseled land of romance. Beneath its surface boils and bubbles a mass of heart-breaks and poverty which threatens to burst through the glamor-coated crust of moviedom and engulf Hollywood with a lava

All these extras have to live on is hope . . . hope that some day, some time, their chance will come . . . cherishing some hidden dream that soon their lucky star will join that of the Crawfords, the Gables, the Oakies, and others who have had a similar fight for success.

Outside the gates of any of Hollywood's great studios they stand—waiting! From all walks of life they come. The ex-vaudeville actor, the ex-jockey, Chinese girls, former businessmen, one-time millionaires, hoboes . . . and still more heartrending, the pathetic sight of former stars and featured players, discarded by the changing movies, but always hopeful of another chance.

It is indeed the tragedy of Hollywood. It should be sufficient a deterrent to any one of you movie-struck people who consider you have a chance to break into the movies. Over 15,000 others have thought the same thing. And look at them to-day . . . all hoping against hope that some miracle will happen and they will find themselves inside the gates, headed for the casting office.

What will Hollywood do with this mass of hungry, hopeless people? Indeed, some little time back, the position became so acute that the Central Casting Office, with over 17,000 people registered on their books, realised that drastic steps would of necessity have to be taken to try and stem the inrush of movie-struck fans, keen on living and working near their idols. Consequently, they cut their lists down by thousands. A mere pencil mark, and thousands and thousands of would-be actors and actresses were cast from the world of motion pictures forever, out into the streets of Hollywood.

Strangely enough, who for this tragedy? selves who are greatly at fault for their pitiful plight. Lured to Hollywood by their own imagination and never-failing hope, they registered with the Central Casting Bureau and joined the great army of extras. The bureau, bewildered and harassed by the ever-increasing demands for work, over-burdened with the growing army of ambitious but inexperienced extras, looked about for some solution.

It was the extras themselves that provided it.

Not the drifted-in players! But the men and women who for years had made the business of being a motion picture extra their life work. These people saw no glitter, no romance, no bright mirage of stardom. Instead, to them it was hard and serious work. To it, they have devoted all their time and thought, using every spare dollar—hard enough to get.

THRONGING THE CASTING OFFICES: A section of the every-day crowd that assembles at every Hollywood studio, praying for a chance. BELOW: Betty Grable, R.K.O. player now on her way to stardom, once stood in a crowd similar to that shown above. But she's just one of the lucky ones.

LEFT: The kind of scene that keeps extras alive—the storming of the Bastille in "Tale of Two Cities." Such spectacles have been rare of late years.

They gave all their time and spare cash to maintaining their personal appearance, the thing that counts most in Hollywood. Hair must be waved, hands manicured. But less and less money came in as the mob of unqualified drifters came in. And the amount of work had to be distributed over thousands and thousands of pleading, starving people.

Furthermore, at that particular time, the gorgeous spectacles, the lavish creations demanding hordes of supers, gave way to the homey little simple dramas. With the exception of an occasional DeMille epic, there was no room for crowd scenes. Now, however, with more money in circulation, with Old Man Depression disappearing round the corner, and with the return of the million-dollar productions, such as "A Tale of Two Cities," "Mutiny On The Bounty," "Under Two Flags," "Bengal Lancer," etc., more extras will be needed . . . which means that more and more will flow in, making the position similarly acute as it was some time back.

Before, the professional extra was fortunate if he worked one day out of three or even four months. When the hue and cry of these people grew louder and more insistent, the National Recovery Administration took the matter in hand. A committee composed of men and women entirely outside the industry was formed. Its job was to whittle down the extra list so that, instead of thousands of extras eking out less than a bare existence, hundreds might earn a fair wage.

The committee asked each casting director from every studio to send a list of recommended extras. These lists were gone over carefully. If Mary Smith was recommended by three casting directors, she was awarded three votes, and it looked pretty good for Mary. If John Jones was chosen by one director, he got one vote—and so on. Naturally, the extras receiving the most votes stood the best chance of retaining their jobs. Those who were considered to be the most capable deserved them.

Hopeful Club

AND that was how a particularly acute position was solved . . a position that will have to be overcome once again. For the extras who were unfortunate enough to be dropped by the wayside after this analysis drifted away as mysteriously as they came . . . and their places have been taken again by a newer generation, just as anxious, just as inexperienced and just as hopeful of ultimate success.

There is a fine spirit among these battlers. Realising that they form a vast club of hopefuls, they, in the main, are out to help each other wherever it is possible. It is quite usual, among these extras, for five or six of them to live together in one room. When a call from the studio comes for one, there begins the hectic business of assembling a decent outfit. This fellow's suit, that one's shoes, another's tie, and so on. Until the lucky one is sent off, well-dressed and spick and span. The others sit round pantless, coatless, shoeless till their pal returns with their clothes and a few dollars. Then they eat again!

Two extra girls have been driven to the extremity of living in a tent. Other forlorn souls have retreated to a shanty-town where they manage to exist in huts crudely fashioned from scraps of tin, iron and lumber from the junk-piles.

It's Hollywood's burden, certainly. And yet, Hollywood is not to blame. For years it has done everything in its power to discourage the influx of movie-struck people. For years warnings and pleadings have been sent out that there are no jobs in the motion picture industry. But still it continues, providing one phase of cinematic life that is rarely publicised, seldom, if ever, written about by fan magazines or syndicated scribes. But it is an aspect of Hollywood from which more drama could be derived than from the most facile pen of an accomplished dramatist.

Poverty and Riches

THE irony of it. Such poverty, such heartbreak in the city where higher wages are paid than in any other city of the world. Life must seem so very futile to these extras, hopeful of ultimate recognition, when they see those who are more fortunate living in luxury, favored by the Moguls of Moviedom, and worshipped in every country of the world where talkies are screened. The stars help them every way they can. But it is impossible to be charitable to so many. Yet it is a position that will exist just so long as Hollywood and its stories of meteoric success exist, or until definite legislation is introduced to stop it.

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TIME Plays Havoc With the STARS . .

ONE OF THE FEW STARS who shine as brightly to-day as they did ten years ago — the great Garbo.

WOULD YOU pick her as a potential Juliet? Dignified Norma Shearer, another survivor, as she was when she was first beginning her film career.

Few Survive the Years That Bury Magic Names

By GIVEN RAE

WHERE are the stars of yesteryear? What has become of the Shearers, Crawfords, Gables, Hepburns, the Garbos and the Colmans of a decade ago?

What are they doing to-day as the public worship other idols, leaving to these heroes and heroines nothing but bitter memories of their brief glory?

ARE they happy? Are they living contentedly in the seclusion of married life, or are they numbered among the thousands who tread wearily from studio to studio—seeking—rarely finding the road back to stardom?

Those of you who have at times become more or less hypnotised by the fabulous salaries paid to the ranking stars of to-day . . . consider for a moment the fate that has befallen the great and near-great of but a few short years ago.

It is popularily believed that the life of a Star in number of years can be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Of this period one might go further and analyse it as, firstly, the terrific, hard-fought struggle, once recognition has been achieved, to go further and reach the pinnacle. Then comes the brief reign of Stardom—with the sky the limit, every desire a command to be obeyed, each and every whim providing headlines for the newspapers of the world.

Inevitably there comes the headlong plunge to oblivion with but a few gallant enough to fight back to the top. In the whole history of the screen such has been the experience of the great majority. An all too few have sustained their position in public favor by sheer force of personality, unique talents, or, as in the isolated cases of Chaplin and Lloyd, by restricted appearances.

AS SHE WAS, AND AS SHE IS.—Top, Billie Burke, the charmer of early picture days, and, right, the Billie of to-day, a trifle more mature, but still "with something."

The case of Jack Oakie is historical. Here was an unknown whose potentialities were apparent to the shrewd director who signed him for a term of years at a small salary. Oakie catapulted to fame in a single picture. Studios clamored for him, paying fabulous amounts to the director for his services—with poor, disconsolate Jack receiving not one dollar extra. Oakie finally rebelled. But by the time he had settled the matter to his satisfaction his star had set. The public were sick and tired of the sight of his cheerful grin and wry humor. They wanted new faces. But Jack was made of sterner stuff and fought and fought until finally by sheer force of personality, combined with a wisdom which allowed him to select only those parts which suited him perfectly, he again reached stardom . . . but Oakie is no longer the drawcard he was in the infant days of talkies.

WILLIAM FARNUM, a victim of the years, once on a million dollars a year contract, now an extra.

Harking back ten years or more one is amazed at the rapidity with which stars come and go. Many have survived . . . not only in the transfer from the silent era to the combination of eye-ear-and-throat entertainment . . . but also in retaining their hard-won popularity.

Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, Richard Arlen, George Arliss, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Gary Cooper, Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe, John Boles, Lionel and John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Myrna Loy, William Powell, Jack Holt, and a few others are every bit as popular the world over in this year of 1936 as they were ten years ago.

But a swift glance into the pages of the past can tell a different story about those whose magic names beckoned us to the movie palaces of yesteryear.

Old-timers will recall the sensational co-starring team of Francis X. Bushman and Beverley Bayne. Bushman to-day is a bankrupt, accepting whatever crumbs may be thrown him by the casting director. Not since he thrilled us in "Ben Hur" has this one-time handsome matinee idol received a part of any importance. His erstwhile partner cannot be traced.

Theda Bara, one-time famous vamp, is to-day the power behind the throne in a well-organised, but so far unsuccessful, attempt to promote a screen career for her young sister.

Madge Bellamy appears spasmodically in "quickies" staged by the lesser independent companies, but can in no wise compare with the colorful girl who stamped proudly around the Fox studios in the early days of the sound era.

Many of those who thrilled you way back in 1920, and before, have gone completely from public gaze. Many of them are not even memories to fifty per cent. of the theatregoers of to-day. Who, for instance, recalls Vivian Martin, Ethel Clayton, Wanda Hawley, Harrison Ford, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Dalton, Bert Lytell, Betty Compson, Enid Bennett, Douglas Maclean (now a director), Seena Owen, Tom Moore, Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Mackaill, Herbert Rawlinson, Clara Kimball Young, Priscilla Dean, Elliot Dexter, Madge Kennedy, Leatrice Joy, Lois Moran? And yet the mere mention of their very names inspired us then with a thrill of anticipation as we paid our nimble shilling at the box office.

Continued on Page 32

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London on the Air

THIRD BIG FIRE in British STUDIOS

• Royal Funeral Interdicted • Golden-Voiced Girl • Madame Tussaud Film • Lynn—Crockery Breaker

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London.

By BEAM WIRELESS

THE third big fire to attack British studios broke out today in the new premises of London Film Productions at Denham. Thousands of pounds loss is entailed, and constructional work has been halted on what, on completion, will be the largest block of film studios in the world.

It has been established that the fire started on the ground level of the building, which is about 200 feet square. The sound cushioning which covers the walls ignited while the workmen employed on the job were at lunch, and the flames very quickly reached the roof.

As I send this cable the fire is still blazing, although it is now under control and unlikely to spread further. It has, however, completely destroyed one of the four stages which are in course of erection.

The mishap will not delay production in the new premises, which is scheduled to commence at the beginning of April with films starring Laughton and Donat respectively. Laughton's picture is a Lonsdale comedy, featuring, in addition to the star, twelve Hollywood Goldwyn girls. Donat is to play Hamlet in a screen version of the immortal Shakespearean classic, while the new star, Vivian Leigh, will be Ophelia.

☆ ☆ ☆

A SENSATION has been caused in the Longdendale Valley, near Manchester, by the refusal of the Rev. John Penrose, the young vicar of Tintwistle, to allow the children of the village church day school to see a free exhibition of the film of King George's funeral.

Mr. Penrose, when he became vicar of Tintwistle a year ago, banned dances in the Sunday school hall, disbanded the church amateur dramatic society, and refused to allow popular songs to be sung in the school at concerts.

"A Christian should never go to the cinema," he said.

"I would have refused permission whatever was to be shown.

"So many present-day films are questionable that the wisest course for a Christian to adopt is to keep away from the cinema altogether. My refusal was with a desire for the highest welfare of the children."

☆ ☆ ☆

JOHN CORFIELD, manager-director of British National Films Ltd., has concluded arrangements for Jean de Marguenat, the French producer, to direct "Madame Tussaud" very shortly.

The story, of course, is woven round the life of the founder of the famous London waxworks. There should be ample material here to make an excellent film, for Madame Tussaud lived in the stirring times of the French Revolution. M. de Marguenat has produced a number of excellent films, and there is little doubt that the new film will be a success.

☆ ☆ ☆

JANE CAIN, known all over Britain as the "Girl with the Golden Voice," has made her debut in films. She came into prominence as the result of a test made by the Postal Department to find the girl who had the loveliest voice in Britain for telephonic purposes.

Miss Cain now is starred in the film, "Vanity," made by the Columbia (British) Company. The date of the release of the film has not yet been announced.

Miss Cain is cast as Vanity Fayre. The private screening fully justifies the Post Office choice, for Jane's diction is beautiful. The unstudied simplicity of her acting, too, promises her a future, but it must be confessed that the story is not of the strongest. It does not give her the scope she should naturally expect.

☆ ☆ ☆

MOST people want to break the crockery at one time or another, and I suppose genial Ralph Lynn is no exception to the rule. He gets the opportunity in "In the Soup," now being produced at Twickenham Studios, and makes the most of it in a Lynnian way. It will give you an excellent chance to do your breaking by proxy, and thus release your subconscious desire to murder your next-door neighbor — or whatever the psycho-analysts tell you you want to do—without any trouble or expense, and without inconveniencing the neighbor, the police, or the law courts.

LILY PONS, world-famous coloratura soprano. Her screen debut is being made in R.K.O.'s "I Dream Too Much." Radio fans who have heard this lovely voice will be interested to see the singer in person.

TIME PLAYS HAVOC WITH the STARS

Continued from Page 31

WILLIAM FARNUM, once the fond possessor of a million-dollar-a-year contract with Fox films, is now an extra, broke and disillusioned, glad to have the smallest of small parts.

William S. Hart is one who did save something from the wreckage. Bill and his pinto pony vanished from the screen following a particularly strenuous production—and to-day upon his ranch he basks lazily in the Californian sunshine, and if, perhaps, he longs occasionally for the glamor of the past, he has long since lost the vitality to be up and doing. Contentedly he rests . . . happy with his memories.

Nazimova is on the stage and currently planning to take an entire company from New York to London. She made money, yes, but not in pictures. She was a stage star before ever the screen waved its magic wand under her nose. And when the camera became unkind, revealing that Alla Nazimova was way past the thirty mark—she returned to her old love back of the footlights.

A sad incident occurred at M.-G.-M. a year ago when "Broadway Melody of 1936" was being made. An actor was given a small part on another "lot." Perhaps the smallest speaking part in the entire show. In the next studio Harry Stockwell was singing the old "Broadway Melody" as a kind of introduction to the new film. The actor listened. Perhaps he shed a tear. It was Charles King—the STAR of the original "Broadway Melody," the man who had made that song famous all over the world.

Many of to-day's stars began as children in company with artists who have passed from view. Madge Evans began with the Old World film as "little Madge" in the days when Alice Brady, Conway Tearle and Clara Kimball Young were "headlining." Madge is not quite a star to-day, but is heading that way. Young Douglas Fairbanks opposed his dad and went into pictures for Paramount over ten years ago. But he failed and it was not until he attained manhood that he met with any success.

Baby Peggy Montgomery is beginning all over again now that she has blossomed forth into flapperdom. Mitzi Green also. Wesley (Freckles) Barry was but a freak and as a man lost the cuteness which made him a juvenile star. Quite likely the same fate will overtake Jackie Cooper.

Times change, fashions change, and with the march of progress we, the great theatregoing public, mould the screen to our liking. The star who thrilled us yesterday fails to attract us to-day. We who complain bitterly as we punch the bundy and yawn wearily at an unromantic desk, may at times take comfort in the thought that our days of usefulness are not quite so limited as those of the movie star. Maybe it's a darned sight better to struggle along on a few bob a week, answering the boss' buzzer, pounding a typewriter, measuring yards of silk, strap-hanging it homewards tired and weary with but the screen's romantic antics to comfort you. At least, you only have to go on doing this until some nice young fellow happens along and rushes you off to be married. Then you can have a grand time washing dishes and raising a family. At least you know that you have something more tangible than the movie star who, skyrocketed to fame with millions to spend, the world at her feet—fame—suddenly finds that just because that implacable enemy, Mr. and Mrs. Public, begins to dislike the way she wears her hat she is plunged into the limbo of forgotten things.

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Gladys Swarthout Quits Opera for Screen

"ROSE OF THE RANCHO" is another film in which a Metropolitan Opera singer is starred. Paramount have put a dash of everything into this picture. John Boles and Charles Bickford are the male leads. Gladys Swarthout (top right) is the highlight of the musical side of the entertainment, while Willie Howard, the gent with the gun, provides comedy. Boles and Swarthout, taken together, make a charming couple.

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HERE'S *Hot News* from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives.

DOTS . . and DASHES

• THE film colony proving it's not completely jazzy by turning out en masse for the Ballet Russe during its engagement here. • Carole Lombard proving the movie business is not all fake by wearing a wardrobe costing £2300 for "Love Before Breakfast." • May Robson telling of the birds which come to her backyard to be fed. • Una Merkel's odd collection of handkerchiefs growing rapidly, with dozens of fans sending their offerings.

WELL, Hollywood's proudest papa, Fred Astaire, will soon be home from the hospital with his new son and his equally proud wife. No, it's not a typographical error—Fred is in hospital, but he's not sick. When Fred, jun., arrived on the scene recently, his dancing father decided he simply could not be separated from him for a moment.

So he rented a room in the hospital and moved in with his personal belongings. As soon as Junior reaches the ripe old age of two weeks, and gets his release certificate from the doc., the Astaire family will move back home.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE British film company known as Pathe Pictures has made a film, "The Great Crusade," which sets out to show housing conditions all over Britain, and the ultimate aim of the picture is to hasten the clearance of slums. The King has allowed Pathe to include slum scenes taken from one of his housing inspections when he was Prince of Wales. Pathe have also been greatly helped by the Ministry of Health to secure scenes which portray the stark reality of some of the evil conditions which arise out of bad housing.

✦ ✦ ✦

Irene Dunne has discovered how to lose weight and have fun at the same time. The attractive screen star explains that two hours a day of dancing on a floor sprinkled with sand will keep her figure girlish. The dance is a sort of shuffle done slowly.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE most wonderful opportunity in filmland has fallen to Paulette Goddard—a debut in "Modern Times." Paulette may be termed one of Charlie Chaplin's finest creations. He has guided her not only in her acting, but it was he also who advised her to let her hair grow back to its natural shade of dark, lustrous brown and to wear it brushed high off her forehead to set off her lovely brow.

But don't be misled into thinking that Paulette is a mere automaton. She is one of those Hollywood rarities—a girl with a fine mental equipment, well-posted on the affairs of the day and able to discuss intelligently literature, art and politics. The 24-year-old miss wants it clearly understood that she is out to carve her own career, on her own merits.

"I don't want to be known as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady," she told me, "even though at the moment I can lay claim to nothing else. It is a mistake to rely too heavily on the advice of others. That stifles individuality."

Paulette has a fine flair for clothing herself beautifully. At Santa Anita, California, she is admittedly the best-dressed woman of the season. Her special passion is furs, and almost daily she is to be seen in new creations exotically fashioned of unusual furs.

✦ ✦ ✦

SYLVIA of Hollywood, the world-renowned physical culture expert, to whom so many movie stars are indebted for their beauty, analyses the secret of Luise Rainer's charm. The piquant little European, who has become a star through her one picture, "Escapade," does not owe her success, says Sylvia, to her cute accent or big eyes or charming wistfulness, but to the fact that she has learned to walk well! Although a small person, Luise walks with the dignity of a queen. So few people walk well that Sylvia generously gives to the public the secret of good carriage.

Many people point out their toes while walking. That's all right for Charlie Chaplin, but not for you. Always put your feet straight in front of you. Never spread your feet at an angle. Strengthen the muscles in your knees so they won't sag. You want springiness in your walk for a graceful carriage. Keep your shoulders back and your head up. Don't stick your chin out aggressively; just relax, and be natural.

✦ ✦ ✦

LOOKING for ideas on filling in spare time during the lunch hour, those two funsters, Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea, have hit on a grand new game which they have christened "miniature archery." It is played with tiny bows and arrows, and has a betting system similar to that used in horse racing. Now Merle and Joel play it daily with Miriam Hopkins and their director, William Wyler. The whole outfit is so small it can easily be moved indoors.

✦ ✦ ✦

The latest name of Grace Moore's next vehicle is "The King Steps Out." Grace is busy taking dancing lessons, for she is going to dance in this new picture. Franchot Tone plays opposite her.

✦ ✦ ✦

MOST followers of the screen are familiar with the fact that Freddie Bartholomew—probably the most brilliant child star in the world—is living with an aunt in America, to the chagrin of his parents in England. The aunt was given legal custody of Freddie by a ruling of an American court.

A London reporter recently interviewed Freddie's mother as she was waiting in a queue to see "David Copperfield," the boy's most talked-about film to date.

She spoke bitterly of the fact that she had to stand in a queue to catch a glimpse of her son in the pictures, and announced her determination to fight on until she reversed the decision of the American courts and was able to call her son her own again. Mrs. Bartholomew gets little joy out of a fact that would delight most parents—that her son is on the high road to film stardom.

✦ ✦ ✦

SOME months ago the London and North-Eastern Railway installed a cinema car on the London-Leeds expresses. The "house full" sign has been used so often that it has been decided to extend the idea to other expresses. The charge for admittance is 1/-, and the performances last about an hour. It is forecast that all long-distance trains in Britain will have cinema cars in the near future. The programmes are largely composed of newsreels, travel pictures, and films of an educational character.

✦ ✦ ✦

DON'T think for a moment that Hollywoodites are biase toward the movies. It's often just the reverse, and here's a good example. They were shooting scenes from "Farmer In the Dell," with Fred Stone, on a local street the other day, and had a cop stationed nearby to direct traffic away. Unfortunately, the cop became so intrigued with watching the proceedings he forgot his job, and was knocked down by a passing motorist.

The woman driver explained she, too, was watching the histrionics of Mr. Stone, and didn't notic the strong arm of the law which she had so unconventionally removed from the scene. While on this subject, it's interesting to note that local burghers are just as excited over seeing stars and obtaining their autographs as the out-of-towners; in fact, more so. They mob the movie folk at cafes, theatres, and along the boulevards as though such a being were a rarity in their lives instead of the everyday thing.

✦ ✦ ✦

JOAN BLONDELL'S most exquisite new gown has been inspired by the Marc Connelly play. She visited the set and was so impressed by the angel costumes that she contrived a gown that is called "Green Pastures." It is a cloud of white chiffon, with real lace dripping from the shoulders all the way down the sleeves.

ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD organisations are training up new stars to satisfy the public demand for change. This is pretty June Lang, 20th Century-Fox actress, who is being groomed for a big future.

Movie-Struck Hollywood

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

The future looks very Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Theatregoers of three states are having a swell time with Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in *"Mutiny on the Bounty."*

★ ★ ★ ★

Sydney St. James, Melbourne Metro and Brisbane Cremorne are re-echoing to the plaudits of the happy folk from 6 to 60 who find that this is without doubt the greatest entertainment ever made.

★ ★ ★ ★

But happy old Leo is not content with turning out a *"Mutiny on the Bounty."*

★ ★ ★ ★

Grand film though it is, he has lots more big ones up his sleeve and it won't be very long before Australia gets a happy look at 'em.

★ ★ ★ ★

FOR instance, Sydney St. James is preparing right now for *Joan Crawford's* fashion-romance-sensation, *"I Live My Life,"* in which handsome *Brian Aherne* joins the ranks of heart-rending males. You'll get a swell laugh at the battle staged by he and Joan in this one. On the eve of her wedding, too!

★ ★ ★ ★

Next in line for Melbourne will be *"A Tale of Two Cities,"* starring Ronald Colman. We said last year that *"David Copperfield"* would be "the best loved picture of 1935." Now we tell you that *"A Tale of Two Cities"* will be "the best loved picture of 1936." You know you can take our word for it!

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo has just given a very, very private pre-view of *"Rose Marie."* It is even better than we expected. *Jeanette MacDonald* is lovelier than ever. *Nelson Eddy* lives up to the promise shown in "Naughty Marietta"—and when this happy pair bring you the glorious melodies of "Rose Marie," "Indian Love Call," etc. . . . well, it's just a bit of heaven!

★ ★ ★ ★

Then there's the merry *Mad Marx Bros.* in *'A Night at the Opera'* . . . *Myrna Loy* and *Spencer Tracy* as you like them in *"Whipsaw"* . . . the never-to-be-forgotten melodies of *"The Bohemian Girl"* with *Laurel and Hardy* as the comedians . . . and loads of other big ones.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sure—the future—(and the present, too) looks very Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Yours for entertainment,

LEO.

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"EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN"

Will Like These

They Are Worn by
ROCHELLE HUDSON

1. THIS PICTURESQUE CLOAK of garnet velvet is worn by Rochelle Hudson, playing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Everybody's Old Man," over a pale pink brocade frock, and featuring one of this season's favorite color combinations.

2. THE BEWITCHING evening gown is fashioned from pink satin brocade. The high-necked bodice has looped sleeves and narrow turned-over collar. Full, pink roses finish the square backless decolletage.

3. THIS MAIZE-YELLOW basket-weave woollen suit is ideal for the Easter holiday wear. The black-and-white striped taffeta collars and cuffs are important and attractive. The up-turned felt hat is in maize color with a black-and-white pompom nestling on the crown.

4. BLACK VELVET jacket-like bodice finished at the neck-line with white chiffon ruching and buttons. The skirt is reminiscent of the directore, the opening at the front being also offset with white chiffon ruching.

how to "DAMP-SET" your wave

by
YVETTE
D'ELMONTE

WHEN I recently discovered "damp-setting"—an amazing way to set any wave in **four** minutes!—the movies thought the secret too good to be true. Now the same stars say it is too good to keep, and "damp-set" waves are seen on every movie lot!

"Damp-setting" saves many shillings, and many hours of time, in beauty parlors. Holds even the lightest finger wave 6 or 7 days! Keeps hair naturally gleaming with all the healthy lustre that follows a fresh shampoo! And it's so easy!

All you need is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. (If you have no Velmol at home, any chemist has it for only 3/1 a bottle.) Then just brush the Velmol through your hair, and simply press your waves into place.

That's all you do! But do it weekly and "damp-setting" will always keep your waves as deep and firm as the day you stepped out of the hairdresser's chair! And never any grease—(for delightful, crystal-clear Velmol liquid must not be confused with heavy, messy "brilliantines").

(If you usually set your waves or curls with "bobby" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)

JUST THREE STEPS IN "DAMP-SETTING":—(1) Comb hair with a comb moistened in water until hair is damp (never wet). (2) Pour a little Velmol into palm of hand, run hairbrush over liquid until bristles are all evenly covered, and brush it right through hair. (3) Now press the waves in—just where you want them—using fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they swirl in toward cheeks and forehead. In four minutes your wave is revived—set; your hair has a glorious new sheen you never believed possible.

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ROSE PETAL Rouge!

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ I DREAM TOO MUCH

Lily Pons, Henry Fonda. (R.K.O.)

THIS picture is good, indeed, very good. Starting off with, as foundation, a story that is full of entertainment value, R.K.O. have done still more for the picture-going public by introducing in this film Lily Pons, one of the best coloratura sopranos at present singing, and, incidentally, a very charming and convincing little actress. Such a combination is not met with too often.

The only fault I have to find—the one that makes the offering miss, by a whisker, a three-star grading—is that full advantage has not been taken of the lovely Pons voice. The Metropolitan star sings only two operatic numbers: "Caro Nome," and the Bell Song from "Lakme." Of the other numbers sung, one, "Little Jockey on the Carrousel," is pleasing, but the rest do nothing to display either her artistry or her technical quality. One item, in fact, sung in a cafe, made me long to be in Hollywood, so that I might strangle the director with my bare hands.

But this question of choice of music is the sole blot on what otherwise is an excellent piece of entertainment. I can say this with certainty. I saw the picture twice!—State; showing.

★★ SYLVIA SCARLETT

Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Brian Aherne. (R.K.O.)

KATHARINE HEPBURN has given many instances of her ability as an actress; her work in this picture must count as another histrionic success for her. She is not, of course, the first attractive woman to have masqueraded on the screen in male attire, but, of them all, she is by far the most convincing to date.

In most other cases of male impersonation, the impersonator has not got beyond acting as women, perhaps, may fondly imagine that young men act; the Hepburn, on the other hand, really creates the illusion, once she adopts boy's clothes, that she is no longer Sylvia, but Sylvester, Scarlett. And this is no mean feat!

The story of Sylvia Scarlett, of her adoption of trousers in place of skirts, of her association with a Cockney crook (Cary Grant), of the minstrel tour which leads to her meeting with an artist (Brian Aherne), with whom she falls in love, of her return to feminine daintiness, and of her final triumph—all this makes good entertainment.

Plus the story, you have acting that is head and shoulders above the average. Hepburn, of course, dominates the picture, but Grant does a good job, as does also Aherne, once he gets rid of a preliminary self-consciousness.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ FOREIGN AFFAIRES

Tom Walls Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare. (G.B.)

WHILE one can safely depend on Ralph Lynn always turning up in the role of the cheerfully amiable idiot, comrade Walls is, of late, changing his style somewhat, and blossoming forth into more fruity and exotic characterisation.

In "Foreign Affaires" he is cast as a ne'er-do-well, slightly more than mature scion of the English aristocracy; a sporty lover of good living, who is not over-fastidious about the means of raising the wind; a magnificent fellow to his friends, but a pain in the neck to his respectable, if upper-class, relatives. He plays the part in a manner that, even in its exaggeration, brings to life all the rococo atmosphere of the Edwardian era, of which he is supposed to be a relic.

It is not necessary to go into details of this picture. To say that the principals are Walls, Lynn, and Hare, and that the story is by Ben Travers, will be sufficient indication of what is to be expected. It is funny; in spots, very funny. And nobody who is ever likely to be hard-up should miss seeing Tom Walls illustrating the gentlemanly way in which to "make a touch" (or borrow, for those of you unacquainted with slang). This is an education in itself—Embassy; showing.

★ THANKS A MILLION

Dick Powell, Anne Dvorak. (Fox.)

AN average picture, no more, no less. Even admirers of Mr. Powell's winsome baritone will not be able to go into ecstasies over this latest manifestation of his talent; he has sung better than this in some of his earlier films.

In this offering, Dickie-bird is a singer who, by a series of circumstances, finds himself standing as candidate for the Governorship of one of the States which make up the great American republic. Needless to say, he sings himself into the hearts of the people, incidentally getting himself into a tight corner with the wife of the local political boss, and, finally, making a magnificent gesture by exposing the graft that underlies party politics as practised in the democratic U.S.A. Nevertheless, he wins the election and the girl of his heart. The latter is Anne Dvorak, who is **not** the aforesaid wife of the party boss. (We couldn't have our Richard getting mixed up with a married woman!)

Oh yes! There are bands, too. Paul Whiteman's makes a brief and not particularly impressive appearance. The other is led by a gentleman with a Russian name who looks very soulful as he saws away at his violin.—Regent; showing.

★ IT'S IN THE AIR

Jack Benny, Una Merkel (M.-G.-M.)

ANY reasonable person will get his, or her, quota of laughs out of this film, which, while not designed to be anything out of the box, is well up to f.a.q. standard in entertainment value.

Mainly concerned with the effort to go straight being made by a gentleman (Jack Benny), who is in the gambling racket, the story reaches its peak in funniness when the said gambler, a victim of his own good and bad intentions plus the publicity hunger of a group of local business men, makes an attempt on the stratosphere record, taking up with him in the balloon his assistant in trickery and a detective who is on his trail for income tax evasion.

Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton are the accomplice and detective respectively, and provide a great deal of the broad comedy with which the picture is provided.

Any night you have nothing to do, and feel like having a good guffaw, this show will fill the bill very nicely.—Civic and Cameo; showing.

★ THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO

Warren William, Dolores del Rio. (Warners.)

WARREN WILLIAM'S easy screen manner and Miss del Rio's striking Latin beauty make a pleasing combination for what is as good a supporting picture as any audience has a right to expect.

Starting off at Monte Carlo with the lovely Dolores, very charming in mourning as the Duchess of Rye—lately bereft of her ducal consort—meeting the somewhat impertinent Mr. William, the action moves to England, where Warren conducts a courtship under difficulties, finally to win the highly-placed lady despite her fiance, her family, and a spot of blackmail.

There have been, are, and, no doubt, will be, better pictures than this, but it is at least entertaining, light, and well-seasoned with laughs. If one could only say as much of every film!—State; showing.

★ THIS IS THE LIGHT

Jane Withers, John McGuire, Sally Blane (Fox.)

JANE WITHERS is a clever enough little artist to be able to provide fair entertainment for most adults and all children. In this film, as a child vaudeville star who is being exploited by unscrupulous guardians, she puts up her usual good performance, singing and dancing well, and providing a pleasant enough show.

John McGuire and Sally Blane furnish the adult element of romance, the former as a man fleeing the police who are chasing him on a false robbery charge, the latter in the role of a girl rancher with whom John and Jane meet up.

Everything is, of course, ironed out nicely in the end, but before the end comes enough is packed into the picture to make a matinee audience—mainly children—keep the theatre in uproar. At least, that's how it was at the afternoon show I graced with my presence.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ MAN HUNT

Ricardo Cortez, Marguerite Churchill, William Gargan (Warners.)

A GANGSTER-cum-newspaper story that makes no more demands on your credulity that any other picture of its type. Certainly Miss Churchill brings a lot of trouble on herself by acting in a foolish manner no ordinary schoolgirl would be guilty of, but then, it's a poor gangster film in which the heroine doesn't do something brainless.

For the rest, Mr. Gargan succeeds in putting it over all the smart city newspaper men by snaring friend Ricardo (an escaped criminal) and wiring his story all over the country, but here, too, poetic licence must be given its fling. A hero that isn't a bit over life-size would go no distance with any audience.

All told, this is the kind of offering that entertains you mildly for an hour or so and is then forgotten—an average picture.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . . no good.

★ THE CLAIRVOYANT

Claude Rains, Fay Wray. (G.B.)

ALTHOUGH this offering is not spectacular enough either in story or treatment to cause records to be broken at any theatre at which it may be shown, it is an honest piece of picture-making, sound in direction and photography, with at the end a really convincing climax in the form of a tunnelling disaster.

The story, briefly, concerns Maximus (Claude Rains), a vaudeville performer who, with his wife (Fay Wray), is putting on a mind-reading act. He achieves fame by making prophecies which come true, but, in doing so, becomes estranged from his wife, who sees the growing sympathy between Maximus and the woman under whose influence he becomes clairvoyant, and who begs him to give up this dangerous gift of his. His refusal leads to the disaster which overtakes him, and finally to his salvation.

Taken generally, the acting is well up to standard. Rains can always be depended on to give a good performance, although, in this picture, as in others, his uxoriousness in husband and wife scenes is apt to become a trifle trying; he is just a bit too sweet to be true.—Embassy; showing.

TWO HEARTS IN HARMONY

Bernice Claire. (B.I.P.)

TWO hearts in harmony, and one—mine—not harmonising with them one little bit. This, of course, is shameful; after all, a picture can't do much more than offer a marquis, an earl and a French count, to say nothing of a group of people obviously drawn from London's Smart Set.

When there is added to this fine selection from "Who's Who" a story that tells how a humble show-girl reforms a dissolute marquis, wins the heart of his little son by teaching that terrible little prig (your pardon, m'lord!) how to be a bit more human, defeats the schemings of the French count—an utterly unprincipled fellow of sleekly villainous appearance—triumphs over a blonde who is no better than she should be, and finally wins the marquis—when all this is added, well anybody should be able to get something out of the picture.

I enjoyed it tremendously, but then, I have one of those queer senses of humor; I'm sure I wasn't intended to laugh as much as I did.—Lyceum; showing.

THE LADY OF SECRETS

Ruth Chatterton, Marion Marsh. (Columbia.)

A TERRIBLE piece of heartache; one of those pictures likely to haunt you during the long, wakeful watches of the night, tormenting you because you can't think up a reason for it having been made.

The story is thin where it is not unconvincingly melodramatic, and is concerned mainly with the efforts of Miss Chatterton to steer into the safe harbor of matrimony three people, each of whom seems to find it difficult to decide just which life partner to choose. They sort themselves out in the end, and, in the shuffle, Ruth gets a man to herself. But the audience has to sit through something over an hour of tears and tension before this happy result is achieved. Oh, well . . . !—Regent; showing.

PURSUIT

Chester Morris, Sally Eilers (M.-G.-M.)

POOR stuff, even when viewed tolerantly. This is not the fault of the players, but of the story and direction. The former is weak, the latter bad.

Tearing cars, mushy sentiment and strained humor make up the first half of the picture. As regards part two I have no information. I didn't wait for it. Maybe it was my bad day, but I don't think so; I had just had a good laugh over the first half of the programme.—Civic and Cameo; showing.

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WHEN the Stars Touch WOOD

Screen Identities Have Private Superstitions

By E. C. COUSINS

YOU'RE not superstitious, are you? No, neither am I—not a bit. (Touch wood, cross fingers). It's all nonsense, isn't it? (Knock three times on glass). No logic in it at all. (Bow towards the east).

We're lucky to be free from all that . . . oh, yeah! But the stage-folk and film-folk are not so fortunate. There are more traditional superstitions in the theatre and the film studios than anywhere else . . . except perhaps at sea.

SOME, like whistling in a dressing-room, are universal. To raise the curse the whistler has to go outside into the passage, in whatever state of undress he or she happens to be at the moment, and turn round three times before returning.

Others are private and individual fancies, and they present some interesting examples of modern enlightenment.

Quite a number of them concern animals. Bette Davis, for instance, can't bear to have a black cat anywhere about her—and this gave rise to a most agonising experience for the "props" and electricians on the se during production of "Dangerous."

Somehow a jet-black cat managed to sneak into the studio; a prop-boy made a dive at it, but it eluded him, and then followed a most exciting, if silent, chase from ceiling to floor, round and round, everyone not engaged on the set unostentatiously joining in.

Meanwhile Bette, the only one in the studio who was oblivious to the danger, went on calmly rehearsing her scene; but just as she was ready to play it the wretched feline shot through a door, right into camera range, while the unit held its united breath in horror.

At that moment, however, an incandescent bulb burst behind the star, and as she turned to see what had happened the cat ran across the set behind her back—and out of the studio.

And Bette never knew.

Articles of apparel play a large part in the superstitions of many film folk.

For instance, if you should happen to see Syd. Howard on the first night of a new play, or playing his first scene in a new film, notice his shoes—particularly soft, rather cracked, somewhat shapeless, but lovingly polished.

This is the pair he wore on the first night of "Hit the Deck" in Glasgow. If the shoes were missing, the curtain couldn't go up, the film couldn't start.

Harold Lloyd has an old, old hat, which emerges loyally from its honorable retirement once during the making of every film to give him a hand with the picture; but even more important are his original spectacles, which are kept in a safe deposit vault in New York, in an airtight case to prevent their disintegration.

He wears them in just one scene—and then they go back into retirement until his next picture.

Numbers are of very great importance to many players. Conrad Veidt, for example, finds the 17th of the month a significant day always—sometimes good, sometimes bad, but never indifferent. Most of the important things that happen to him happen on the 17th.

"Making Sure"

MARGARET BANNERMAN likes signing contracts, but particularly on the 3rd, the 6th, or the 9th of the month; while Kay Francis won't start work on the 10th.

But Kay has heaps of other superstitions, too. She won't pass the salt, she tosses it over her shoulder if she spills it, and if she has the misfortune to stub her left toe it becomes doubly unfortunate for her, for she has to turn round three times wherever she is.

An exception to this rule is Brian Aherne. A keen flyer now, he took his first solo training flight on Friday, the 13th, despite the entreaties of everybody in the M.-G.-M. studios who could get at him.

He proved to be right: he's still flying.

Stubbing her left toe doesn't worry Lilian Harvey; but if it's her right, you'll see her take three steps backwards, even if it's over a precipice.

Two people who, when they make any small boast or statement involving their own good fortune, touch wood and whistle, were together in "Heart's Desire"—Leonora Corbett and Paul Graetz; but whereas Graetz does it straight out and that's that, Leonora knocks three times and whistles three times—"for," she told me, "I never can remember whether you ought to knock wood first or whistle first, or both together—and I do like to make sure!"

This "making sure" is responsible for a great many people's recognition of superstitions—and among them Frank Lawton's.

"I don't defy them," he declares, and reminds me of the story of the parson who noticed a stranger in his congregation genuflecting whenever the Devil was mentioned.

Intercepting the man as he left the church, the vicar asked him why he did it.

"Well, you see, Padre," was the answer, "the way I look at it is, civility costs nothing, and you never know!"

A great many people wear or carry some little trinket or charm; Mary Ellis, for instance, who seldom wears jewellery, cherishes as her mascot a gold cross set with rubies and diamonds, given to her by Ivor Novello to commemorate the opening performance of "Glamorous Night."

Another charm-wearer is Josephine Hutchinson, who made her debut opposite Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead." Hers is a tiny compass which once belonged to the great actress Duse, and which she wears on a chain round her neck.

Two people who have Friday in common are John Stuart and Claudette Colbert; on that day John won't cut his nails, Claudette won't walk downstairs, even on the set.

Knives Taboo

SIR GUY STANDING crosses his fingers before entering a car; Laura La Plante never gives, and hates to receive, any sharp present such as knives or scissors.

If Andrews Engelmar sees a hunchback he tries to touch him with his left hand; Otto Kruger won't light three cigarettes in succession, even with a lighter; Donald Calthrop won't bring hawthorn into the house, for it is the wood from which the Crown of Thorns was made.

Yvonne Arnaud declares it's unlucky to speak of being depressed while in her dressing-room—and so it is, for you immediately have to make a contribution to her "charity box."

With so much superstition among film folk, it is scarcely surprising that a new parlormaid whom Sally Eilers was trying to train, when told to serve from the right and take the plates from the left said, "What's the matter—superstitious or something?"

TOP: Bette Davis, whose superstitious ideas regarding black cats nearly caused trouble during the screening of "Dangerous." Left: Brian Aherne, who flouted all the canons by taking his first solo flight on Friday, the 13th. But he's still flying, and as keen as ever.

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CURRENT FILMS

Condensed Reviews for Suburban and Country Theatregoers

The Stars Indicate Our Grading.

ANNE 100%. Betty Stockfeld (Paramount, England.) There can be no excuse for this type of thing being offered seriously as entertainment.

✧ **COME OUT OF THE PANTRY. Jack Buchanan, Fay Wray (B.D.F.).** This picture is typical of ninety per cent. of the world's output in pictures—not good enough to raise any enthusiasm, and not bad enough to justify a sterling kick in the short ribs. In brief, the reviewer's bugbear: an average show.

✧ **CORONADO. Johnny Downs, Allen White, Leon Errol (Paramount).** As in most offerings knocked together to provide a medium for a song and dance artist, the story is nothing to write home about. There are some good laughs in the production. Fair entertainment.

✧✧✧ **DIRTY WORK. Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Gordon Harker (G.B.).** A good comedy. With Ben Travers responsible for the story, only a consummately stupid director could prevent this film abounding in funny situations. The direction is splendid.

✧✧ **DIAMOND JIM. Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur (Universal).** This picture misses three stars by a very narrow margin. The story is unusual. Arnold's acting is splendid, the recreation of the 'nineties atmosphere all that could be desired.

✧ **DANGEROUS. Bette Davis, Franchot Tone (Warners).** The acting makes this picture worth going to see; the story is good up to a point, but, after that point, it crashes into a welter of anti-climax and bathos.

✧ **DANGEROUS WATERS. Jack Holt, Robert Armstrong (Universal).** As an action picture of the type in which Jack Holt is at his best, this film earns its one star with something to spare. Fair entertainment.

✧✧ **EAST OF JAVA. Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Young (Universal).** As good a picture of the strong man action type as we've had for a while. The picture is well directed, well acted, and well photographed, and a very vivid feeling of reality is present throughout.

✧✧✧ **ESCAPADE. William Powell, Luise Rainer (M.-G.-M.).** Here is comedy as it should be played. William Powell has an airiness, a nonchalance that suits admirably the type of role in this picture. Good entertainment.

✧ **HELL BENT FOR LOVE. Tim McCoy, Lillian Bond (Columbia).** As an action picture this item should be satisfactory enough for those who like that kind of fare. Plenty of gun-fights with gangsters.

✧ **HERE COMES THE BAND. Virginia Bruce, Ted Healy, Ted Lewis and Band (M.-G.-M.).** Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton make this picture worthy of its one star. These two comedians are indefatigable, and, for the most part, funny.

✧✧ **HERE COMES COOKIE. Gracie Allen, George Burns (Paramount).** Farce. Good entertainment.

✧✧ **I FOUND STELLA PARISH. Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas (Warner's).** The theme of the story is not new (what theme is?) The treatment of the mother-love motif is not hackneyed. A picture that should go well with any audience.

✧ **IN PERSON. Ginger Rogers, George Brent (R.K.O.).** Ingenious enough in direction and story to make any normal reviewer want to classify it as good, this picture has definite weaknesses that make it miss a two-star grading by a narrow margin.

✧ **KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY. Edmund Lowe (Universal).** A musical-cum-gangster picture that gallops pretty heavily over a well-worn track. All in all, the film just makes the average class.

✧✧✧ **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. Charles Laughton, Clark Gable (M.G.M.).** This production is something different, and allied to its difference are fine acting, direction, and photography; all told, a combination nearly as rare as the far-famed phoenix.

✧✧ **MARRY THE GIRL. Sonnie Hale, Winifred Shotter (B.D.F.).** Farce. All should like it.

✧✧ **MISS PACIFIC FLEET. Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Joan Blondell (Warners).** Only a professional misanthrope could sit through this effort without laughing. A comedy dealing with the efforts made by two girls to win the 5000 dollars attached to a popularity contest.

✧ **MANHATTAN MOON. Ricardo Cortez, Dorothy Page (Universal).** Quite fair entertainment. Based on the complications which arise from the actions of a girl who acts as double for a famous actress.

✧ **MOSCOW NIGHTS. Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier, Penelope Dudley Ward (United Artists).** The story deals with the love of two men both for the same girl. Laurence Olivier has possibilities, but Miss Dudley Ward is just wooden. Only fair.

✧ **O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY. Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper (M.G.M.).** A lush picture, literally oozing with sentimentality. The photography is excellent, the circus atmosphere real, and the animal scenes genuinely exciting.

✧ **NEVADA. Larry Crabbe, Kathleen Burke (Paramount).** This is a western from a story by Zane Grey. Starting off with the best intentions in the world, it maintains a fairly high standard of logicality and coherence until the end.

✧✧ **PEG OF OLD DRURY. Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (B.D.F.).** A delightful romance. Speeches from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III" provide some of the highlights of the film.

✧✧✧ **PETER IBBETSON. Gary Cooper, Ann Harding (Paramount).** Paramount have done a courageous thing in bringing Du Maurier's love fantasy to the screen, and it is no small tribute to Henry Hathaway, the director, to be able to record that the picture he has made is a finer piece of work than the book from which it is taken.

✧ **STORM OVER THE ANDES. Jack Holt, Antonio Moreno (Universal).** A picture that is entertaining. Antonio Moreno, star of the silent pictures, is in this production, and he and Holt handle their parts competently.

✧ **SONG AND DANCE MAN. Claire Trevor, Paul Kelly (Fox).** This picture simply reeks with high-mindedness and simple, manly renunciation. Not at all convincing.

✧✧ **STREET SINGER'S SERENADE. Anna Neagle, Arthur Tracy (Associated Distributors).** This is one of the best musicals to date to come out of English studios. Good entertainment. You'll like it.

✧ **SHIPMATES FOREVER. Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler (Warner's).** Judging by this film, the American navy is run mainly on sentiment. Powell does less crooner's tricks in this production and does more straight singing.

✧ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE. Gene Raymond, Margaret Callahan (R.K.O.).** Just one star; and only just. After a very atmospheric opening, the film develops into much flitting about an empty hotel, much howling of wind, and a great deal of coming and going on the part of the seven people who have keys to this mysterious place.

✧ **SPLENDOUR. Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea (United Artists).** No, it doesn't get there, and for more than one reason. First, and most important, the story fails to ring true. Disguised by a veneer of sophistication, the theme has been used in countless melodramas, and is singularly unconvincing.

✧✧ **TWO IN THE DARK. Walter Abel, Margot Grahame (R.K.O.).** In its own class—murder mystery—this is as good a piece of work as I've seen for some time. It is based on a good story. Is well directed and well acted.

✧✧ **THE MILKY WAY. Harold Lloyd, Adolphe Menjou (Paramount).** Laughter follows the path of Harold Lloyd right through this production. Lloyd, in the role of the timid milkman who suddenly finds fame through his deftness in ducking blows, takes his part competently. Good entertainment.

✧ **THE QUITTER. Shirley Grey (Fox).** A fair enough story of the man who makes a belated return to the wife and two sons he deserted years before. The picture runs an average course between family dissensions and the strangely compliant behaviour of the mother, who watches unmoved while her assets are dissipated.

✧ **THE MELODY LINGERS ON. Josephine Hutchinson (United Artists).** Unless you like old-time melodrama, I don't recommend this production. In its own way it is quite fair entertainment.

✧ **THE BRIDE COMES HOME. Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray (Paramount).** There is only one hearty laugh in the whole production, and that is right at the end of it. This film proves that one clever actress is not enough to make a picture.

✧✧ **VANESSA. Robert Montgomery, Helen Hayes, May Robson (M.-G.-M.).** A good piece of work, better, indeed, than most "good" offerings, and certainly a film that will be enjoyed by most of those who see it.

✧ **WHISPERING SMITH SPEAKS. George O'Brien (Fox).** There's a modicum of excitement and romance in this story. Enough to allow tolerant souls to accept it without a feeling of infuriation.

WE'LL Tell YOU

A section for readers who seek information.

Fay T.—Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on the sixth of October, 1906. She has auburn hair and brown eyes. Weighs 96 pounds, and is exactly 5ft tall. Charles Farrell was born in Onset, Mass., on August 9, 1902. He is 6ft. 2in., and weighs 170 pounds. His hair and eyes are brown.

T.O.—Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France. She is 5ft. 4in., and weighs 107lb. New York City was Gene Raymond's birthplace. He is 5ft. 10in., and weighs 157lb. Mary Carlisle was born in Boston. She is 5ft. 1in., and weighs 100lb. Joan Blondell is another New Yorker. Her height is 5ft. 4in., and weight 118lb.

L.O., Dubbo.—Here is the cast of "Men Without Names": Fred MacMurray, Madge Evans, Lynne Overmann, David Holt, Elizabeth Patterson, Grant Mitchell, Dean Jagger, John Wray, J. C. Nugent, and Leslie Fenton.

T.G.—Joe Morrison was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, November 19, 1903. Morrison is his real name. His mother was Augusta Herrmann Morrison; his father Fred Morrison.

Stew., Adelaide, S.A.—Robert Taylor's real name is S. Arlington Brugh. He was born in Filley, Nebraska. He is 6ft. 4in. tall, and weighs 165lb. Has brown hair, blue eyes.

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To be Continued.

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BETTY'S "*Racey*" NARRATIVES

Day of Seconds Earns Cold Shoulder for Iceboy

By BETTY GEE

Who will rid me of this judge who places all my horses second?

Yes, that is the burden of my lament after Rosehill on Saturday. Five seconds, and three of them by no more than a touch of lipstick, so the judge could easily have given it to my horses if he'd wanted to be nice.

And what was worse, I thought the iceman's boy always knew Jack King's winners, but he told me Oro was the best from the stable, but Jack deftly proceeded to win with two others, and Oro came only second. The new iceman starts on Monday.

MY trouble began when I started with Patwood because Mrs. Bobbie Walder told me she heard Parsons, the jockey, liked it best of all his mounts, and I was just cheering it home when up came Collstar and pipped it on the post. From Jack King's stable. You'd have known it if you'd heard what I said about that iceman.

Now a week ago Tonga was all ready for this Juvenile because it's the only one under 5 furlongs there will be, and that's his limitation; even his own people thought so until Saturday, but he came from behind, and in another stride would have won it, but Korimako got it by half a whisker. Now they realise that Tonga can stay, but it's too late.

Worse to Come

What brutes men are! I missed Siren because I was almost crushed to death trying to get even money, and because I didn't get it she won by a street. But I was down bright and early for Lough Neagh and rushed in when Joe Matthews yodelled "2 to 1 the field." I took £6 to £3, but what good did it do me? Lough Neagh started to drift in the betting from 7 to 4 to 5 to 2, and if the start had been delayed the bookies would have been offering Oxford Street bargain prices. And although he came with a great rattle in the straight, he finished third to Falstaff.

I was so het-up with Oro the wonder was that my brain could absorb anything else, but after I'd got £18 to £3 it suddenly penetrated through my thick skull that I had emptied my purse on Dulcedo at the Farm and had better protect myself.

Don McInnes, the King of Townsville, told me he had been told about Dulcedo, and he comes from Queensland, too, so I supposed he must know, and I had £9 to £2. Just as well, too. He sneaked away at the home turn and won, and Oro came on like the Hereford he can be some days, and ran second.

But worse was still to come because I backed Disalto at even money (£2 to £2), and Jack King's pretty little Red Rosebud pipped it on the post by an eyebrow. Well I'm giving Disalto away. Actually they laid odds on it—a maiden, mark you!

Really, it isn't fair the way horses get jostled. Especially those I back. As you know, Mick Polson never tells me wrong, and said to me, "Get onto Barak." I sneaked £12 to £3, and when he came down to 6 to 4 was I a happy girl?

Still, I was walking about in trepidation that the winning marble was still in the barrel when I met Frank Dalton with his patrons, Mr. F. N. Stanley and Mr. W. A. Freeman, who put some of the gold they took out of New Guinea into horses, and one of them, curiously enough, is Silver Standard. They said he might win—so I ran for cover, but all I could get was £4 to £1.

Silver Standard won, too. But where was Barak? you ask. Yes, where was he? Nearly last early, and when he got up steam something else carried him off the course. Didn't get a place.

I know Contact's going off next week. Yes, it's Rosehill again, and he likes the course more than I do. Bobbie Walder told me I'd better be there because he might win with Gay Blonde. Peter Pan's running again, you know, but you won't be able to back him. The books'll want him for themselves. But there's a 2-year-old called Plutus the butcher says is a "good thing." And seeing I've changed the iceman, I'll have to take notice of that.

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The gentle fragrance of lavender, the musical rustle of old lace . . . what pictures they conjure up in the mind's eye . . . pictures of courtly, crinolined ladies, gallant, bewigged esquires . . . and music as sweet as the scent of lavender.

Highlights of that romantic period—the heyday of some world-famous composers—are being presented in a series of unusual entertainments at 9.10 every Wednesday night from 2GB, under the title of "Lavender and Old Lace."

DOLLY and DAN
Funny-Bone Vibrators

Remember the Honorable Archie and his Japanese servant, Frank Watanabe? Worthy successors to these great fun-makers have been found in Dolly and Dan.

Dolly and Dan, their relations and friends are live Australian artists, and they provide Australia's most joyous session. Human, everyday characters, their strange experiences and quaint sayings will start chuckles in front of every receiving-set tuned in to 2GB at 8.20 every night except Sunday.

TREASURE TROVE and THRILLS!

Entertainment and instruction are combined in a novel manner in "Adventure Bound." It is a thrilling story of a hunt by two parties for buried treasure. They follow the directions of mysterious charts, and meet with astounding adventures in many parts of the world.

The first instalment of "Adventure Bound" will be broadcast from 2GB at 6.15 p.m. on April 1.

CONFESSIONS

Truth is stranger than fiction, and, often, in the realm of human affairs, more interesting. A fact which ensures the popularity of "True Confessions," a series of stories based on actual experiences in the lives of living persons, which are broadcast from 2GB at 6.35 p.m. every Monday.

NUMEROLOGY

There are vital vibrations as well as cold calculations in Numbers, according to the ancients, who believed that they influenced human lives profoundly. Modern students of Numerology will learn much from Hetty Templeton, who speaks on this subject from 2GB every Thursday at 12.45.

2 G B—THE NATION'S STATION

DON'T . . . FORGET

Australian Flying Corps Association's Annual Ball, May 28, at Trocadero. For further information ring MA1391.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Annual Meeting of the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W., Auditorium, David Jones, March 31, 3 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Luna Park Renwick Hospital Benefit, Saturday morning, March 28. All side shows and attractions free.

☆ ☆ ☆

Moonlight launch picnic and dance, April 1, arranged by Double Bay-Woollahra Younger Set of Eastern Suburbs Hospital.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Rio Rita," produced at Ashfield Town Hall by Petersham Musical Society, March 31, 8 p.m., in aid of Renwick Hospital for Infants.

☆ ☆ ☆

Annual meeting of Waverley-Bondi Auxiliary for Royal Hospital for Women, Waverley Council Chambers, March 31, 3 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

April Fool's Frolic, Ashfield Town Hall, arranged by Ashfield United Australian Party Premier Younger Set, April 1, 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dance arranged by the Ladies' Committee of the Cronulla Surf Club, for the expenses of the annual ball, Tate's Ambassadors, March 28.

Knitting enthusiasts living within the metropolitan area will be pleased to know that the smart, new jumper featured in color on page 58 is on display in the Wool Dept. at Farmer's. Call in and see it!

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Traced linens in Bertha Maxwell's delightful and exclusive poppy design are still available. You may have them in two linens, a pure white of good quality, and a heavier cream linen.

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To obtain these items, send to The Australian Women's Weekly offices (addresses elsewhere), enclosing postal note or stamps for the amount.

"STORIES *That Never* GROW OLD"

Listeners Loyal To Plays With a Plot

The stories that never grow old! What a great contribution they make to entertainment through the newest art form of radio.

This happy combination of the new and the old has been shown at its best in "The Three Musketeers," up to the moment the greatest success of the 2GB drama unit.

IT shows furthermore how indestructible is genius, and that, despite the altered tastes of different generations, the play is still the thing.

"The Three Musketeers" was presented at a time when most entrepreneurs were engaged on the eternal search for new material, but Mr. Mason Woods felt that in producing the old masterpiece he had something which was its own justification.

And so it proved. From the first instalment public appreciation of the play grew in volume and Station 2GB was literally "snowed up" with letters from pleased listeners.

Curiously enough, these were not only from those who enjoyed the classic years ago when the stage was in its heyday, but from the young moderns, who like everything fresh.

Adventure, love, romance, it has them all, and thus supplies the reason for its own popularity.

Splendid Acting

THE play is memorable also for the splendid acting it inspired in the radio version. Distinctly a triumph for Miss Betty Suttor as Lady Constance, it was also the occasion of great performances by James Raglan, Lou Vernon and Leon Bennett.

A lot is heard these days about radio technique, but those old masters in some literary paradise of their own must chuckle at the success of plays which were written when such a thing as radio was even beyond the imaginative dreams of Jules Verne.

"Dolly and Dan," the new play from 2GB, is a comedy, and seems set fair to become an old favorite of the future. The humor is crisp and delightful, and the situations splendidly contrived.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, March 25.—11.45 a.m.: "The World To-day;" 3.30 p.m., "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, March 26.—11.45 a.m., "Flying in Luxury;" 3.30 p.m., Humor.

FRIDAY, March 27.—11.45 a.m., "So They Say;" 3.30 p.m., "Music of the Modern Masters."

SATURDAY, March 28.—6 p.m., "The Music Box;" 9.30 p.m., "Novelty Recordings."

SUNDAY, March 29.—6.30 p.m., Ellis Price and his Players in scenes from our next novel.

MONDAY, March 30.—11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight;" 3.30 p.m., "Musical Memories."

TUESDAY, March 31.—11.45 a.m., "News and Reviews;" 3.30 p.m., "Old and New." A Musical Presentation.

Radio Relations

RADIO talent appears to be a family characteristic, judging by the number of relatives engaged in broadcast work in Sydney stations. On 2GB alone, for instance, there are three such relationships.

Mr. A. E. Bennett, the managing director, appears regularly before the microphone as a speaker on psychological subjects; his daughter, Miss Evelyn Bennett, reviews books, and his son, Mr. George Bennett, is in charge of the new record-making department.

Dorothy Jordan's comfort talks are known in every home where there is a receiving set, and her daughter, Kath Jordan, is a popular announcer and copy-writer.

Mrs. Steiser is famous as the founder of the Happiness Club, Mr. Steiser is a member of 2GB's business staff and organiser of the community singing concerts, and their daughter, Miss Joyce Steiser, is heard occasionally over 2GB as a singer with a voice of rare quality.

MISS KATH JORDAN, popular radio personality on Station 2GB.

Built Own Radio

PETER BRUNTON GIBB, the eleven-year-old star of the 2GB drama unit, is delighted. Not because of the praise he has received for his work in "The Dreyfus Case" and "Peace Hath Her Victories." Not even because his speed as a swimmer is increasing. He has realised an ambition which he rates much higher than acting before a microphone. He has built his first radio receiver.

It is a crystal set, composed of parts bought with his savings, and it functions perfectly. Now he has set his heart on building a small transmitting set.

LADIES' TAILORING

STYLISH SMARTNESS is reflected in all overseas Fashion Books this Autumn, and a stronger demand is forecast for the Tailored Costume and Topcoat.

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Continuing FIVE *Little* HEIRESSES

From Page 28

MRS. CONVERSE, in another great city of the Middle West, received the letter, read it with some attention, and tossed it, open upon a littered though business-like desk. She was an extremely pretty woman, just under forty, who, having allowed herself in younger days to be considered rather silly, was now enormously enjoying the position of an overworked executive.

She had considered Miss Woolsey's suggestion for a brief second. Some weeks before, her only child, Stella, had urged upon her the desirability of a trip abroad that summer; but, of course, as she had pointed out, no trip was possible for her until the estate was settled. Stella was too pretty, too young, and too great an heiress to be entrusted to strangers.

The letter, therefore, lay unanswered for four days on the desk. Then, on the fourth, Stella came to her and said:

"Mummy, what are our summer plans?"

"I can't make plans, Stella," said her mother, with irritated patience. "I've explained to you already—I'm tied here for the summer. I can't get away."

Stella was one of those blondes through whom the light seems to shine as it does through alabaster—all her tints were delicate, rose and cream, except her eyes, which were almost shockingly blue; they were set—her only defect—a little too flush with her face. Perhaps, too, her chin was a little too pointed; otherwise—nose, figure, hair—she was as perfect as a figure on a magazine. She laid a tiny hand on the desk, and leaned her weight on it.

"But what about me, mummy dear?"

"If it gets too hot, your grandmother will take you in, or your Aunt Hattie."

STELLA looked reflectively at her mother, and a stranger would have guessed that neither visit offered much charm. "I wanted to speak to you about something," she said. "I've had an offer."

"An offer!" cried her mother, in a voice of terror.

"Not marriage, mummy—though I have in my time. This is much more interesting. I have had an offer of a part in an acting company—a wonderful opportunity."

Mrs. Converse laid down her pen. "I really can't understand you," she said.

"Yes, mummy, you can, if you put your mind on it."

It appeared that at a tea given by the Drama League, of which her mother was a generous patron, she, Stella, had met the inspired woman who ran the stock company—not for money; there really wasn't any question of money—not a taint of commercialism—the object was simply to bring the stimulus of the finer plays into the country districts. She had said at once that Stella would be absolutely perfect for the ingenue parts.

"Did she ask you to put money into it?" said Mrs. Converse grimly.

Stella was quite shocked. "Oh, no, mummy, of course not. Oh, I suppose at the end of the summer, if there were a deficit, we might all be asked to contribute——"

Her mother interrupted. "Well, it doesn't really matter," she said, "for I couldn't dream of allowing you to do such a thing. Really, Stella, I should think you would have more sense. Besides, you have no reason to imagine you could act."

"But I have, mummy. I did act—for this lady and Mr. Marston."

"Marston—not Bruce Marston?"

"Yes, mother, when he was playing that wonderful part in 'Pigsties.' She took me behind the scenes and I did a little act for him."

"You mean that blind old man who kept saying all those unmentionable things?"

"Wasn't he marvellous, mummy? He's not really old—hardly twenty-eight—and so handsome."

"Is he going to be in this stock company, too?"

Stella nodded with bright eyes. "Isn't it wonderful? He is. Such a sacrifice for a man like that, who has turned down such offers from Hollywood."

"Stella," said her mother, "is it for the sake of this young man that you are so eager to do this silly thing?"

Stella broke down immediately. "Oh, yes, mums—how clever you are. We love each other. Please don't be angry. He's great—he really is—he's going to be like Booth, or Sir Henry Irving."

MAITLAND ORME, lawyer to Mrs. Converse, was sitting at his desk in what might have appeared to be complete idleness when his secretary came in and said that Mrs. Converse was on the wire.

"I'm in such distress, Maitland," her voice wailed. "What do you think? Stella has just told me that she's in love with an actor—Bruce Marston. Yes, you must have heard of him. He played that erotic old imbecile in 'Pigsties.' . . . I said in 'Pigsties'—you must have seen it. . . . You didn't? Well, you missed the most stimulating play. . . . No, I think it's a wonderful title, and Marston acted the part magnificently—but of course that doesn't mean I want him to marry Stella."

Orme said he would stop on his way home. Poor little Stella. His faint irritation with Mrs. Converse did not include her child. He did not mind Stella clinging to him for advice and protection. That infant—getting herself mixed up with the theatre.

An hour later he was entering the Converse apartment, with all its concealed lights, chromium fittings, and bronze panthers in unexpected corners. He was ushered at once to Mrs. Converse's upstairs sitting-room. Stella was not there.

Seeing him, Mrs. Converse rose and held out both hands. "Oh, Maitland," she said, "isn't this tragic?"

Obstinately, he immediately began to feel that it wasn't. "Oh, not as bad as that, I hope."

"Don't use that tone to me, Maitland," she answered, "as if I made a fuss about nothing—but to hear my only child tell me she wants to marry an actor—'We love each other.' That must mean they think they're engaged. He can't have any other plans with a girl like Stella — though nowadays how can anyone be sure?—and if I oppose her, they'll probably elope to-morrow. Oh, Maitland, what shall I do?"

"There are a good many things to do, Nellie. Why not take her to Paris? Tell her you feel she ought to be entirely outfitted—clothes, furs, jewellery—an orgy of buying, and see if she doesn't forget love and the art of the theatre."

Mrs. Converse looked deeply hurt. "You know very well I can't get away—you know how I'm tied up here with all these business matters. Every day you send a young man from your office with sheafs of papers to sign."

THERE was a brief pause while he obviously sought words in which to tell her that she was not so necessary as she supposed; and in the silence, Mrs. Converse suddenly remembered that letter she had received a few days before. Where was it? She began madly flicking over the papers on her desk—bills, circulars, powers of attorney, cheques. At last she caught sight of the cream-colored page, going under, as it were, for the last time, and snatched at it.

"What would you think of that?" she said, giving it to him.

"My dear Mrs. Converse: I want to tell you among the first that by my advice my friend and former pupil, Miss Brenda Angell . . ."

He read it with the complete grasp of the facts involved that results from legal training. Looking up, he said, "It sounds about perfect, doesn't it?"

"It seems to me very expensive."

Please turn to Page 43

FLIGHT

The wind snuffed on my marigolds
And blew them all away,
The frightened golden hearts of them
All fled across the day.
I sought them, calling through the lanes,
And when the day was done
I found my happy marigolds
Caught up around the sun!

—Yvonne Webb.

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DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

DALZO STICKING PLASTER FOR FIRST AID... ALL CHEMISTS

Five *Little* Heiresses

Continued from Page 42

"NONSENSE, Nellie. Get accustomed to the idea that you are a very rich woman. The only difficulty is—can we induce her to go?"

"A few weeks ago she was crazy to go abroad." She rang the bell, and told a servant to ask Miss Stella to come to her. Then she added: "She'll do anything for you, Maitland. She simply adores you."

Sometimes the same idea had occurred to him—that Stella adored him. She had a way of fixing her jewel-like blue eyes upon him and of remembering every word he had said to her at their last interview. He said aloud, "Nonsense, Nellie; she's a good child, and she feels I'm in the place of her father."

"In a way you are, Maitland."

He was not prepared to go an inch along this path. "Do you know anything about this sheep dog—this Miss Angell?"

"No, but I have great confidence in Miss Woolsey."

"So have I, as far as her moral character goes—only I hope she isn't a bore. Stella will need to be amused, and elderly maiden ladies who conduct educational tours — well, it mightn't drive a handsome young actor out of her head."

"At her age," said her mother unsympathetically, "I should have been mad with delight at the idea of a trip abroad. Stella is too spoiled."

Maitland did not answer; he saw that she had quite forgotten that at Stella's age she was working in a department store and had never been out of the confines of the State.

A moment later Stella was in the room. He noticed, as he always did after an absence of a few weeks, that her beauty was like Caruso's voice: you always thought it couldn't be as wonderful as your memory of it—and it was always better.

She looked at him, and allowed her face to be illumined—slowly—like the lights coming on in a theatre.

"I've been telling Mr. Orme," said her mother, "what a goose you've been making of yourself."

Stella came to Orme, and took his hand. "Is it being silly—to fall in love?" she asked.

HE smiled. "There is no one in the world wise enough to answer that question."

"Do you know Bruce, Mr. Orme?"

"No."

"But you've seen him act. No? You mean you missed 'Pigsties'?"

"Yes, Stella, I did. But I understand that he is very handsome."

"He is, Mr. Orme, very handsome—but not as handsome as you. It isn't his looks at all; it's his genius—and the way he makes love."

He looked at her, and the unspoken thought flashed between them that she would not make a comparison on this point—for, by an effort of his will, he, Orme, had never made love to her.

"'Makes love'!" exclaimed her mother. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. He probably makes love to everyone—an actor like that."

"Mother is simply archaic," said Stella.

"I don't find it archaic to think that the wife of a matinee idol has a hard time—too much competition, even for you, Stella."

"But I love him," said Stella. She had now slipped her arm through Maitland's, and as she pressed slightly against him he thought that he could feel her tremble. The clarity of his thought was not affected—at least not much.

"You're rather young, my dear," he said. "Even if you do love him—and no one has yet discovered a reliable test for that—I think you ought to be willing to go away for three or four months while you think it over."

Stella looked up with frightened eyes. "You want me to put the ocean between us?"

"That's the idea," he answered, while Mrs. Converse rose, as if she had forgotten some domestic arrangement, and tactfully left the room.

"Oh, I couldn't," Stella said; "I couldn't do that."

"Just how do things stand between you, Stella?"

"Very sacred things can't be put into words, Mr. Orme."

"Bruce Marston might be able to do it."

A look of genuine terror crossed Stella's face. "You wouldn't do that. I couldn't bear it—it would make me so ashamed. It would be like asking him his intentions."

"Am I to understand, then, that you are not engaged?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Orme. We just love each other."

"I see. Well, I'm afraid I shall have to interview that young man, Stella. Believe me, I don't like the prospect any more than you do, but——"

She interrupted with protests, but under the protests he heard, rather to his surprise, that she was yielding—conceding the possibility that she might go.

"Your mother was rather thinking of this," he said, and taking Miss Woolsey's letter from the desk he thrust it into her hand. She read it with startling speed.

"It sounds dreadful," she said. She shuddered and leaned her forehead for an instant against his shoulder. "How do I know who the other four may be? I should be so horribly lonely without a single friend."

"We could find out who's going."

"The only girl I should want is Mary Hyde. Oh, Mr. Orme, do you suppose Mrs. Hyde would let Mary go? I wouldn't mind going if Mary went."

He saw that whether Mary went or not, this was complete surrender. A wave of self-esteem swept over him, and was hastily ignored. He should be thinking, not that he was clever, but that she was docile.

"Your mother might be able to manage it," he said. He walked to the door, and called Mrs. Converse back to ask her if there was any chance that the Hydes would send Mary with Stella.

Mrs. Converse shook her head—Mr. Hyde had been telling her only the other day that his income had been cut two-thirds. "But then," she added with some irritation, "these New Englanders—they like people to think they're hard up."

"Do you think the Hydes would let Mary go as your guest? The estate could manage that, and we don't want Stella to be too dreary."

For an instant the whole weight of her small body pressed against him. "Oh, Mr. Orme, how good you are—how you understand."

He set her rather firmly on her feet. "Run away now," he said. "Your mother and I will try to arrange it."

She gave him a glance of adoration and left the room.

Mrs. Converse's less brilliant but more experienced eyes turned upon him with the same look. "You're marvellous, Maitland. What should I do without you?"

"It's not so much that I'm marvellous, Nellie," he answered, for with Stella out of the room his mind functioned more clearly, "as that she's less involved with this man than we supposed."

MEANTIME, Stella had gone softly to her own room, had extended herself on a blue satin chaise lounge, and, cutting off her telephone from the rest of the house by an attachment which she had had installed at her own expense, she called the number of her friend, Mary Hyde.

"Mary," she said, "it's all fixed."

"You mean you're going abroad?"

"You too."

"Stella, you're kidding!"

"Not at all—the moment I get off this wire my mother will be telephoning your mother——"

"Come straight downstairs and tell me all about it."

The Hyde apartment was in the same building, but on a lower story. It was not at all modernistic, like the Converses', but full of early nineteenth-century mahogany brought from the Boston house of Mr. Hyde's grandfather. There was an air of comfort and solid New England conservatism, from the convex mirror over the mantelpiece reflecting the room in miniature to the Lowestoft china in a corner cupboard.

Please turn to Page 45

WHEN YOU SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

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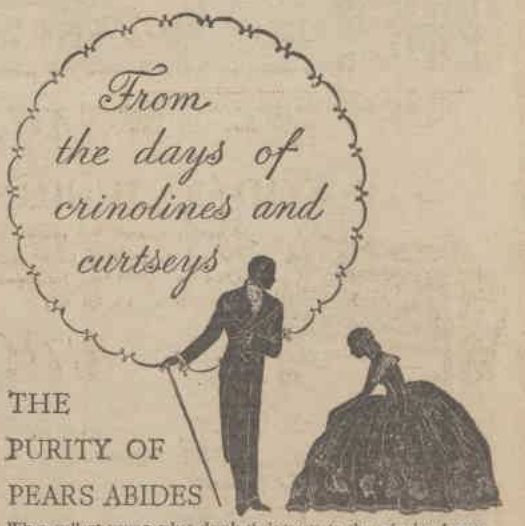

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INTRODUCING the *'I ams'* of ASTROLOGY!

Aries people are fighters, but curtness is apt to bring trouble

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

Aries people are among the most pushful in the world, according to astrology. They are natural leaders and executives. They are venturesome and courageous to the point of rashness; they like the big-man-of-affairs feeling, and they seem to "shine" when tested in any way, especially in public.

Their astrological keywords are "I AM," bespeaking their liking for being the "HEAD MEN" in their particular spheres. They are even a little vain and cocksure, and crave to participate in anything exciting.

ARIES people are those born between March 21 and April 21. They are excitable, determined, and have tons of assurance, forcefulness, and "push." It is almost impossible to sidetrack them, because their fighting spirit and willingness to work hard make them almost unbeatable.

Yet over-confidence, over-enthusiasm, and a tendency towards curtness are apt to ruin their chances of success, and bring them much unhappiness. Also, being independent and very secretive about their own feelings or affairs, they prevent others from giving aid in times of need.

Being keen on "bossing" others, they are found as heads of staffs, as boss-workers over manual laborers, as members of committees, or as leaders in the military, political, or police fields. They also excel as mechanics or workers in irons or tools of any kind, and frequently range from woodchoppers to surgeons.

Mind Your Head

AS the sign Aries has rule over the head of the human body, those born between March 21 and April 21 should always try to protect the head and face from hurts and ailments.

They are prone to headaches, insomnia, weakness of eyes or ears, and neuralgia. Overwork and worry play havoc with them, and they should try to avoid too much excitement (which they crave).

And for the simple reason that they are Arians, they are prone to experience falls, cuts, and hurts of all kinds to the head and face. They should handle tools and machinery carefully, and generally be less rash than they like being.

Love Publicity

THEY love publicity or public-contacts, and so do well in the theatrical or newspaper worlds, and as salesmen, demonstrators, engineers, electricians, and in other fields giving them scope for activity and initiative.

It has also been found that of those who have reached stardom in filmland and on the stage, the greater number were born under the sign Aries. Not that they have any more talent than, say, Taurians, Librans, or Capricornians, but they are more alive to opportunity, will work hard towards a goal, and have an innate sense of "pleasing the public," even if it be only a one-person audience. Ask the wife of any Arian!

But Arians should learn three things—to look before they leap, to learn self-control in every phase of life; and to strive to win people over by charm and enthusiasm, instead of by forcefulness and fear.

The Daily Diary

TRY this daily diary in your daily affairs. You will be interested in the help it will give you.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): A good week generally. Be sure to start important matters on the 22nd and very early 23rd. But be cautious on the 29th (after 2 p.m.), 30th and 31st in order to avoid delays and upsets.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): March 25, 26, and early 27, fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite good on the 27th, 28th, and most of the 29th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Step warily for some weeks, especially on March 24 and early 25th. A poor best on March 29 (late), 30 and 31.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Work day and night. Start important enterprises, ask favors, and so on, especially on the 24th.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): The 25th and 26th, fair. 27th and 28th, poor.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Sit tight and let who will be clever. For some weeks to come, but especially on the 24th, 29th, 30th, and 31st March.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): The 29th (p.m.), 30th, and 31st, good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Make the most of the 24th, and until 9 a.m. 25th, but be cautious on the 27th, 28th, and 29th.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Live very quietly, especially on the 24th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair on 27th, 28th, and early 29th.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): 30th and 31st a weak best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article on astrology as a matter of interest and entertainment without endorsing it in any way.—Editor, A.W.W.]

AND NOW WOMEN are to have their own smoking-rooms on trains. This attractive lounge, reserved exclusively for women, is an innovation in a lightweight, stainless steel de luxe day coach built for the Santa Fe railway.

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Coty

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"Every washing-day I say to myself what a lucky day it was when I first tried Rinso. White? Why, the clothes simply glisten when they come out of Rinso suds! And to think there was a time when I used to rub and rub and still couldn't get that brilliant whiteness. I notice all my linen is wearing better since I gave up rubbing and took to Rinso. I wonder does everyone know what a great help Rinso is with the dishes? I seem to get through my washing-up in no time with Rinso suds to get rid of the grease."

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Five *Little* Heiresses

Continued from Page 43

THE two girls withdrew instantly to Mary's bedroom. Mary was not exactly pretty. She was dark-eyed, smooth-haired, red-cheeked, and had an air of great smartness—she was, in fact, the type that a great beauty always selects for her best friend; creditable, but no rival.

Stella sank down in the only comfortable chair, and Mary perched on her bed. "Tell me all about it," she said. "I was terrified when I saw Mr. Orme coming into the building. I was afraid your mother had sent for him, and he is so frightfully clever."

Stella smiled. "But your little friend is no fool, darling. I put on a beautiful act, Mary."

"And they believed all that tripe about Bruce Marston?"

Stella nodded. "People—parents, at least—nearly always believe anything perfectly disastrous. If I had said I wanted to go abroad to study something noble they might have doubted me, but when I say I'm in love with an actor—baby, it was easy! The only hitch was when Mr. Orme threatened to go and interview Mr. Marston. That would have been a pretty scene—imagine Bruce Marston's feelings if a dignified gentleman had appeared in his dressing-room to question him about his engagement to a girl whose name he probably doesn't even remember. I agreed in a hurry when that was suggested."

"But how did you work me in?"

"By the simple process of hinting that I wouldn't go without you."

Mary shook her head. "If they'll only let me!" she murmured.

"They" were talking it over in the sitting-room, for Mrs. Converse had not lost a moment in telephoning to Mrs. Hyde. Mrs. Hyde had been civil, but she was cold to the idea. She did not like Mrs. Converse, and did not approve of Stella.

"In many ways I should like to send Mary on such a trip," she said, "but I don't specially care for this friendship with Stella—she's a spoiled little brat, and spends money like a middle-aged clubman. If we could go ourselves——"

"Well, we can't," said her husband. He was a man below middle height, with a hard, neat body, like a perfectly made steel instrument. He was truly an expatriate, for he was not contented living out of Boston, and actively unhappy when he attempted to live in it. "I can't possibly leave the office as things are now. As for the Converse girl, I think you take her too seriously—they are second-rate sort of people, of course, but she seems to me a nice little thing."

"She really isn't, Ned," Mrs. Hyde answered gently. She suddenly knew that he was going to let Mary go—that it was a foregone conclusion. So now the list of Miss Angell's tour was complete.

THEY were to sail on the tenth of June, aboard that magnificent new vessel, the Cornucopia. On the ninth the party began to assemble in New York.

Brenda Angell was for the last time spending the night in her family's house in Fifth Avenue, looking out on the park. Here she had been very happy and very miserable; here she had danced and chattered and had been flattered; here she had said good-bye to the only man she had ever loved—fifteen years ago, and the little reception-room next to the front door was still full of him.

She could see him standing there in his uniform with the insignia of the Rainbow Division on his arm—his dark, serious face. She couldn't see herself; she could hardly remember the kind of girl she had been then—only that she loved him so deeply, so thoroughly that she had never been able to love anyone since. If the emotion had been just romance it would have faded; if it had been just admiration and affection she could have found other friends, but it combined all fine feelings—he had represented everything wise and good, charming, funny, and kind.

The trouble was, all other men seemed like children beside him. He had been older than she by ten years—he had been almost thirty and she a girl of eighteen. The other wives and mothers and sweethearts had expected their men to be killed—she hadn't. She had felt perfectly certain he would come back to her, but he hadn't.

She remembered now that she was tired. In a few minutes she must go out. She must go and meet the last of her charges, the Converse and Hyde girls, at the hotel; she must reassure another mother, and hear the lists of the girls' physical disabilities and necessary luxuries. She had a few minutes to rest. She went up to her bedroom—the wide room overlooking the park that had once belonged to her parents. She lay down and Amelie covered her up with a silk coverlet.

This room, too, had memories. It was here only four months ago that she had spent a sleepless night after hearing that her uncle had wasted the whole of her fortune. The panic of 1929 had wrecked him, but he had managed to conceal the fact until his death, living well on her capital, and his own. There was nothing left—nothing.

She remembered how surprised she had been—surprised, rather than shocked; it seemed incredible that she, Brenda Angell, a perfectly nice woman, who had always had the best of everything, should be forced to the incredible hardship of earning her own living like most of the rest of the world. In the small hours of the morning she had got out of bed, and sat down at her desk to make a list of her abilities and disabilities. Among the first she noted a good figure, a pleasant speaking voice, friends in all the capitals of Europe, a sound knowledge of French and Italian, a reading knowledge of German, excellent manners—perhaps not nowadays to be put among assets. On the other side there were her distaste for getting up in the morning, the absence of any business training, and not one single special ability at which she could earn a cent. Domestic service was not open to her—she could not cook or wait on table, she certainly could not perform Amelie's highly specialised services.

Marriage was a possibility — at thirty-three she was more attractive to many men than she had been at twenty—but Brenda, in spite of her European training, shrank from a marriage of convenience.

In complete discouragement she took her list to her old teacher, Miss Woolsey, and that imaginative and executive woman at once conceived the idea of a trip abroad.

"If you do that for three or four years, my dear," she said, "you'd have a little capital, enough to go into some business—I'll think what that business should be when the time comes." And she sat down and dictated the letter announcing Brenda's tour; she took a longer time selecting the names of the parents to whom it should be sent.

BRENDA was startled at the price Miss Woolsey named for the girl's tour, but the older woman wouldn't listen to her.

"My dear," she said, "these people don't want to send their darlings abroad on the cheap. You must realise that parents enjoy making sacrifices for their children—besides, all these people can well afford it. You'll see. You'll get five little heiresses—and heaven help you in Europe when that becomes generally known."

"Perhaps I'd better just take them to England," said Brenda timidly.

"There are no fortune hunters there, I suppose," said Miss Woolsey, with that slight sniff that made her terrific to insubordinate parents.

Please turn to Page 46

These LETTERS Prove 'ASPRO' CLAIMS

Nearly Frantic With Pain — 'ASPRO' Soon Brought Relief

"Ben Ness," Manangatang, June 13, 1933

Dear Sirs,
Many times I have been tempted to write to you supporting many other testimonials of the good qualities of 'ASPRO'—our house is never without it. My husband is a Neurasthenia case since the war, and he has tried practically everything. When advised 'ASPRO,' he just said they won't do any more good than the rest of the rubbish I've taken.
One day, when nearly frantic with the pain behind the eyes, he did take 'ASPRO.' The result was magic. No need to ask him to take it now. He helps himself willingly.
Yours respectfully,
(Sgd.)
(Mrs.) MYRTLE CHISHOLM

73 Years Old — Read This Letter About Rheumatoid Arthritis

5 Maugie Street,
ABBOTSFORD,
17th March, 1933

Dear Sirs,
I am 74 years old, and these last 10 years have been a cripple through Rheumatoid Arthritis. I have attended the hospital for years, and although everything was tried I was told there was no cure. About 12 months ago I started taking 'ASPRO,' three tablets three times a day and four every night before going to bed. The result is I can walk with very little help, can eat anything and sit about without those awful pains. I had not been outside for five years because I could not endure the jarring of my chair on the rough roads, but now I can be taken out and the jarring does not hurt me. I want to tell you all this because some other sufferer may be helped by 'ASPRO.'
Yours truly,
(Signed) ANNIE ROBERTSON

'ASPRO' Eases Smothering Feelings of Asthma

27 Semaphore Road,
Semaphore, S.A.,
20/8/35.

Dear Sirs,
I would like to let you know the benefit I and my family have derived by taking 'ASPRO' for the relief of Asthma and Bronchial trouble. For some years I was living in Broken Hill, and owing to climatic conditions the attacks were very prevalent, bringing about a smothering and choking feeling, and the only relief obtained was from taking 'ASPRO,' which I allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth. 'ASPRO' is always used in our home for all kinds of sickness, with, I am pleased to say, very reliable results.
Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) M. FOX.

Always Takes 'ASPRO' to Banish Headaches

193 George Street,
SYDNEY, 4/10/34

Dear Sirs,
I have received much benefit from 'ASPRO' Tablets. I have been suffering severe headaches and doctors told me that I ought to have an operation to one of the frontal bones, but my heart is not too strong, and so this cannot be done. I have therefore to trust to 'ASPRO' Tablets to relieve me of my pain, which I have done successfully for two years.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. HAWTHORNE.

Proof of 'ASPRO' Relief for Headaches and Toothache

"Holyrood,"
RIDDELL, Vic.

Dear Sirs,
As a sufferer of Headaches and Toothache, I have found that only 'ASPRO' gives me relief within a few minutes. Only a bad sufferer like myself can welcome 'ASPRO,' and I strongly recommend it to others. We always have a packet in the house, and wouldn't be without it.
Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) CLIFFORD SANDFORD.

£25 Cash Must Be Won

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 28

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WHO OBTAINS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES FROM THE LIST GIVEN BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below is made up of names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example, REGINALD DENNY, the extra unnecessary letter being "O." Include this name in your solution as No. 1. Additional entries may be submitted if competitor is uncertain of the spelling, or the correctness of a name. Misspelt names count as errors. One point awarded for each correct name, one point deducted for each error. Each entry is checked individually.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1936, "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1. REGINALD	YONDEN DENNY	No. 9. L	ORANSM
2. J	BERTHULO	10. E	NERGBERG
3. A	YFDA	11. E	OLDARNO
4. D	MSPANNER	12. J	THURART
5. T	KXIM	13. M	ARSHME
6. B	ONESJO	14. R	LNNNY
7. G	OBOGAR	15. W	WELLPOW
8. M	OYFL	16. L	DRAINER

Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly"

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED APRIL 18th.

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 25.

RESULT.

One competitor submitted twenty-five correct names of featured players. This was the greatest number of correct names received and therefore he receives the prize, £25 cash.

F. L. MILLS, 6 MOORAMIE AVENUE, KENSINGTON.

Names Obtained By Winning Competitor

1, Marie Dressler; 2, Polly Moran; 3, Peggy Moran; 4, Patricia Ceren; 5, Priscilla Moran; 6, Billie Burke; 7, Leslie Howard; 8, Lorraine Howard; 9, Hugh Herbert; 10, Holmes Herbert; 11, Henry Herbert; 12, Marlene Dietrich; 13, Evelyn Brent; 14, Edmund Breon; 15, Jean Harlow; 16, Jeff Harlow; 17, Jeanette MacDonald; 18, Jack MacDonald; 19, Charles Laughton; 20, Clark Gable; 21, Franchot Tone; 22, Jack Buchanan; 23, Reginald Denny; 24, Nancy Carroll; 25, Charles Ruggles. Some competitors included "J Farrell MacDonald." This name was not accepted as correct.

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Five *Little* Heiresses

Continued from Page 45

"WELL, if they are, they make good husbands just the same," answered Brenda.

Miss Woolsey's wisdom had been justified. Within what seemed to Brenda an astonishingly short time her list was full, and she was at once carrying on a voluminous correspondence with parents whose children were going, and many others who were deeply disappointed that their children could not go.

She had felt so sure at first that the plan wouldn't work—that no one would want to send their daughters abroad with her, especially at such a price—that she had no time to think what she would actually do if her list was filled. Now she began to worry as to whether she would like her travelling companions—whether they would like her. She had not seen much of any young girls for the past few years. How would she get on with them? Could she manage them? Were they utterly different from what she had been at that age?

That very morning Mrs. Oliver had arrived with her two daughters. Brenda had gone to see them at their hotel. She made her first mistake by being too well and becomingly dressed. Mrs. Oliver had given a sort of cry:

"But, my dear Miss Angell, you look so young."

"I'm really not so young as I look," Brenda had answered, and added thoughtlessly, "I'm nearly forty."

Mrs. Oliver expressed polite surprise. She was wondering sadly whether if she had taken the trouble to preserve her looks—if she still had a lovely slim figure and carefully manicured hands like Miss Angell—she could have retained Don's affections. Before the children came in, she felt it necessary to explain the situation—that divorce was the reason she was sending her children away.

"Betty, the younger one, is a mere child—only sixteen. She takes everything easily, as I did at her age. She hardly understands what is happening. Celestine is more like my husband. She seems harder—a strange, difficult nature; you can't tell what is going on inside. She has always adored her father. You mustn't think her sullen."

When presently the two girls came in, Brenda found herself more attracted to the stiff, silent Celestine than to the soft and amiable Betty. Sullen? Yes—or was "tragic" perhaps a better word? She thought of a line of verse read somewhere long ago:

"Men do not think
Of sons and daughters when they fall in love."

Nobody had evidently thought much about this child—but she, Brenda, would think of her. All this time Betty was clinging to her arm, asking whether they were to see Windsor Castle and the King and Queen and the lions in the Tower.

In the afternoon Mr. Barnhardt had arrived at her house with Gretchen. This girl was silent, too, but no one could mistake her shy solemnity for sullenness. Mr. Barnhardt, who had meant—from the best parental motives—to impress the chaperon with his own wisdom and importance, was himself a little impressed—by the house as a symbol of past greatness, by a magnificent portrait by Sully of Brenda's great-grandmother in a crinoline and white roses, but most of all by Brenda herself, so sweet and erect and unapproachable.

"You look very young to me, young lady," he said, shaking his head.

THIS time the lie came easier: "Not so very young, Mr. Barnhardt. I'm nearly forty." And before he could answer that she didn't look it, she turned to Gretchen and asked her what she wanted to see most in England.

"Shakespeare's country—and Oxford and Cambridge," said Gretchen gently.

"She thinks she can write," said her father, as if this were a great joke.

"Well, perhaps she can," said Brenda.

"A poetess—you think I am the father of a poetess," said Mr. Barnhardt, still laughing.

"Perhaps. After all, Shakespeare's father was a butcher, wasn't he?" She said it politely, but her guest stopped laughing. She could not be sure whether she had insulted him or gained his lasting respect, but she knew she had established herself in Gretchen's affection.

As soon as they had gone she went into her bedroom to rest until it was time for the last of the parental interviews. She was to meet Mrs. Converse and the two girls at their hotel at six o'clock. She sat down before her dressing-table, with its winged mirror. The day had been wearying, and she looked tired. She had even shed a few tears—gentle, not bitter, tears, but none the less unbecoming to clear grey eyes.

"Good heavens," she thought, "I look a thousand." Then she remembered that that was really just the way she wanted to look. She didn't care so much about the girls—to them, probably, anyone over twenty-five was antiquated, but she did feel a certain risk in the fact that the parents all regarded her as so young. Before she took her hat from Amelie, she picked up her powder-puff and dabbed it on the hair above her ears. Then, putting on her hat, she looked like a white-haired woman. She took up her handkerchief and removed all trace of lipstick from her lips.

Amelie, standing critically by with her head on one side, exclaimed, "But what is mademoiselle doing to herself?"

"I'm making myself look as old as I say I am, Amelie," Brenda answered gaily. There is nothing like a masquerade for freeing the ego. Brenda's spirits rose. "Mrs. Converse won't tell me I'm too young," she thought. "Anyone would take me for forty!"

She walked down Fifth Avenue to the Converses' hotel. The shadows were falling across the great avenue, and a salt breeze was blowing from the harbor, reminding Brenda how soon she would be at sea.

At the desk of the hotel she asked for Mrs. Converse.

"Miss Converse?" said the clerk.

"No, Mrs. Converse," Brenda answered with all that perfection of enunciation possible to a tongue that speaks several languages.

A tall figure rose from a chair nearby, and one of the deepest masculine voices Brenda had ever heard said:

"Miss Angell? I brought the two girls on, instead of Mrs. Converse. I'm Stella's guardian. My name is Orme. Will you sit down here a moment and talk to me, before we go upstairs to the sitting-room, where the children are waiting?"

She sat down, instinctively softening—beginning to give that slightly beaming effect that attractive women know how to assume when they meet a man whom it would amuse them to attract. Brenda had always liked tall, thin, dark-faced men, with a touch of grey in their hair—and she very much liked this man's voice.

"MRS. CONVERSE wanted me to tell you something about Stella. She's a dear child, very lovely to look at and as good as gold, but she's given her mother a great shock by announcing that she's fallen in love with a young actor who has been about our part of the world all last winter. Mrs. Converse hopes very much that this trip will put an end to it, but perhaps middle-aged people don't take young love quite seriously enough."

She wasn't listening as closely as she should have been. She was bitterly regretting, not so much the powder on her hair as the absence of lipstick—that was always so very unbecoming. She was trying to think of a sentence that would explain that she really was not quite as old —— She cut in now, seeing her opportunity. She meant to say: "Oh, I think I'm still young enough to understand—I'm only thirty-three. After you're forty perhaps ——" Unfortunately, she began at the wrong end of the sentence.

"After you're forty," she began, and he in his turn interrupted, cordially:

"The fires die down, I'm afraid. Twenty years ago you would have felt very differently."

Brenda was silent—twenty years ago she would have been just thirteen—and he went on: "Of course I haven't seen the young man—he may be just the right person for her, but I can't help doubting it. If she should come home having forgotten the whole thing we should be eternally grateful to you."

Please turn to Page 47

DID YOU KNOW

That April, the Fourth month of our year, was the second month of the ancient Romans. Authorities differ as to the origin of the name, but it is possible that April was originally Aphrilis, from Aphrodite, the Greek name of Venus.

Grand NEW SERIES of "BRAN TUBS"

The "QUICK-WIN" WEEKLY PUZZLE

£50 MUST BE WON

FILL IN A FEW LETTERS AND WIN BIG MONEY

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It simply consists of nine ordinary, everyday words, only each has some letters missing—for YOU to find. **This is how to enter:** For the purposes of the puzzle we number the alphabet 1 to 26 to make the code below, and, in addition, we give you nine word-clues which you also see underneath. NOW, THE PUZZLE IS TO MAKE THE LARGEST SCORE OF LETTER NUMBERS YOU CAN IN WORDS ANSWERING THOSE CLUES AND EXACTLY FILLING THE FRAME.

For example, clue No. 1 is "In a horse's mouth." You are given the first letter, B, and can complete the word by adding the letters, IT, making the word, BIT. The letter values of this word, reading from the code below are: 2, 9, and 20—a total of 31.

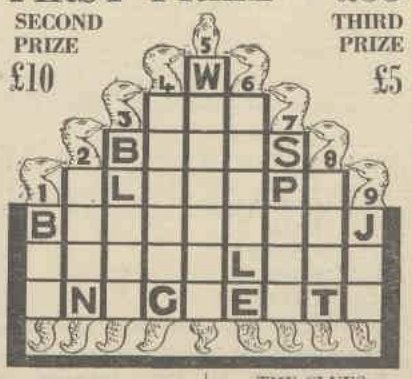
Now carry on with clue No. 2, in which you are given the last letter. THE SECRET IS TO FIND NINE SUITABLE WORDS WITH THE LARGEST LETTER VALUES. Only recognised words suitable to the clues and contained in Chambers' Dictionary will be permitted.

REMEMBER, YOUR WORDS MUST ALL FIT IN THE SPACES OF THE FRAME STRAIGHT DOWNWARDS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. Thus the letters given you for each word are sometimes at the head and sometimes at the tail of the word.

When you have completed the nine words, work out the letter value for each word as in the above example, write out a list of the words IN INK on a sheet of paper, place opposite each word its total letter value, add up the nine totals, and this will give you the final total value of your solution. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to: **HEADS OR TAILS No. 2V, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:
All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, APRIL 3rd. The First Prize of £35 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution with the largest total letter value, and the other two prizes in order of merit. In case of ties, the total prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. £50 prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry (1/1 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable). Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on APRIL 11th

FIRST PRIZE - £35
SECOND PRIZE £10
THIRD PRIZE £5



THE CODE:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	

THE CLUES:
1. In a Horse's Mouth
2. To Revolve.
3. Gives Color.
4. Popular Pastime.
5. Common Human Action.
6. A Noise.
7. With a Sharp Point.
8. Something to Wear.
9. Found in the Kitchen.

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Five *Little* Heiresses

Continued from Page 46

"I'M afraid that's beyond my powers."

"I don't think so. I don't think so at all. Will you think me impertinent if I say that if I had made you to order you could not be more exactly what I should want for Stella? An older woman like yourself, who has seen a great deal of the world—of all sorts of men and manners ——"

It was the first time she had ever heard herself called an older woman. She stood up. "I see," she said dryly, "that even old age does not protect one against flattery."

"Old age!" he protested. "How absurd! I look upon myself as in the prime of life and I'm no younger than you."

She knew he wouldn't have said that unless he had felt sure he was giving her the benefit of several years. The elevator was waiting and in its bright light she could feel him staring at her, she knew just what he was thinking—that twenty years ago she must have been an extremely attractive woman.

In the sitting-room, which looked as hotel sitting-rooms so often do—as if it were already swept and garnished for the next guest—the two girls were waiting—such thoroughly good, gentle, well-behaved girls. They greeted Miss Angell as if only yesterday their knees had ducked to their mother's friends, and as if now they were mentally curtsying to anyone so worthy of respect as their chaperon. Nothing of interest was said.

BRENDA at once liked Mary Hyde, and was aware of feeling doubts about Stella. She thought, "A man would say it wasn't possible for a woman to like a girl so obviously lovely." Orme very civilly asked if she would stay and dine with them and go to a musical comedy. She, thinking, "Good heavens, if I have to spend the next three months with these children, do you think I would give up my last evening for freedom!" answered that she did so regret that she had another engagement that made it quite impossible ——

He walked with her to the elevator. Again nothing was said of interest. She murmured something about such charming children, quite in Miss Woolsey's manner; and he observed that it had been a great pleasure to meet her, and that Mrs. Converse would be immensely relieved. They shook hands. She noted that he had a good firm grasp.

Alone in the sitting-room the girls had exchanged a brief comment. "Not bad, is she? She dresses awfully well."

Stella, exhausted by a day of shopping and movies, stretched her arms above her head and yawned. "It must be hard to dress well when y get to that age," she said; "when you think it can't make any difference to anybody how you look."

THE Cornucopia sailed late in the evening. Brenda's party occupied four cabins together—the Oliver girls in one, Stella Converse and Mary Hyde in another. Brenda in a single cabin, with Gretchen, also alone, across the hallway.

After the devoted parents had left the vessel, the girls assembled in Brenda's cabin. They were a little surprised to find it littered with baskets of fruit and boxes of flowers. Obviously they had not expected their chaperon to do better in this respect than they themselves did. Brenda allowed them to open the boxes and bring her the cards. She was gracious enough to bestow a few extra gardenias on them. The orchids she kept for herself. Amelie took them away in their boxes to keep fresh on ice. Amelie so obviously wanted to clear the cabin and unpack that Brenda finally sent the girls away.

"What time shall we breakfast, girls?" she asked.

A howl of protest went up. She wasn't going to make them get up to breakfast—not their first morning, when they were all so exhausted. Brenda yielded—very well, for that one morning they might sleep as late as they liked. After that, breakfast at nine. They must keep together——they could see that for themselves. She breathed a sigh after they had gone. No one hated getting up in the morning more than she did.

Amelie shrugged the higher of her shoulders. "Mademoiselle will simply wear herself out," she said.

FALLING asleep at once, Brenda woke earlier than was her custom. She woke with that clear, dispassionate view of her situation that often comes to us with new and lonely surroundings. The view was not agreeable—it seemed to her that all the pleasant aspects of her life were over. From now on she must doff her own will, her own wishes and convenience, and think of these five girls—just what parents did, only parents had the incentive of deep affection. She had only the incentive of conscience—she had said she would take charge of these girls, she had accepted money, she was earning her living, and she must do it; but oh, dear, what a bore—to be obliged to get up because they would be up; to sit on deck, because that was the best place for them; to guard them from undesirable acquaintances; never to have them off her mind, never to be free. She thought, "I might like to lie in bed all day to-morrow, reading silly books, but can I? Certainly not; I must get up and be a chaperon."

She rang the bell for Amelie to come and tidy the cabin and get out her white satin bed-jacket with the swansdown trimming. Then, nibbling her rolls and sipping her tea, she began to dip into the books that had been sent her—all, according to contemporary taste, either detective novels or biographies.

Amelie, moving briskly about the cabin, said, "Monsieur Wheatley is on board." Brenda looked up. "Really. Have you seen him?"

"No, but I met his valet."

Brenda smiled. So like Tom to travel with a valet. He would like to see it in the passenger list—"Mr. Thomas Wheatley, and valet"; he would think it added to his weight in the world—perhaps it did. Tom knew his way about in a certain world—a world that was not quite Brenda's.

All of us keep one friend in the locker as insurance against bad times—psychological rather than financial bad times. Every man says to himself now and then, "Well, anyhow, tha girl in Rockville really loved me." Every unmarried woman says to herself at moments, "Well, if the worst came to the worst, I could always marry Tom."

And here Tom was. She felt elated at the idea—not because he was a lifelong friend, not because she was fond of him—though she was—but because he was like a compatriot in a foreign land. He knew all about her; he loved her; he wouldn't think of her as a chaperon—he suddenly gave her back her individual life. Dear Tom. How glad she would be to see him.

Still, she wasn't so eager as to contemplate getting up. She lay there reading until eleven o'clock, when Amelie came in again, with another piece of news.

"MLLE. BARNHARDT has been up and dressed for an hour."

Brenda looked up from her book. Gretchen up and dressed! What did that mean? She had been the loudest in declaring that she must be allowed to sleep until noon. With one motion Brenda tossed off the bedclothes and swung her slim knees out of bed, and set her feet on the floor.

"Draw my bath, Amelie," she said. "I must go and look after her."

"Mademoiselle will simply wear herself out," said Amelie again.

In a surprisingly short space of time Brenda emerged, dressed in perfect pale grey sports clothes. The sea was calm, the air warm, most of the passengers were up and about, but no Gretchen was visible. She was not in the lounge, where a member of the orchestra was executing a cornet solo—"The Last Rose of Summer." She was not in the writing-room, nor the library, nor the bar, nor the palm garden. She was not in the gymnasium, nor the swimming-pool, nor in her deck chair, nor walking the promenade deck. She was not in the beauty parlor, where Brenda had rather expected to find her. No, she was on the sports deck—playing, or rather learning to play, deck tennis. She was being taught by an exceedingly good-looking young Englishman, who turned out to be Mr. Dixon, an assistant purser. He wore his cap at the angle that Lord Beatty had made popular among officers in the British Navy.

HAVING been duly introduced, Brenda sat down to watch Gretchen's somewhat elephantine efforts to catch the rubber ring. She could not resist snatching at it, in spite of Mr. Dixon's repeated explanation that she ought to allow it to drop into her hand. Brenda noticed, too, that part of the girl's trouble seemed to be that she was always watching Mr. Dixon instead of the ring.

When they were alone after the set was over, Brenda asked gently, "And how did you happen to meet that nice-looking young man, Gretchen?"

Gretchen became voluble. "Well, you see, Miss Angell, I woke up before anyone else and I thought I'd like to know about deck sports, and so I went down to the purser's office, and Mr. Dixon was so kind as to show me the way to the court, and get it set up for me, and then as I had no one to play with . . ." She went on and on, but her chaperon was not critical; on the contrary, she thought it amusing that Gretchen, the only member of the party who had never before crossed the ocean, had been able to do so well for herself.

Please turn to Page 48

CROCHET

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I enclose .... in stamps for one copy each of leaflets *No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 "Crochet Made Easy" "Crochet Today" "With your Crochet Hook." * Strike out leaflets NOT required.

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"*Old Giant Decay*

WON'T GET MY IVORY CASTLES"

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YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES . . . *defend them with*

Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN

At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/-, large tins 1/6, large refills, 1/3.

For dental plates, use GIBBS DENTURE TABLET. 1/6 at all Chemists.

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HERE IS LASTING ENCHANTMENT

THE NEW

SAVAGE

LIPSTICK

Clear, transparent, ravishing colour . . . caressingly smooth . . . and it clings, *savagely!* Depend on SAVAGE to retain its true line and the loveliness of your lips all day . . . all evening . . . until . . . ! Well, the glamour *IS* enchanting! There is lasting beauty, too, in the unique Savage case with its cleverly engraved dancing figures. Four stirring shades—all indelible—to stir up excitement for the lips that wear them.

2/6

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH

FIVE *Little* HEIRESSES

Continued from Page 47

SHE felt less amused when the six of them went down to luncheon and she discovered that although she had arranged for them to sit at a table by themselves, they were actually sitting at the table of the assistant purser. As Mr. Dixon was already there, allotting them their places, she found it impossible to object. She was on his right hand, and Gretchen on his left. There was a vacant chair opposite for Stella was a little late. Mary Hyde explained this to Brenda: "When Stella and I have a room together, I always dress first and leave her a clear field—she's a girl can take half-an-hour over one curl."

Mr. Dixon addressed a few polite observations to Brenda about the weather and the admirable features of the Cornucopia, and then turned with obvious pleasure to his left-hand neighbor. Gretchen suffered conversationally from a conviction that everything she said was silly—as indeed it often was. This conviction never prevented her from speaking, but caused her to giggle in a feeble, apologetic way as soon as she had spoken. This habit, which seemed annoying to Brenda, appeared to delight the male ego of Mr. Dixon. He encouraged her to show her abysmal ignorance of the sea, and Gretchen, finding, as so many women have found before, that ignorance was an asset, did nothing to conceal it: "Now, what is it you call going downstairs? What is that funny way you have of telling time?" Always followed by delightful laughs.

Brenda began to feel a vague discomfort. Was this a love affair starting before her eyes? Undoubtedly the Earnhardts had higher ambitions for their child than an assistant purser, but what could she do? The young man was nice-looking, and, if she said that he did not speak English quite as an English gentleman spoke it, Gretchen wouldn't understand—since at that, he spoke a good deal better than Gretchen. Brenda eyed him critically; he was very good-looking, blonde and bronzed—only his teeth were irregular and set in a contracted jaw. She might point out that an American parent would have had them straightened: her own mother, she remembered, had done wonders with disagreeable little comments like this. She could hear her saying, "My dear Brenda, the young man's hands are like bunches of yellow bananas." She, Brenda, had been furious, but somehow the gigantic young mining engineer had never again seemed so attractive to her. Could she do something similar about Mr. Dixon?

Her stare must have become fixed, for suddenly the gentle voice of Mary Hyde, who was sitting next to her, broke in upon her reverie. "Would you like to break that up, Miss Angell?"

Brenda started. She had not learned Mary's schoolgirl ability to throw her voice just the necessary eight inches to reach only the ear she wished to reach, but she felt secure of not being overheard as she answered:

"You're a mind reader, Mary. That's just what I was thinking."

"I wouldn't waste much time."

"Do you think it would do any good if I mentioned that his teeth look like a ruined graveyard?"

Mary shook her head. "Not a bit. She'd just think that your generation did not know an attractive man when they saw one."

"Well, I don't suppose it can be very serious——"

"Oh, yes, it can," said Mary. "Gretchen is always serious. She has a talent for falling in love. Why, she even falls in love with the men who come to the school to give special lectures on finance and politics, and we believe that Miss Woolsey selects them specially as being oddly unattractive. Still Gretchen contrives to get hot and bothered about them. Well, there's a technique about ditching these romances of hers. Miss Woolsey knows all about it. I wonder she didn't tell you. It's quite simple. You just mention to Stella that there is a new young man about who is more interested in Gretchen than in her—that's all. Stella sees to it that there is no further danger to Gretchen's peace of mind."

"You don't make your friend Stella sound very generous."

Mary cocked her head. "Stella can be generous with cast-off young men—all she doesn't like is anyone else to have first whack. Shall I mention to Stella that Gretchen has made a conquest?"

Brenda looked at the girl gratefully. "Mary," she said, "I can see you are going to be a great comfort to me. Yes, you might just mention it—unless, of course, you think there is any danger that Stella herself——"

"Not a chance," answered Mary. "Stella has a very high opinion of her own worth. Never worry about her. If there were a crown prince on board, or a Public Enemy No. 1—but an assistant purser. No, not for Stella."

MR. DIXON was called away by professional duties before Stella made an appearance. He left expressing a hope that he would see them all again at three o'clock in the palm garden, where there would be horse racing. Gretchen, not knowing what he meant, but quite prepared to believe that thoroughbred horses were careering about the ship somewhere, agreed with a solemn upward roll of her blue eyes. She would be anywhere that Mr. Dixon wanted her to be.

Presently Stella came in, very perfect, every hair in place, turned up her nose at the menu, and ordered nothing but a little chicken salad. The truth was she had just breakfasted, but she contrived to make the others feel they were gross and childish in having enjoyed ordering themselves a three-course meal—everyone but Gretchen, who said:

"Of course I was hungry. I've had a lot of exercise this morning."

"What have you been doing?"

"Playing deck tennis with Mr. Dixon."

Stella raised her head, as if far off she heard some interesting sound. "And who is Mr. Dixon?" she asked. Four voices rose to answer the question.

Presently they were established in their six steamer chairs, tucked up with rugs and books. Betty and Gretchen had some leftover school reading to do. Mary and Stella had novels. Brenda contrived that Celestine Oliver's chair should be next to her own. She had already tried to draw the girl into conversation, but it was like expecting small talk from someone on the operating table—she was suffering too much. Now luck favored Brenda. A small boy approached with a wireless message, calling in a high English voice incredibly treble: "Miss Oliver, Miss Celestine Oliver."

Celestine opened it and coloring deeply, said to Brenda, "It's a message from my father, wishing me good-bye, and a pleasant trip."

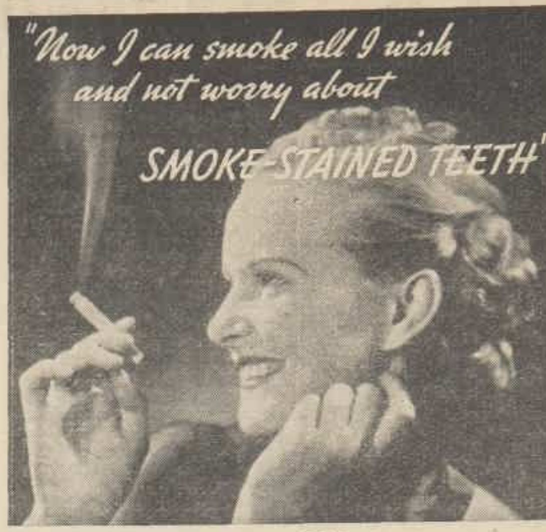
"I should call that an unusually courteous father," said Brenda gaily, and knew at once that she had said the wrong thing. Courtesy was the quality of an outsider, a stranger—it was remote, cold.

"It's the first time I've ever crossed without him," said Celestine.

(To be continued)

How many more of Brenda's schoolgirls are going to fall in love on the voyage? Will Brenda have to act as breaker of ship board romances?

Watch for next week's instalment of this clever story of the love affairs of five poor little rich girls and their beautiful chaperon.



THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE

REMOVES SMOKE STAINS A SAFE WAY

Special stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is not contained in any other leading dentifrice. Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull, ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest smoke trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste.

No matter what dentifrice you now use, switch to Pepsodent to-day and make the smokers' test. See how Pepsodent immediately "takes hold" to make teeth cleaner, whiter, more attractive. Let your mirror prove that they glisten with natural whiteness many smokers think impossible to attain.

It Works in a More Effective Way

In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles.

This remarkable film-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is contained in no other leading dentifrice. Not only does it bring out the natural whiteness of your teeth, but it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance. In addition, this "Special Film-Removing tooth paste" has another major distinction: it is the softest . . . and therefore the *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders as shown by scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent to-day. Not until you do can you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

IN NEW LARGER TUBES

MORE PEPSODENT —SAME PRICE

New processes have cut costs and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you in the new larger tubes at no increase in price.

NO NEED TO BE JEALOUS OF HIM!

I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION

WHEN your skin looks dull and cloudy, generally it's because little specks of dirt and impurities have become lodged in the pores. Lifebuoy's rich, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores of these clogged wastes, freshens the skin.

Fresh, clean and healthy

Isn't it grand to feel like that? Quite easy, too, with Lifebuoy. Your regular Lifebuoy bath removes all fear of "B.O." (body odour), clears your skin and makes you feel more radiant every day. It gives you that extra-clean feeling, an invigorating freshness that makes you want to leap for joy.

A LEVER PRODUCT

MILLIONS SAY . . . "It agrees with my skin."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

March 28, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Create Lovely Things for Your Home!

Some fascinating handcrafts that are very simple of execution. Try them out in your leisure hours ....

By . . . Our Home Decorator

AS MANY home-lovers have discovered for themselves, it is surprising what can be done with two hands, plus patience, and a sprinkle of artistry.

On this page are several attractive pictures. Three of them represent barbola craft; the one showing at right represents a simple homely craft, and the last, but not least, reveals something quite new, extraordinarily inexpensive, and ever so interesting—a craft called "solaqua."

THIS new craft has just made its appearance in Australia, and I saw it being demonstrated in one of our leading stores. You simply paint with pencils—cedar-wood water-color pencils. You can buy traced linen or silk articles, such as you buy for embroidering in thread, or buy ordinary transfers, iron them off on to linen, silk, crepe-de-chine, or satin, and then fill in the design with the loveliest natural colors.

In fact, this new art is so simple and the method so easy that children could undertake it.

Lovely Examples

BELOW, you glimpse an attractive wall picture, traycloth, and tea-cosy, which have been painted, and then treated with a fixative solution. Not only will these withstand wear, but will wash as well as if they had been embroidered in silken thread.

Suppose you wished to decorate a hen traycloth. Here is the procedure: The transfer design is, of course, stamped on in readiness. You place the mat over a sheet of white blotting-paper, you then dip a small hog's-hair paintbrush into the fixative solution and, with this, damp the spot upon which you are about to work. The blotting-paper is used to absorb all surplus moisture.

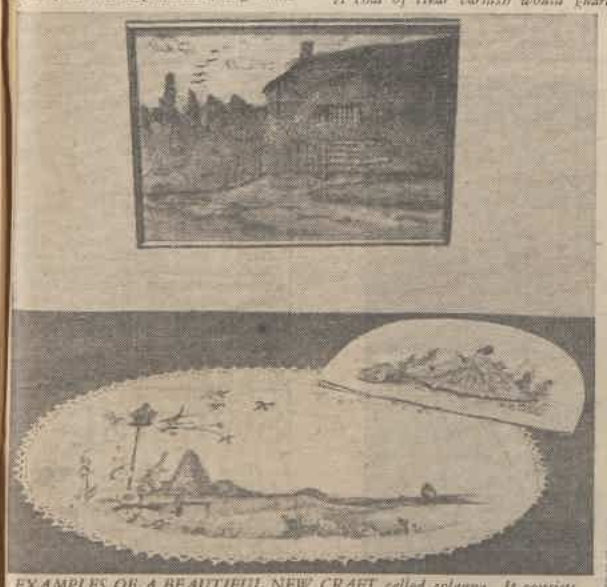
Now, you simply apply the desired color to this damp spot—and when completed you again dip the brush into the fixative solution, damp another section of the linen, and so continue. You must remember not to wet the whole of the design at one operation; it is best to work about an inch at a time, completing the spot before passing on to the next. Remember, too, that colors may be applied one over the other, and shaded or blended as much as is desired. Of course, the mat must dry thoroughly before washing.

By the way, kerchiefs or scarves would be delightful decorated in soft shades.

Solaqua can do all that ordinary water-colors can accomplish, and more. These colored pencils are suitable, too, for use on all parchment articles, such as lampshades, blotter-covers, backgrounds of calendars or little book-markers, and for all these only water is required. Just dip in the point of the pencil and proceed with the work.

DECORATING A flower-bowl with flower sprays out of cretonne. These are gummed on in any position you desire. A coat of clear varnish would guard against wear.

A WHITE wooden powder-bowl lacquered in pale pink, with design of Christmas roses in barbola. Full directions are given for decorating this bowl.



EXAMPLES OF A BEAUTIFUL NEW CRAFT called solaqua. It consists of the application of cedar-wood water-color pencils to a variety of materials which, when treated, will not only present a charming appearance, but will withstand wear and washing as well as if they had been embroidered in silken thread. —Photo courtesy Grace Bros.

JUST suggestions in barbola decoration. This craft has much to recommend it, as it is such an excellent medium for developing the creative powers which most of us possess.

The many uses to which barbola paste can be applied makes one think there is no end to its possibilities. The paste is very easy to model and clean to handle.

Versatile Craft

THESE wonderful water-color pencils may also be used for decorating leather articles, wood and vellum, also for coloring photographs!

Moreover, as I said before, it is an extraordinarily inexpensive art, the colored pencils costing about 8d. each, and the fixative (for use only if article is to be washed) priced at 11½d. packet. In all, there is a choice of twenty-five shades but for a beginning it is not necessary to have more than four or five different colored pencils, as various other shades can be made by blending two or more colors.

Anyone could decorate plain china or pottery jugs and bowls as suggested in the picture, top left. This is just a matter of cutting floral sprays out of cretonne and gumming them in position.

A coat of clear varnish could possibly improve wear and tear; but, naturally, the flower bowl or jug would not stand the washing-up dish!

Parchment lampshades can be made to look quite attractive and decorative with cretonne motifs. These, too, are gummed on in the manner suggested, and then varnished.

Charm of Barbola

NOW, would you like to know how to decorate a powder-bowl in barbola, similar to the one illustrated at top right of this page? The materials required are barbola paste, seccotine, barbola colors (white, crimson, green, Prussian-blue, burnt amber), varnish, modelling tool, one or two brushes, and a white wood bowl which has been lacquered in pale pink.

Take a small piece of paste and roll it into a small ball, holding it between the thumb and first finger of the left hand. With the thumb and the first finger of the right hand gradually press out a piece large enough for a petal, break away from the ball, and continue to model. This is done by holding the partly-modelled petal between the thumbs and the first fingers of both hands and gradually forming it.

When correctly modelled, fix it on to your bowl, using a flat modelling tool. Keep the hands dusted lightly with powder whilst modelling, as this will prevent the marks of the skin from showing on the paste.

Work Carefully

MODEL four petals and fix them on the bowl, pressing each petal down separately, making the flower flat in the centre. The back of each petal, where it is fixed on the bowl, must be coated with seccotine. This will make it adhere firmly to the surface of the bowl. Make a few stamens, cut them short, and arrange them around a very tiny ball to form the centre, cover with seccotine, and fix in the centre of the flower.

Build up the design, making leaves and flowers. Stems are made by rolling a small piece of paste between the hands until it resembles a cord. Do not flatten. Glue the back and place into position very carefully.

Stems and any other leaf or flower which lies underneath another must be fixed on first. Handle the work as little as possible, and allow to dry thoroughly.

To color, mix the white and paint the roses, cover the entire surface of the paste, and shade very delicately with diluted crimson. The tiny ball in the centre is green. All the flowers are done in this way, shading a little green on the backs of the petals, and crimson at the base of the petals forming buds. The leaves are dark blue-green, shadowed with a very little black. Burnt amber is also useful to give a warm tone in places. The stems are green, shaded with burnt amber.

When coloring is completed, and has been allowed to dry, the whole of the modelling should be given a coat of barbola varnish, which should be applied thinly and evenly with a soft, flat brush. This imparts brilliance of finish to the work, and serves as a lasting protection to the colors.

Beginners are advised to try a few different-shaped petals before proceeding to decorate.

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And Now Stromberg-Carlson presents the

World Range – Flawless Tone and Console Grand Performance!

The release of the Stromberg-Carlson model 736 Console Grand was Radio's greatest sensation since the introduction of the first all-electric receiver—also by Stromberg-Carlson—in 1928.

New performance standards were raised overnight—the limits of the old style cabinet disappeared and Radio reception at last came into its own.

Following on this revolutionary success Stromberg-Carlson have now developed a worthy companion to the 736, and in making available the 536, have placed a Console Grand within the reach of everyone.

• Overseas, Interstate or Local stations at will. • Full Automatic volume control. • Amazing selectivity. • Mains operation. • Large full vision illuminated tuning dial. • Pick-up terminals. • Latest type speaker. • Craftsman built cabinet.

A demonstration in your own home will convince you of the overwhelming advantages possessed by a Stromberg-Carlson Console Grand.

Backed by the resources of Stromberg-Carlson, Rochester, New York, leader in the design and manufacture of voice transmission and voice reproduction apparatus since 1894.

Wholesale Distributors in Australia and New Zealand:

N.S.W.: Bennett & Wood Ltd., 204 Pitt Street, Sydney. Wagga Wireless Distributors, Box 93, Wagga. Heiron & Smith (Scionola), 81 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

QUEENSLAND: Noyes Bros. (Sydney) Ltd., Burton House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Lawrence & Hanson Electrical Co. Ltd., 87 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.

S.A.: Savery's Pianos Ltd., 29 Rundle Street, Adelaide. Radio Wholesalers, James Place, Adelaide.

VICTORIA: Warburton Franki (Melb.), Ltd., 380-382 Bourke Street, Melbourne. M. Brash & Co. Pty. Ltd., Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Vealls Pty. Ltd., 243-249 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

TASMANIA: Findlays Pty. Ltd., 86 Elizabeth Street, Hobart; George Street, Launceston. Wills & Co. Pty. Ltd., 7 The Quadrant, Launceston. Findlay & Wills Pty. Ltd., Devonport.

W.A.: Musgroves Limited, Lyric House, Murray Street, Perth.

N.Z.: Gough, Gough & Hamer Ltd., Christchurch.

DELICIOUS *Recipes* *from* OUR READERS

These are Prizewinners in Our Recipe Competition

"It's rather exciting to find your favorite recipe can win a prize, thus testifying to its general worthiness"—so many readers have written in this strain—those readers who have won cash prizes in our weekly Recipe Competition.

SEIZE the opportunity of winning £1, 10/-, or one of the four 2/6 consolation prizes. All you have to do is to write out a tried and trusted recipe and send it to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Remember to endorse entry and envelope, "Best Recipes."

Given below are prize-winning recipes for this week—some of which will help you with your Lenten menus:

SIMNEL CAKE.

(Eaten by some on mid-Lent Sunday, by others on Easter Sunday).

Half pound flour, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, ¼lb. butter, ¼lb. castor sugar, ¼lb. currants, 2oz. each raisins, sultanas, candied peel, 2 eggs, half lemon, ½ teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon, mixed spice.

Almond Paste. — ¼lb. ground almonds, 6oz. icing sugar, castor sugar, 12 drops orange flower water, 1 egg.

Almond Paste: First line cake tin with greased paper, next make almond paste. Rub the icing sugar through a sieve, and after adding the castor sugar, sift together. Add the ground almonds, a dessertspoon of lemon juice and the orange flower water. When thoroughly mixed add enough well-beaten egg to form a very stiff paste.

Cake Mixture: Beat butter and sugar to a soft cream. Add the grated rind of half a lemon to the whipped eggs. Add to butter and sugar. Beat mixture briskly, while adding flour and fruit. When thoroughly mixed turn half the mixture into prepared tin. Take half of the almond paste and form it into a flat cake the size of the cake tin. Put this on the cake mixture in the tin, then the remainder of the cake. Bake in a moderate oven steadily for 2 hours, decreasing heat as it browns. When cake is cold place the remainder of the almond paste on top of cake, making it thin in the centre with a thick border all round the edge. Rough it well with a fork on the border part and mark centre out in lattice. Brush over with egg and bake for a few minutes until golden brown.

First Prize of £1 to N. Badger, 29 Bosanquet Avenue, Prospect, S.A.

OYSTERS IN POTATO CASES.

Two and a half dozen oysters, 6 potatoes, 2 tablespoons thick cream, 2 tablespoons white butter sauce, 1 egg, 12 prawns.

Choose rather large oval potatoes, as near one size as possible. Peel, shape neatly, and cut in halves lengthways, making them stand with cut side uppermost. Place them in a buttered dish and bake till tender. Scoop out some of the inside and brush these small potato cases on outside with beaten egg. Have the oyster mixture made of the cream and sauce with the oysters bearded, scalded, and cut in halves added, the oyster liquor, and nicely season the whole. Fill the potato cases with oyster mixture and sprinkle with the chopped prawns over the top. Place in a fireproof dish, heat up, and serve at once.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. P. G. Morris, Wingenville, via Nanango, Qld.

CREAM OF SALMON SOUP

One cup tinned salmon, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 quart hot milk, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 2 tablespoons flour, pepper to taste.

Drain oil off salmon, flake, and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter. Stir in the flour and then a cup of the milk by degrees. Stir till smooth and add remainder of milk. Bring to boil. Add the salmon. Season to taste. Add parsley. Enough for 5 or 6 persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Wray, Tullymorgan, Clarence River, N.S.W.

LUNCH SAUSAGES.

Twelve ounces lamb's liver or fry, 6oz. breadcrumbs, 6oz. fat bacon, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley.

Mince liver and bacon. Add breadcrumbs and seasonings. Mix well and blend with beaten eggs. Roll into sausages, flour and fry. Drain on paper in oven. Serve with cooked halved tomatoes, and piled with green peas. Pour tomato sauce over sausages.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Lithgow, 136 St. John St., Launceston, Tas.

PUMPKIN CAKE.

One cup warm pumpkin, ¼lb. butter, small cup of sugar, 2 tablespoons (small) golden syrup, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 packet mixed fruit, a pinch of salt, and 2 eggs.

Beat pumpkin, sugar, and butter for a few minutes, add syrup and beat to a cream; add well-beaten eggs and beat again for a few minutes, add flour and, lastly, fruit; mix all together and bake about 1½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Byrne, 44 Fern St., Islington, N.S.W.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

COVER the bottom of a baking dish with raw potatoes, sliced thinly. Cover with a sprinkling of salt, pepper and flour, then add a layer of sliced cheese or onion, as preferred. Again cover with flour, etc., and then repeat the whole process until the dish is full. Pour on sufficient milk to barely cover, and cook for 1 hour, or until firm. Serve very hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Lenore Westman, 2 Stephen St., Geelong, Vic.

SWEETS!

Here are two recipes for delicious home-made sweets. Make them for your parties or for the kiddies who, of course, will just adore them!

WHITE NOUGAT

Four ounces honey, 1oz. powdered sugar, white 1 egg, ¼lb. almonds.

Place the honey in an enamel saucepan, and boil till it will roll into a ball. Add sugar and beaten white of egg. Cook till thick; add the hot blanched chopped almonds. Pour into tray lined with paper. When cold, cut into blocks and dust with sugar.

MARZIPAN

One and a half pounds icing sugar, ¼lb ground almonds, whites of 2 eggs, lemon juice.

Beat whites stiffly; add sifted icing sugar and almonds, with lemon juice. Turn on to board, sprinkle with icing sugar, and knead till smooth. It is then ready for shaping.

Clean your teeth *INSIDE* and *OUTSIDE* with

Tek

Inside or outside surfaces, front or back, it makes no difference to Tek. Tek's short head of bristles fits everywhere; cleans every part of every tooth, and so prevents risk of neglect and decay.

Tek at 2/- is better value, too. Better shape and better bristles. Sold in six colors. Cellophane sealed cartons. Bristles hard or medium (or extra hard). Tek Junior for the younger children, same quality, same shape. Price 1/3.

Product of Johnson & Johnson

World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Modess, etc.

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TWELVE WAYS *with* SALMON

These delicious recipes will be more than welcome to those living in country areas, where the supply of fish is limited

SALT SALMON PIE is topped with potato put through a rose cream tube.

OF all tinned fish, salmon is first favorite. High-grade flathead and garfish can also be purchased in tins to-day. The best way to use these, however, is to turn out and serve cold with lettuce and beetroot, etc., or "egg and breadcrumbed" and deep fried.

When buying tinned foods always procure a well-known brand and do not use if the tin is badly dented or bulging.

By
RUTH FURST
(Cookery Expert to the Australian Women's Weekly).

THOSE who are now practising abstinence — whether for health or some other reason —should take care that their diet is not too slender, for this only impairs general well-being. It is, however, quite possible to practise a little self-denial without drastic results, and here are some salmon dishes which will be found both appetising and nourishing.

SALMON AND MACARONI PIE

Salmon, 1½ cups white sauce, 3oz. cooked macaroni, grated cheese, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley, lemon.

Remove the salmon from tin, flake with fork. Butter a fireproof dish. Arrange alternate layers of macaroni, salmon, and cheese in the dish. Pour over the white sauce, seasoned with salt and cayenne. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes, till thoroughly reheated. Sprinkle with parsley and serve with slices of lemon.

COLD SALMON PIE

One small tin salmon, 1 breakfast cup breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1 small parboiled onion, 1 breakfast cup milk, chopped parsley, salt, and cayenne.

Mix salmon, crumbs, chopped onion, parsley, salt, and cayenne well together. Place in a well-greased piedish. Beat the eggs well, and add the milk. Pour on to the salmon mixture. Bake in a moderate oven about half an hour. Serve cold.

SALMON LOAF

1 tin salmon, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, ½ cup breadcrumbs, olives, hard-boiled egg, white sauce, parsley.

Mash salmon, add beaten eggs, crumbs, milk, seasoning, chopped eggs, and olives. Pack into a greased basin. Cover with greased paper. Steam for 1 hour. Turn on to hot dish. Pour the hot sauce over. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

AT YOUR LEFT you see a delicious dish—baked salmon and rice. This is a nourishing and satisfying dish, and is very easy to prepare.

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchens.

LEFT: Salmon and macaroni pie cooked en casserole.

BELOW: A plate of salmon balls made more tempting to the eye with parsley decoration.

SALMON MOULD

One tin salmon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon parsley, 1oz. breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, lemon juice.

Break salmon into small pieces, add crumbs, butter, salt, cayenne, egg, and lemon juice. Place in buttered basin, cover with greased paper, and steam 1 hour. Turn out on to a hot dish and serve with parsley sauce.

SALMON SALAD

Two cups salmon, salt, cayenne, mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, slices cucumber, slices beetroot.

Flake salmon, add salt and cayenne. Moisten with mayonnaise, and pack in a mould or individual timball moulds. Unmould on lettuce leaves and decorate with slices of cucumber and beetroot.

SALMON BALLS

One tin salmon, 4 potatoes, salt, and cayenne to taste, good squeeze lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, flour, pepper, and salt, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Boil and mash potatoes. Strain liquor off salmon and break up with a fork, add potatoes, parsley, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Moisten with the liquor if necessary. Make into ball, using a little flour for shaping. Dip in egg glazing, then toss in dry breadcrumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve on a paper d'oyley garnished with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

BAKED SALMON AND RICE

One tin salmon, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 cup cooked rice, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley.

Line the bottom of a greased piedish with rice, then salmon. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Cover with rice. Pour over the sauce. Bake in a moderate oven till thoroughly heated through. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve at once.

SALMON AU GRATIN

One tin salmon, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ pint milk, salt, cayenne, squeeze lemon juice, finely-chopped parsley.

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour off the gas. Mix till free from lumps, return to the gas, and stir for a few minutes without browning. Add milk all at once. Stir till it boils and thickens. Cook for three minutes. Add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Stand at the side of the stove to keep hot. Place the tin of salmon in boiling water and thoroughly heat, open, and turn on to a hot dish. Pour the sauce over. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and cheese, and garnish with thin slices of lemon.

SALMON PATTIES

Small tin salmon, 1 gill white sauce, lemon juice, anchovy sauce, salt and cayenne, ½lb. rough puff pastry or flaky pastry.

Remove bones from salmon and break it up well. Make sauce. Add salmon and flavorings, and season to taste. Make pastry. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds, one two sizes larger than the other. Line some deep patty tins with the larger rounds. Fill with the mixture. Wet round the edges, place the tops on evenly. Glaze with egg glazing. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cooked, serve very hot on a paper d'oyley garnished with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon.

SALMON PIE

One tin salmon, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, mashed potatoes, parsley.

Butter a piedish and line with mashed potato, add salmon which has been mashed, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Cover with potato, smooth over the top, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven till potato is brown. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

SALMON AND EGG SAUCE

One tin salmon, egg sauce.

Place tin of salmon in a saucepan of water and boil for ½ hour. Remove from the water and open the tin in the usual way. Turn on to a hot dish, pour the egg sauce over, and sprinkle with very finely chopped parsley. Garnish with slices of lemon and serve at once.

SALT SALMON PIE

Salt salmon, cooked potato, butter, milk, cayenne, water.

Soak salmon in water overnight. Next day pour water off. Place in saucepan, cover with water. Bring quickly to boil, pour water off. Cover again and cook very slowly till soft, then drain and flake finely. Mash potatoes, add milk and butter, and beat well. Grease a piedish and line with mashed potato. Then a layer of fish, then potatoes, and so on till full, ending with potato put through a rose cream tube. Place in oven till thoroughly reheated and the top brown. Serve at once.

To Overcome Nervous Dyspepsia

A Bit of Sound Advice.

Nervous people, as a rule, suffer greatly from dyspepsia. The minute things go wrong or something upsets the nerves, or they are tired and overworked, they feel it in their stomach. Appetite vanishes and gives way to dull, dread uneasiness, and what they do eat doesn't digest properly. Then comes belching, heartburn, sour rising, and a whole train of distressing symptoms.

Nervous dyspepsia should never be treated with pepsin pills or artificial digestents. The stomach is a sensitive organ, and the nerves that control it should at such a time be calmed and strengthened, when all stomach distress will quickly cease, appetite will return, and the stomach will digest its food properly, and as Nature intended.

Thanks to a remarkable new chemical discovery, it is now possible to feed the nerve cells with the exact stimulus they require when overworked and unstrung, and this preparation, called Phosphorated Iron, is producing remarkable results in the treatment of nervous dyspepsia and other nerve disorders. It makes an amazingly quick change in any person, strengthening the stomach and charging the nerve cells with a strength, poise, power and tremendous reserve energy, and giving nerves of steel, a clear head and brain, courage, power, quick wit, and real vital vim. Phosphorated Iron cannot harm anyone, and contains no dangerous habit-forming drugs. Sixty tablets to a flask, and this is enough to bring relief to even the most obstinate cases.

Leading chemists everywhere have Phosphorated Iron with a positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back.***

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress,—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles,—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."*** (Copyright)

CLEVER IDEAS

REMOVING VARNISH: To remove varnish rub with methylated spirit. If this fails, rub with turpentine and, while still damp, remove varnish with a safety razor blade.

TO RE-THREAD BEADS: You can quite easily re-thread beads at home. Take a piece of thread, not too short, stiffen with ordinary toilet soap so that the re-threading is made easier, and the thread itself lasts longer. Now rub the end of the thread between your fingers to make a pointed end, and the thread will pass easily through the beads.

BREAKING IN NEW SHOES: If you want to avoid having new shoes blister your feet, put a strip of sticking-plaster on the skin of each heel just where the shoe hurts. Use a fresh piece each day until your shoes are quite easy.

TIP FOR CAKES: When making a cake, line the bottom of the tin with bran underneath the paper lining. This prevents the cake from burning, and adds to the flavor of the cake.

YOUR OLD NAVY SUIT: Renovate and freshen up your last year's navy suit this way—Dissolve a little ammonia in a basinful of hot water, and squeeze a blue bag into the water until it is almost the color of the suit. Now dip a small nail-brush into the water and brush the material the way of the nap. Iron the suit while still slightly damp, on the wrong side.

"Of course she is happy. . .

. . . the dinner was a big success."

From the soup to the dessert it was thoroughly enjoyed — and Rosella Tomato Sauce had helped, adding zest and rich goodness to the meal. Do you use this savory—

● Housewives also recommend the other popular Rosella Sauces and Chutneys.

Sauces:
WORCESTERSHIRE
FRENCH MUSTARD
SPICED SAUCE

Chutneys:
APRICOT
TOMATO
FRUIT
MANGO

TOMATO SAUCE

It has a flavour which cannot be imitated—the goodness of sun-ripened Tomatoes, delicately spiced. It pays to insist on—

Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS

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OUR FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

THE expertly-cut, simple patterns for these very latest designs make it possible for the average woman to dress smartly and well — at little cost and little trouble!

Please NOTE! TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

TINY TAILORED COAT

WW1129.—Warm, tailored-looking coat for the little one from 2 to 8 years. Note the double-breasted effect, so warm for cooler days. Material required: 1¾ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

★

DRESSY LITTLE COAT

WW1130.—A dressy coat with a cute "pussy-cat" bow for a little girl, aged 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

★

SMART BRAIDING

WW1131.—Smart dress for the new season, cut on tailored lines. Note new front and braid trimming which will be so popular. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

★

CHIC JUMPER SUIT

WW1132.—A jumper suit for autumn and winter wear is indispensable. Note the pleats at the side in the skirt, and the cleverly-shaped jumper. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

★

DISTINGUISHED SUIT

WW1133. — An unusual little jumper suit, cut on very slimming lines, with pleated skirt and jumper to match, and circular neck. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

★

SWAGGER COAT

WW1134. — A lightweight woollen material would be most suitable for this smart swagger coat—debonair finish to winter frocking. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

★

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GOWN

WW1135.—Slimming, graceful evening mode, with full revers, and gathered skirt. Note unusual back treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

★

EVENING COAT

WW1136. — Cosy evening gown, for luxurious velvet. New shoulder treatment and cravat neckline give a distinguished touch. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Free Pattern

THREE SKIRTS, TRIM BLOUSE

If you are wearing woolly jumpers this winter you will need a diversity of skirts, and this week three different skirts and a trim, military-style jumper blouse besides, are provided for in our three-in-one free pattern. Pattern is cut to fit 34-inch bust.

Material required: No. 1 skirt, 3 yards, 36 inches wide. No. 2, jumper blouse, 2 1-8th yards, 36 inches wide. Skirts, Nos. 3 and 4, 2 yards each, 36 inches wide.

To obtain, fill in coupon at left of page and send or bring to our offices as directed

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at far right, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2007EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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CHERRIES *are Gay . .*

Use them for table decoration in a most enchanting way—as suggested by Bertha Maxwell

THE CHARM of fresh, bright color is recognised as a meal-time tonic—and no better color scheme exists than the reds, greens, and yellow tones which can be assembled in this new and up-to-date 13-piece set specially designed by Bertha Maxwell.

By simply writing to The Australian Women's Weekly you can get this glorious linen set traced ready for work at the price quoted hereunder. With these expert directions you can work it swiftly, charmingly.

PICTURE a luncheon-table set with brightly-worked mats in this cherry design, with a great black bowl of fresh cherries in the centre; or scarlet roses when cherries are out of season; the success of your luncheon party is assured from the start.

To eat one's meals forever by oneself or with merely the members of the family around the table is unthinkably dull. If you feel in need of a change or brightness, and cannot get away for a holiday, do a little inexpensive entertaining and realise how jolly it is to give a little outing to other people. Planning for your guests, arranging your table and flowers—these alone are a mental stimulus. And if you choose amiable guests who appreciate simple dishes, there need be no worries attached to it. Small luncheon parties are delightful functions which need entail no great outlay of money, time or labor.

The first consideration is the table linen, and we have designed this smart, new little set for all kinds of tables, and any number of persons.

Don't Miss This Set!

EVEN though you feel you could not work the whole set straight away, don't miss it. Work on it from time to time and it should easily be ready for the days when cherries begin to pour into the cities in a glorious scarlet tide of beauty; or if you are lucky enough to live in the country at a high altitude, you will be able to pick richly-glowing twigs of luscious fruit and leaves to pile into a centre dish for your table.

These are the sizes and linens; just buy what you think you will need, but if you are contemplating the happy possession of a complete luncheon set, it is a good idea to buy it all at once, for, when fresh bales of linens are opened, they sometimes vary in the tiniest details. No one but a needle-worker notices these small differences, so that it does not really matter; but needle artists are sticklers for detail.

13-piece cherry set, in high-grade white, cream, blue, primrose, yellow, green, or pink linen. Set comprises one 17 x 17 mat, six 8 x 8 mats, and six 5 x 5 mats. Price, 7/6.

13-piece set in blue, pink, green, or yellow Cesarine. Price, 5/6.

Purchased separately, the 17 x 17 mat in linen costs 1/2, 8 x 8 mat, 9d., and the 5 x 5-inch mat, 6d.

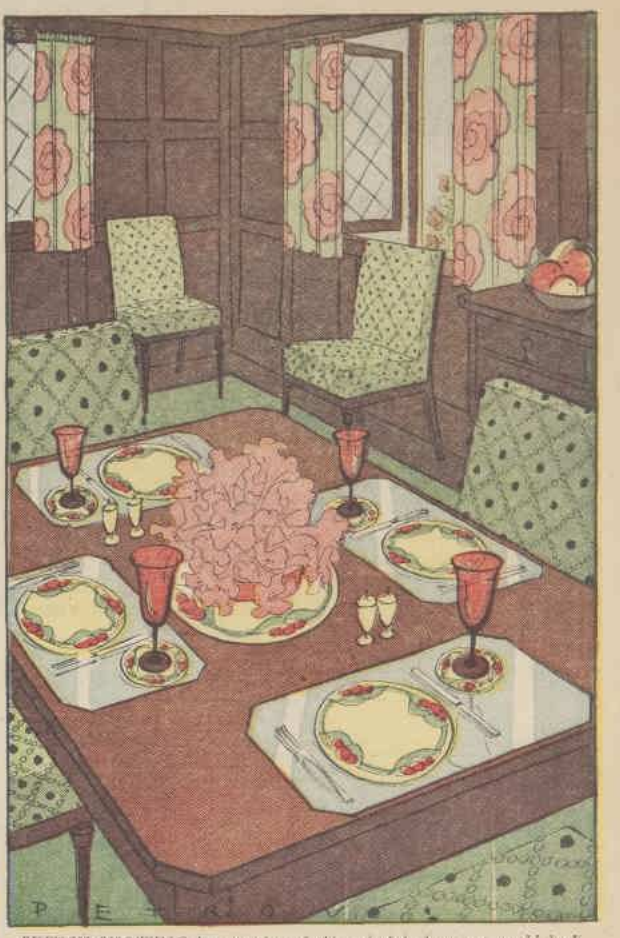
In Cesarine, the 17 x 17 mat costs 1/-, 8 x 8 mat 8d., the 5 x 5-inch mat, 5d.

Half-hour Needlework

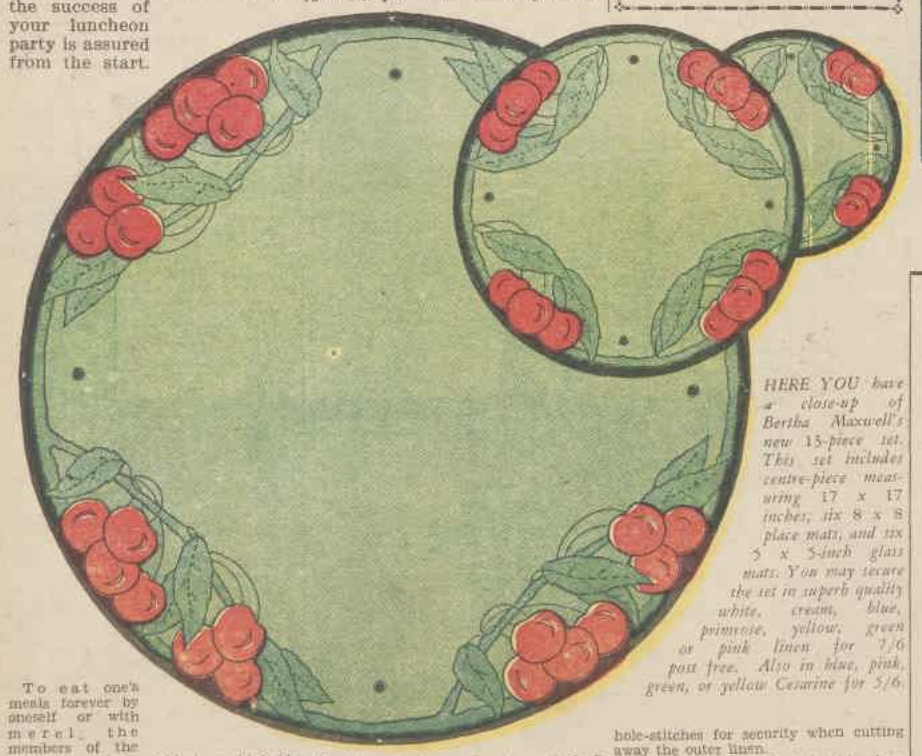
FROM a Reader: "When I first read Bertha Maxwell's advice to sew for half an hour a day and notice the startling results, I thought that I never had a half-hour to spare. Then I found that I had, and decided to use it for long-neglected needlework.

"In two months I have made two linen frocks from The Australian Women's Weekly free patterns, a pair of silk knickers made by hand, a warm dressing-jacket for the coming winter, a cross-stitched overall, and done some mending to a favorite bed-spread.

"I am more than surprised at this result, and so pleased that I intend to keep up the habit, even if the half-hours are hard to secure sometimes. I wish I had known of it long ago."



SKETCH SHOWING how portion of this colorful cherry set would look on a luncheon-table set for four. You may purchase the complete set, or in any quantity needed. Imagine how the scarlet richness of the print with its accompaniment of green leaves would brighten up a table on dull, wintry days.



HERE YOU have a close-up of Bertha Maxwell's new 13-piece set. This set includes centre-piece measuring 17 x 17 inches; six 8 x 8 place mats, and six 5 x 5-inch glass mats. You may secure the set in superb quality white, cream, blue, primrose, yellow, green or pink linen for 7/6 post free. Also in blue, pink, green, or yellow Cesarine for 5/6.

Simple Stitchery

THE whole of this design is of the simplest nature, without any cut-work. It will be best expressed in buttonholing, or a mixture of buttonholing and satin-cording, the latter being merely narrow satin-stitching worked over one or two threads laid closely along a line. The cherries should be buttonholed, as they lie against the outer rim of the mats, and so form part of the edge. The crescent-shaped lights on the fruits can be softly satin-stitched.

The long stem-piece which lies round the rims should also be buttonholed at the outer edge; the inner edge can be treated in the same manner to give the slightly roughened appearance of cherry branches. The remaining stems should match this stitching. The long stalks of the cherries can be outlined or satined.

Leaves can be buttonholed or satin-stitched, but where a point comes down into the outer edge, just turn the satin-stitching into a few necessary button-hole-stitches for security when cutting away the outer linen.

If you decide to work in bright colors, let them be good, sharp shades, for there is nothing weak or tired about a twig of cherries and leaves.

Of course, there are those lovely, pale cherries with rosy cheeks, but unless you have some special reason you will not choose their shades. We always think of ripe cherries as being as red as possible, and there are all kinds of reds, from a bright, high scarlet down to nearly black, so choose which you prefer. Stranded cotton F.469 is a lovely cherry shade.

The leaves are a medium green, but any good green may be used. The bark of the twigs and branches is brown, grey, or a mixture of the two, but you may use a soft brown or the same green as the leaves.

White if You Wish

ALL-WHITE work is quite lovely in this design, or colored work on white linen. Probably the cream linen yields the best all-round results; a yellow linen is also excellent, and pale green is very sweet and soft.

The cherries may be darned or filled-in solidly, or made in little appliques; for the latter, one piece of applique may be used for a whole group of cherries by working each cherry into the one piece, using the outline stitching for emphasising each fruit.

Use good cotton of a standard make, and not too fine thread.

Made in Australia

"I'M STRONG with the ladies *because I don't harm their hands!*"

Women really enjoy cleaning baths with Bon Ami . . . it's so gritless . . . so easy on the skin! No matter how often you use Bon Ami it doesn't roughen or redden your hands or harm your finger-nails. And Bon Ami makes baths, basins and tiling *glisten* like nothing else can. Does it so quickly and easily, too—and with such very little effort!

BON AMI

. . . is pure white and odourless

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

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Warns Against "alkaline" Shampoo

Miss PATRICIA MINCHIN

Lovely Patricia Minchin—possesses all the talents of the arts combined with unusual intelligence and charm of personality. Well-known to both radio and motion-picture audiences. Her dark, vibrant hair, truly a most captivating type of beauty.

IF you wish your hair to show at its very best—to bring out all the hidden beauty of wavy highlights—you can't be too cautious in washing it!

Soaps and shampoos laden with free "alkali" ruin nice hair with their drying, chemical action. Especially with such things—there is often risk of the solid matter not dissolving properly, and so burning the hair—and "flattening" out the wave.

That's why thousands of society women—who value beautiful hair — use only Colinated Cocoanut Oil. This pure, positively neutral, non-"alkaline," greaseless, "beauty-salon" shampoo cannot possibly injure nor change colour of hair.

A couple teaspoonful cleanses of every sign of dirt, dandruff, or excess oiliness—from roots to tips—completely. Its lather rinses out easily. Your hair dries quickly and evenly—coming out thick, silky, brilliant, glossy, wavy—and far easier to dress and "set."

Demand "Colinated" at your chemist—(keeps life is permanently-waved hair) — a small bottle lasts months.

TRY THIS TEST for POSITIVE PROOF

Pull a hair from head and soak for a few hours in soapy water of ordinary shampoo liquids full strength — (Fig. A).

You won't need microscope to see how limp, weakened, almost lifeless — (Fig. B) — prolonged use of an "alkaline" shampoo makes hair.

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL "Natural Wave" SHAMPOO

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"You have every right to be, Mrs. Evans. Compared with the way they were the last time I called to see you—it's a treat to see them now.

Don't thank *me*—I'm delighted you took my advice about 'California Syrup of Figs.' I could tell from what you said that there must be toxin in their systems. When children are cross and peevish and lose interest in their food and games, you can be practically sure it's an accumulation of poisonous matter upsetting their insides. Once you cleanse the system in a safe, natural way, children go ahead like wildfire.

But do be sure always to give them 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig.' It's a natural fruit laxative which safely cleanses and purifies the bloodstream and creates a fine healthy appetite.

If I were you, I'd make a point of giving them a dose once a week. You see, there's nothing harmful about it—and you must be so careful with growing children. It always annoys me to see Mothers giving their children cheap, concentrated purgatives.

Do keep on with the weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' Mrs. Evans. It's a fine laxative for young and old. As a matter of fact I use it myself and advise you to adopt it for the whole family."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

A Few Suggestions for the Toddler's Menu

By MARY TRUBY KING

Mothers are often at a loss to know how to vary the daily menu for the toddler. The following menus and recipes are a suitable guide for tiny tots from one to three years in their introduction to more substantial food.

AFTER baby's first birthday his midday meal becomes more varied and interesting. He may be given a hard-baked crust with a little butter on it for a start. Then follows his vegetable soup, just a tablespoonful the first day with an extra tablespoonful each day till he takes from four to six tablespoonfuls. The third course may now be semolina or sago milk pudding, in place of the cereal jelly to which he has been accustomed. Introduce this gradually. Finally he tops off with a drink of milk-mixture and a quarter of a ripe, peeled apple, raw.

When baby becomes accustomed to the vegetable soup, a little baked apple (just a teaspoonful to begin with) may be given along with the milk pudding. Never introduce more than one new food at a time.

While making innovations in the dinner menu, keep to the same breakfast and evening-meal menus to which baby has become accustomed in the latter part of his first year.

Recipe for the Vegetable Broth

TWO tablespoons of pearl barley or rice, 1 potato, 1 carrot, 4 leaves of spinach (or any vegetable in season—NOT onions until the child is 18 months) and salt to taste. Cover with water and simmer gently for about two hours. Then mash through a sieve. This makes about three ounces of broth. Serve warm.

To introduce variety, use broth and milk in equal parts. All milk given must be boiled.

After the child is a year old, almost any vegetable save onions and raw cucumber may be given. Spinach and lettuce are excellent. Vegetables contain very necessary mineral salts, such a phosphorus, iron, and lime. They are also rich in vitamins. As the most valuable part of the vegetable lies just under the skin, it is best, when possible, to steam them in their jackets or skins, after washing them well under running water. Never throw away the water vegetables are cooked in, but use it for making sauces and gravies. If you don't wish to make either at the moment, just drink it as it is.

Breakfast and Tea

BABY may now experiment with the taste of potatoes. The best method is to cook the potato in its skin in the oven. Give one tablespoon of potato, pressed through the sieve, and add to it a little butter.

At 12½ months baby may have half a teaspoonful of the yolk of a coddled egg, once or twice weekly, at the midday meal. Increase this amount gradually to half a yolk, thrice weekly.

Crusts, one-day-old bread, oven-dried bread or crisp toast with a little butter should form the main article of diet for breakfast and tea. Butter the toast when it is cold. This may be followed with a little well-cooked milk pudding, chicken broth or mutton broth. If baked apple is not given at the midday meal it may be given for tea; or a teaspoonful of stewed prunes. Increase the stewed fruit allowance to one to two tablespoonfuls. A little thin "top milk" may be given with this.

Raw fruit juice or raw vegetable juice is necessary daily, in addition to the cooked fruit. Orange juice is best. As soon as baby has four or more teeth, a piece of raw ripe apple may be given, under careful supervision.

When baby is 15 months, he may have a little fish, steamed or boiled, for his midday meal; or a little steamed and minced chicken. He will love a chicken bone to chew! Limit his amount of both fish and chicken to a dessertspoonful up to two years of age.

Limiting Meals

AT this age (15 months) three meals a day are ample, with a milk drink in the early morning and drinks of water throughout the day.

Baby should have one pint of milk a day, to which is added 5 ounces of water. Boil the milk and water and cool rapidly. Keep in a cool, airy safe, well protected from flies. Stir the milk-mixture before pouring out the quantity for each meal, as the fat rises to the top. Baby needs about a quart of fluid in the 24 hours, inclusive of the milk mixture. More may be needed on very hot days. Thirst is, of course, a clear indication for increasing the amount of water. Never give a baby even a sip of tea or coffee.

From 18 months to two years the necessary foods remain much the same, but increase the amount of hard, dry foods, such as oven-dried wholemeal bread, oatcake, etc.

After a child is two years old he may be allowed to have his milk-mixture cold (not iced).

He may also now have a little light meat, once or twice a week. Here is a sample menu for a child of from 2 to 5 years:—

Breakfast: Wholemeal bread and butter. Drink of milk and water. Piece of raw, ripe apple.

Dinner: Small helping of roast lamb, meat gravy, two vegetables, a little boiled potato, a small helping of some simple pudding, or stewed fruit and milk, and a piece of raw, ripe apple. Or

Alternative Dinner: Poached egg on spinach, bread and butter, stewed or raw fruit.

Tea: Toast and butter. Honey. Baked apple. Drink of milk and water. Or

Alternative Tea: Raw salad. Wholemeal bread and butter. Junket and fruit.

THIS LITTLE TODDLER shows how it responds to correct feeding, as advised in our article.

Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinge. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you.

The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating attacks to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

PRIZE BABIES

Mother tells how

Mrs. M. E. White writes :—

"Having found your Infants' Powders so good for my little girl, especially during teething, I did not hesitate to give them to the two boys when they arrived, and I have not had one bad night with any of the children.

We were often told what fine babies we had, and the little girl took a prize at a baby show at the age of 23 months."

Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders ensure painless and trouble-free teething. Regular and normal bowel motions are induced and good digestion is assured. They are safe and reliable and have proved their worth to thousands of babies. Always ask for

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/0 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

How to Relieve Head Noises

GOOD ADVICE FOR THOSE WHO FEAR DEAFNESS.

People who are growing hard of hearing and who experience a stuffy feeling of pressure against their eardrums, accompanied by buzzing, rumbling sounds in the head like water falling, or steam escaping, should take prompt and effective measures to stop this trouble. Head noises are almost invariably the forerunners of complete and partial deafness, and most deaf people suffer from them constantly. Sometimes these head noises become so distracting and nerve-racking, with their never-ceasing "hum," they drive the sufferer almost frantic, and complete nervous breakdown may result.

Thanks to a remarkable medicine, it is now possible to lessen the severity of these head noises, and often completely overcome them, and with the disappearing of the head noises the hearing also greatly improves, and very frequently can be restored to normal. It can be easily prepared at home, and we believe it is a most effective treatment for this trouble. From your chemist secure a 1 oz. bottle of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it ½ pint of hot water and 1 lb. of granulated crystal sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce, by tonic action, the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are usually quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form should give this preparation a trial.***

Copyright.

Makes You Forget You Have

FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be annoyed or feel ill at ease. FASTEETH-VASOLYN, a new improved powder, sprinkled on your plates will hold them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Gums and mouth will not get sore. Avoid embarrassment. Get FASTEETH-VASOLYN from any good chemist.***

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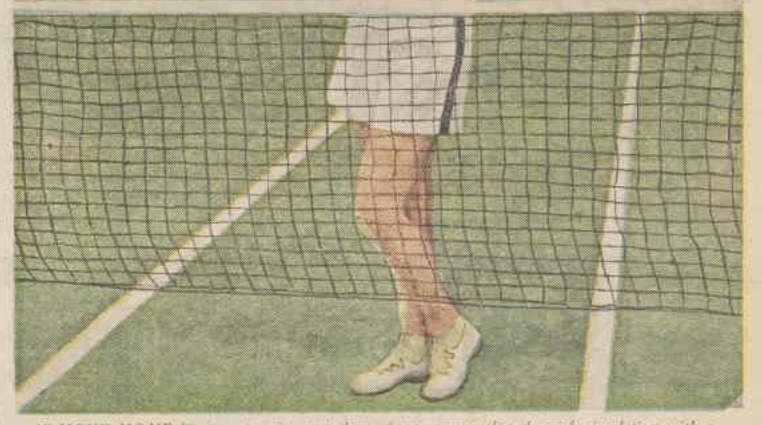
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN

ARE YOU *Ready for the Day* Before YOU?

SIMPLE beauty and health routine for every morning of the week, so that you may go forth to your daily round, bright and fit.

WHEN you wake up in the morning, do you feel fresh, bright, and energetic—ready for the day before you—or do you feel sleepily dull and a wee bit on the "cranky" side? Now here is a helpful routine for you who feel dull and irritable on arising, and disinclined for the day's work. Just try it for a week and note results!



IF YOUR HOME boasts a tennis court, how about rousing that sluggish circulation with a set of tennis first thing on rising? Try it, and note results!

BEFORE retiring for the night, put the alarm clock on some three-quarters of an hour earlier than usual, to ensure that you have plenty of time for your morning's dressing and preparations.

And so that you will not lazily switch it off with one hand and go back to sleep in the morning, put the clock so far from the bed that you must spring up quickly to turn it off.

With that first spring, leap into the new day and start on your new reformed ways.

Take a long, slow drink of pure, unsugared orange juice, and about two or three times a week fruit salts, mineral salts, or seidlitz powders. Now do exercises and deep breathing before your window, pushed right to its limit to let in the fresh morning air.

Five Minutes' Exercise

STAND with hands on hips, back straight, mouth shut, and breathe deep and strong. Do simple exercises in this avenue of fresh air. Touch your toes, lie flat on the floor and raise yourself slowly to touch your toes, and swing your arms slowly from side to side. Five or ten minutes of any such good, tried, simple exercise will suffice.

For your bath, run the shower warm to cleanse you, but not too hot. To stimulate the skin, scrub with a brush or coarse flannel, then let the hot water run cold before you get out, so that it is stingingly, breath-takingly cold on your body—fresh and stimulating like ice to the face. An old doctor said that dipping a small rough towel in salt water, drying it, and using it for a rub-down is a splendid stimulant.

Lightly powder over the whole body with light-perfumed talcum.

When you've stepped from your bath the first big step on your morning campaign will have been taken.

The Next Step

YOUR complexion and eyes require detailed attention. Wash your face with pure, plain soap that reacts gently to your face. It should leave the skin refreshed and invigorated and clean. It should not make it sting or feel taut or over-dry. If you have hard water in your district, boil the water in which you wash your face.

Often women complain that their eyes feel "stuck together" in the morning. Bathe them in boracic acid solution—one teaspoonful of boracic to a pint of water. Use an eyebath and blink your eyes up and down and sideways. If your eyes feel particularly dull, mix together two-parts of witch-hazel and one-part of rosewater. Dip pads of cotton wool into this and place over the closed lids. Lie flat on the bed, and leave on for five minutes. When that time has elapsed remove pads and you will be surprised how refreshed the eyes will feel.

When you have leisurely and carefully dressed, take a stroll through the garden for ten minutes or so. There is nothing so refreshing to the mind as a stretch of country—or a suburban garden for a substitute.

Have a light but nourishing breakfast. Have tea (not coffee), toast, butter, and marmalade, a cereal or a lightly-boiled egg. Fresh fruit, of course, is excellent.

After your breakfast clean your teeth vigorously with some fresh-tasting, as well as antiseptic, toothpaste. This is a wonderful freshener.

Make-up With Care

NOW make-up your face carefully and thoughtfully— and brightly. See that your lipstick is accurately applied, and use a bright one, if you haven't been doing so. Try parting your hair in the centre, or on another side, or arrange your hair with a fringe, or with intriguing curls—anything so long as it is different but becoming. See that it is well-groomed, however, for if you have untidy strands of hair about your face, who can blame you for feeling drab, miserable, and dull?

Follow this simple plan, and in a few short weeks you will find yourself happily ready for the day before you.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: My husband has suffered recently from boils, and, although the remedies I use give him relief, and ultimately effect a cure, the trouble continues, a fresh boil breaking out perhaps a week or so after the last one is cured. I am beginning to get alarmed because at present he has one on his neck and another is forming on his arm. What is the cause of this?

* * *

SOME people are for ever tormented with boils and their first cousins, carbuncles. Such persons seem almost to have a special susceptibility to these irritating and painful infections which come on every now and then in what is often referred to as "crops" of boils.

One should bear in mind, however, there is no hereditary predisposition to boils and carbuncles. They occur because the system is run down or toxic, and because a hair follicle or a so-called "sebaceous gland" in the skin has become infected usually with the germ "Staphylococcus Pyogenes Aureus."

The best way to prevent boils is to keep the body in the pink of health. Secondly, the skin must be kept as clean as possible, especially in the area where boils are most likely to appear.

In men, the back of the neck is a favorite place for the sprouting of boils. This is due to the fact that the rubbing of the collar lowers the vitality of the skin and gives the germs a chance to gain a foothold and multiply. The armpits and the inside of the joint surfaces are also likely breeding places for boils.

* * *

BOILS may occur from diseased organs remote from the place where the boil appears. This is often the case when one crop of boils after another appears.

In these instances, it is always well to investigate the teeth, gums and mouth cavity in general, also the nose and the ears, for possible sources of infection.

Children, of course, are often subject to boils and from the same causes as those which affect adults. However, children often keep on infecting themselves by picking or scratching a boil and carrying infected material by way of the fingers to other parts of the skin.

Exactly what is best to do in case of boils and carbuncles is somewhat of a moot question. To be sure, the general health should be improved as much as possible. In severe instances, this may mean a vacation and a change of climate. Exercise, out-of-door recreation, proper food intake and proper elimination, possibly a tonic—any or all of these general remedies are desirable.

But what to do? Some hold that the boil should be opened when it first appears as a slight swelling of the skin with a white speck in the centre. Others claim it is best to let them get "ripe"—that is, fully developed—and then either open them or let them open by themselves.

Gauze, dipped in a boric acid solution and kept wet by placing a piece of oiled silk over it, gives some relief. The gauze, however, must be kept moist.

A carbuncle is really a combination of several boils with several openings in it. Its causes and treatments are practically the same as for a boil except that in general, the carbuncle is more severe and may even be dangerous to life.

"Tell me, doctor . . . Surely there is some antiseptic which is really effective and at the same time pleasant and bland? No woman likes using a poisonous chemical fluid, however carefully diluted."

For personal hygiene, for fastidious personal cleanliness, always use "Dettol." It is the gentle antiseptic — clean, clear, pleasant to use—and deadly to every germ. Non-poisonous and non-corrosive—yet highly effective.

Disinfecting, and deodorising — so completely and discreetly that it leaves no stain on the daintiest linen. USE "DETTOL" REGULARLY FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE. Your Chemist has it in 2/- bottles.

"DETTOL"

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

IF UNOBTAINABLE LOCALLY, SEND 2/- DIRECT AND A BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO YOU, POST FREE

RECKITTS (OVER SEA) LIMITED (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY

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HERE ARE SOME NEW and rather picturesque ideas in garden furniture, which will, no doubt, inspire home and garden lovers. The detachable cushions, which look so inviting here, could be made more weather-resisting if covered with a waterproof canvas in gay stripes.

—Photo by courtesy Warner Bros.

Plan For Color Harmony in Your Garden

Don't Plant Your Seedlings Haphazardly —Says the Old Gardener

The Old Gardener here gives a general discussion on setting out young plants, which, on his previous advice, you have already grown from seed, so that you may have glory with refinement for late winter and early spring displays.

Just a little care and thought in planting out each bed, be it remembered, make all the difference between disordered, uninteresting profusion and a beautiful, pleasing, well-cared-for-looking garden.

FOR many weeks we have had a busy time in the nursery planting various seeds so that our gardens will be gay during late winter and early spring. So now we shall turn our attention to the transplanting of our young plants into their permanent positions.

The planting of the garden beds and borders for an early display is now one of the most important tasks, as we are always anxious to make the home surroundings gay and attractive after the long, dreary months of winter, and the success of this task during the autumn planting lies in the manner and craftsmanship with which the work is done.

In planting, keep the garden as natural as possible, and study the color schemes, so that when flowering time arrives each bed and border will harmonise one with the other.

Do not have the colors clashing, but have them so blended as to give an attractive and refined effect. Colors should be kept strictly separate, although, of course, there are occasions when mixed color schemes can be carried out with huge success—blue and gold, pink and blue, and so on.

Mass Displays

IN making a spring display, try to make big splashes of one color and variety. Mass production in a garden always attracts.

One of the main features of success in plant-designing is to place the plant in a position which suits it, both in appearance and growth. Stocks, for instance, must have a well-drained position with plenty of morning sun. Pansies always look well in various-shaped beds on the lawn—the beds raised a couple of inches above the lawn.

Iceland poppies should be planted to face the north or north-east, where they receive the morning sun. Plant them in long, narrow beds or borders. In this way they can be easily picked without having to step on the bed. Borders, especially, are convenient, and narrow beds can be worked from each side.

Ranunculi and anemones always do much better when grown together, and choose long, narrow borders for their growing. Violas, blue and yellow, planted alternately, as border plants, are certainly very attractive. Cinerarias always do better if planted in positions to face the south. They are then, as a rule, protected from the sun if grown so that the house, trees, shrubs, etc., throw their shade over them during the hottest part of the day. Of course, if the climate is severe, with heavy frosts, a position facing away from the south (as frost always comes from a southerly direction) must be selected.

Antirrhinums thrive best in a well-drained position which catches the morning sun, and they are excellent plants to grow when water is scarce. Stocks and snapdragons require similar climatic conditions, with very little water.

Delphiniums, every variety, should have plenty of sun and a well-drained position. Too much water brings mildew and various fungus diseases.

Sun-lovers

LUPINS must be planted well out in the open, as they are real sun-lovers. Nemesia are also sun-lovers and will give a splendid array of colors over a long period if planted under suitable conditions. They thrive best in light, sandy soil, so, if the soil is heavy, see that it is broken down to the right condition.

Candytuft requires plenty of sun and a position well out in the open. All soils, from heavy to light, suit this remarkable flower. They are hardy, easily grown, and give a profusion of blooms.

Foxgloves revel in shady conditions and make a wonderful display when massed. Cornflowers thrive best in an open position, and the bed must be well open and well drained. Canterbury bells love a rich soil and must be grown quickly.

So, before making your general planting for your spring display, look over your garden well, and carefully select the position for the various plants.

Value of Humus Matter

SEE that all beds are well-prepared, dug thoroughly, adding, if possible, plenty of well-decayed manure. If this is not available, use any other well-decayed material, such as waste vegetable matter, refuse from the compost heap, old straw, etc.—anything that will add humus to the soil.

The more humus in the soil, the better, for it builds up fertility, keeps the soil dark, and so attracts the sun less. It breaks down heavy soil, and keeps it warmer during the winter.

Sandy soil is built up and given a greater water-holding capacity.

Give plants liquid manure, also, during the growing period.

Sweet-Pea Hint

Do not throw away small and shrivelled-looking sweet-pea seed. Seeds of some varieties (and especially darker shades) are small and shrivelled. Moreover, it is a mistake to discard the more frail sweet-pea seedlings. Some shades are weaker in the early stage, but develop later.

Sickly Kids Get Fat and Strong

Keeps them at School

Poor, pale, skinny little folks that wring mother's heart . . . It's so easy to build them up and make them strong if you will only give them Cod Liver Oil—but in the same way as sweets! Doctors say Cod Liver Oil is the best thing ever known in cases of rickets, bandy-legs, bony chests. And it fills out "match-stick" bodies amazingly. But mother just can't bear to sicken her little ones with the horrible, fishy liquid that upsets delicate stomachs—**and that is why they generally stay thin and sickly!**

Then ask any good chemist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Compound Tablets and give your child all the wonderfully rich, health-building benefits of cod liver oil—triple concentrated—in sugar-coated tablets that are as nice to take as lollies. McCoy's Tablets are guaranteed to put on 5 pounds in 30 days, and you feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health —or their price is refunded.

A box of these (triple active) Cod Liver tablets has made thousands of Australian mothers happy after they'd almost given up hope. Read this cheerful letter:

"After trying so many remedies, which have cost us pounds, McCoy's Tablets have worked wonders for my little girl, who was so frail and thin up to 4 years of age we had to wheel her about in her pram. After a few Tablets her appetite improved, and after the third box she looked a different child. She picked up so quickly. To-day she is a picture of health and happiness. She is 5 years 4 months and walks 3 miles to and from school and has not missed a day."—Mrs. E. M. Shinn, Tregear St.

Insist on original and genuine McCoy's Tablets—(to-day).*** Copyright.

NEW SWEET PEAS

Enormous flowers—mostly "fours and fives" on long stems. Exquisite colors—beautifully frilled. Bridesmaid, large deep-keeled; delicate shade of deep silvery pink; excellent color under artificial light. **Early Dawn,** glorious deep salmon-pink, on a light cream ground. **Early Chime,** fascinating shade of light salmon-pink of a new and distinct shade on a cream ground. **Early Triumph,** distinct lovely shade of soft lilac-mauve. **Mother Machree,** soft colors of coral and golden-rose, beautifully blended. **Sequoia,** rich gold-cerise, with a tinge of russet, wings; broad pale-rose keel, bringing out to better advantage the arborescent beauty of each flower. **Shirley Temple,** an exceptionally dainty variety; rose-pink of a soft and beautiful tone carried on long stems.

PRICE 1/6d. per packet. Special Offer, the 7 packets for 8/-, post free.

ANDERSON & CO. LTD.,
Seed and Plant Merchants
399/401 George St. and 109 Pitt St., Sydney
G.P.O. Box 1868EE Phones: BW1621—B5858

CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY PAL CONNIE

My Dear Pals

Not so long ago I saw an interesting account of a strange people written by a Chinese traveller.

He said that these peculiar natives: "Eat enormous quantities of half-burnt bullocks and sheep; they have to wash themselves very often, which shows that they must get filthy very easily; they live for months without eating a single mouthful of rice. The men dress very much alike and look so odd, because they never carry a fan, and very seldom an umbrella, and even then they only put it up when rain is falling. None of them have long finger nails; they eat their food with prongs. They never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly at the graves of their ancestors, but they jump and run about kicking big balls; and they have no dignity, for the men quite often may be seen walking about with ladies."

Now, Pals, whom do you suppose these curious natives could be? He was describing the people of Australia! But that is the way that others see us.

Prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to MERLE McKELVIE SNARE, Ashton Vale, Boat Harbor, N.W. Coast, Tasmania.

Good-bye for one short week.

Cheerio.

From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

Just Chatter

JUNE LENNOX, of Baan Baa, does nice painting; NELLIE CLARKE, of Dubbo (N.S.W.), is fond of riddles; DONALD LYNAM, of Auburn (N.S.W.), likes swimming and playing cricket and tennis; JACK ADAMS, of Rockhampton (Qld.), celebrated his fourteenth birthday recently.

CATHERINE McGAHAN, of Northwood, via Seymour (Vic.), writes clever stories; GRACE HARVEY, of Moore, B.V. Line (Qld.), would like to correspond with a girl Pal about 15 or 16 years of age; LES WHITE, of West End, Brisbane (Qld.), has a big dog called "Bonnie."

JEAN ASHTON, of Junction Reefs, via Mandurama, enjoys learning about bookkeeping; HOPE CAVANOUGH, of Toowoomba (Qld.), is welcomed as a new Pal; MYRTLE COLLYER, of Innisfail (Nth. Qld.), writes a delightful letter.

INTRODUCING PAMELA NICHOLS, of Bellevue Hill.

JUNE McLEAN, of Toowoomba (Qld.), is fond of writing stories; MAVIS DILLERN, of South Lismore, likes playing tennis and doing fancy work; JOAN BARNARD, of Peakhurst (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal.

PAT BONIWELL, of Red Hill, Canberra (F.C.T.), always reads about Mandrake; GLADYS MATTHEWS, of North Lismore (N.S.W.), attends the Lismore Rural School; DULCIE STOKES, of Kiama (N.S.W.), is fourteen years of age, and is one of our new Pals.

MARJORIE FRASER, of Prospect, Adelaide (S.A.), does clever sketches; AUDREY CARLETON, of Hampshire, via Burnie (Tas.), writes a delightful letter; CHARLES WILLIAM, of Tamworth (N.S.W.), is fond of swimming.

A Delightful Ramble

By MURIEL MATHIESEN

ONE day, such a lovely golden day of sunshine, my sister and I went to a place called "The Fishery." Here, years ago, dugongs were treated to obtain oil from them. We walked over rocks and saw some pretty little pools, very clear and transparent. In the distance we could see Fraser, Woody, Mangrove, and Picnic Islands, as well as River Heads, and they looked a pretty shade of blue. When we reached our destination we were quite ready for the soft drinks, cakes and sandwiches which we had provided for ourselves. About four o'clock we went through the bush homewards. The wild flowers were a picture and as we walked along it seemed as if we were going through a garden path with blossoms of white and yellow, mixed with many pretty ferns. There were some storm clouds in the west, though the horizon was painted pink and gold; we thought it wisest to hurry home. We arrived home in the gathering dusk, bringing with us the memories of a very pleasant walk.

Prize of 5/- to MURIEL MATHIESEN, Glen Oak, Nikenbah, via Maryborough, Qld.

My Wish

By ANNE HARRIS

OH, how I wish I were a bird!
With swift and graceful wing,
I'd fly to lands so far away,
And joyously I'd sing.

I'd tell of ferns and dancing flowers,
A pretty mate I'd find;
We'd build a nest high in a tree,
Swayed by the gentle wind.

I fear my wish will ne'er come true—
That I should be a bird;
For one with plaits, and ribbons so,
Would look somewhat absurd!

Prize of 5/- to ANNE HARRIS (15), 20 Chelmsford Ave., Lindfield, N.S.W., for this original verse.

Recipe For Happiness

By JOHN FINCH.

A LITTLE blue to make a sky,
A little silver for a stream,
A score of sunbeams dancing by,
A golden hour in which to dream.

A little green to cloak a tree,
A field of flowers gaily strewn—
The distant buzzing of a bee
Make sweet my summer afternoon.

Two Prize Cards to JOHN FINCH, Beulah St., Gunnedah.

CLEVER PAL

MAVIS CARTHEW, Rendelsham, S.A., has received 12 (twelve) Prize Cards in our Children's Section. This entitles her to a 10/- prize.

FOR FUN & FANCY

ANGLER: You've been watching me for three hours. Why don't you try fishing yourself?

Onlooker: What—me? Not likely. I haven't got the patience.

Prize Card to JACK WRIGHT, 111 Railway Rd., St. Peters, N.S.W.

Mrs. Green: I never walk under a ladder. I think it most unlucky.

Mrs. Moregreen: Well, I call that silly. I just place the tips of the little fingers together, bend the other three into the palm, cross the thumbs, and say "Magnum bonum," and walk right under any ladder. If you do that you're perfectly safe. I cannot stand any silly superstitions myself.

Prize Card to JEAN JOLLY, Wellington West, via Tailem Bend, S.A.

Bobby was sent by his father on an errand to an elderly relative, who placed great stress upon good manners. On his return, his father questioned him upon his reception.

"It isn't any good writing him any more letters, pa. He can't see to read them. He's blind."

"Blind?"

"Yes; he asked me where my hat was and it was on my head all the time."

Prize Card to EDNA RALPH, 16 Dent St., Merewether, N.S.W.

PRIZE OF 5/- TO MILDRED MACKAY, Flat D2, 53 McElhone St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black-and-white.

The visitor from the great open spaces was discussing the world's railways with his English friend.

"You may think your railways are the safest in the world, but where I come from it is quite impossible to have a collision on the line," he said proudly.

"But I don't see how you make that out," said the Englishman in amazement.

"We have only one train," said the visitor.

Prize Card to MAVIS SPRATT, 7 Meeres St., Mudgee.

"Now," panted the rescuer, as he dragged the small boy out of the river, "did you come to fall in?"

"I didn't come to fall in," replied the boy. "I came to fish."

Prize Card to JOHN NORRIS, 31 Athol St., Wagga, N.S.W.

Giants in Tiny Town

THIS is a game which never fails to cause a lot of fun. Run a piece of tape along the floor and pin it to the carpet. Now get a loan of some opera glasses. Each competitor, while looking through the pair of opera glasses turned round the wrong way, must walk directly on the tape from one end to the other. It is strange how the players will lift their legs in a very curious manner and cause quite a lot of fun.

Prize Card to EDIE TREMAINE, Kapunda, S.A.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

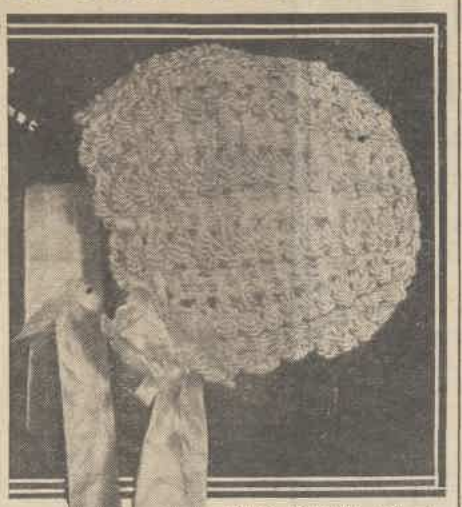
CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

DECORATIVE *Bonnet* and MATCHING *Bootees* in CROCHET

Easily Made, Quickly Made Gift for Baby

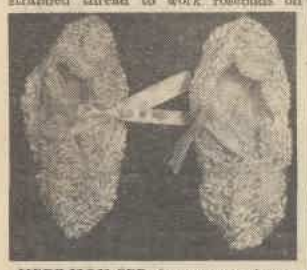
IF you've been searching for a perfect little gift for a new babe, here's a most satisfying answer to your problem—an adorable bonnet in crochet. Directions, you will find, are easy to follow. This bonnet is designed for the 1 to 6-months-old babe.

Directions for bootees to match may be had on sending in to our Needlework Department addressed envelope and 3d in stamps.



BABY LOVERS will at once set to work to crochet this adorable bonnet designed especially for the 1 to 6-months-old infant. Owing to pressure of space we cannot print the rather lengthy directions for the little shoes, but these will be mailed to you direct on receipt of an addressed envelope and 3d. in stamps.

MATERIALS needed to make this lovely bonnet: 2½ balls fibrone silk No. 24, steel crochet hook size 4½, 2 yards ribbon ¼ inch wide to run through front of bonnet and rosettes, 1 yard ribbon 1 inch wide for strings, little pale blue, pink, and green stranded thread to work rosebuds on sides of bonnet (bonnet can be lined if wished with georgette or jap silk).



HERE YOU SEE the sweetest of wee shoes matching perfectly the bonnet photographed above.

Commence with 8 ch., join in a ring, 5 ch. for foundation of 1st bullion-stitch (the 1st bullion-stitch is made by winding the silk round the needle evenly and a little loose, 16 times). Place the needle in the ring, then the silk over needle, and draw this through 1st wind; silk over needle again, and draw through the rest of winds on needle. Silk over needle again, draw through last thread on needle. This completes 1st bullion. Now do 23 more bullions, joining the last to the 5th chain first started.

2nd Round: 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd from needle, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into same place, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in same place (so 3 little loops are formed like a shamrock), * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in between next bullion, 3 ch., 1 tr. between next bullion, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in top of tr., 3 ch., 1 d.c. twice more in top of tr., having 3 loops, * and having 12 shamrocks.

3rd Round: Slip-stitch to centre loop of shamrock. * Work 3 ch., 1 tr. into d.c. between shamrock, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre of shamrock, * and repeat.

4th Round: Now work a row of shells in bullion, consisting of 6 bullions (made as before) into tr. of last row. * 1 d.c. into d.c. made in top of shamrock, 6 bullions into next tr., * and repeat, having 12 lots of bullion clusters.

5th Round.—7 ch., * 1 d.c. between 2nd and 3rd bullion, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 4th and 5th bullion, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 4th and 5th bullion, 3 ch., 1 tr. between next bullion, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in top of tr., 3 ch., 1 d.c. twice more in top of tr., having 3 loops, * and having 12 shamrocks.

6th Round: 2 ch. for 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in base of 2 ch., * 6 bullion-stitch in loop of 3 ch. on top of last row. 2 d.c. into l.tr., * and repeat. Keep shells on top of each row and keep work so that all bullions will be on right side.

7th Round: 5 ch. for 1st l.tr., 1 l.tr. in next d.c., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 2nd and 3rd bullion, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 4th and 5th bullion, 3 ch., 2 l.tr. on 2 d.c., 3 chain * (repeat).

8th Round: 3 d.c. on top of 3 l.tr. (make extra d.c.), * 6 bullion-stitch in 3 ch. loop, 3 d.c. on top of 2 l.tr., * (repeat).

9th Round: 3 l.tr. on 3 d.c., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 2nd and 3rd bullion, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 4th and 5th bullion, 3 ch., 3 l.tr. on 3 d.c., * (repeat).

10th Round: 4 d.c. on 3 l.tr., make extra d.c., * 6 bullion-stitch in 3 ch. loop, 4 d.c. on 3 l.tr., * (repeat).

Continue these last 2 rows till you have 6 d.c. between each shell of bullion. This finishes the crown of bonnet.

Now you still continue with the 6 d.c and work the front of bonnet.

1st Row: 6 l.tr., 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 2nd and 3rd bullion, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 4th and 5th bullion, 3 ch., 6 l.tr., leaving 2 bullion clusters and one lot of 6 d.c unworked. You will have 11 lots of 6 l.trs., leaving the other unworked, that is, back of neck of bonnet.

2nd Row: Turn 2 ch. for 1st d.c., * 5 more d.c., 1 bullion cluster on 3 ch., loop, * and repeat. Having 10 lots of clusters and 11 lots of 6 lots of d.c's. Continue these last 2 rows 5 times more.

Next Row: 6 d.c. on 6 l.tr., 1 bullion cluster, * miss 1 l.tr., 4 d.c. on next 4 l.tr., miss last l.tr., 1 bullion cluster, * and repeat, ending with 6 d.c. on 6 l.tr.

Next Row: 6 l.tr. on 6 d.c., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 2nd and 3rd bullion, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 4th and 5th bullion, 3 ch., 4 l.tr. on 4 d.c., * and repeat, ending with 6 l.tr. on 6 d.c.

Next Row: 6 d.c. on 6 l.tr., 1 bullion cluster in 3 ch. loop. * Miss 1 l.tr., 2 d.c. in next 2 l.tr., miss next l.tr., 1 bullion cluster in next 3 ch. loop, * and repeat, ending with 6 d.c. on 6 l.tr.

Next Row: 6 l.tr. on 6 d.c., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 2nd and 3rd bullion, 3 chain, 1 d.c. between 4th and 5th bullion, 3 ch., 2 l.tr. on 2 d.c., * and repeat, ending with 6 l.tr. on 6 d.c.—which completes the bonnet.

Now work 6 d.c. on 6 l.tr., * 1 bullion cluster in loop of 3 ch., 1 d.c. between 2 l.tr. of last row, * and repeat. This row draws the bonnet in a little to fit round baby's face.

Run narrow ribbon through last 2 rows of long treble, having shell on top of ribbon. Make rosettes and sew on strings. Work little rosebuds on each side, and line if you wish.

Suitable for Stencil or Applique

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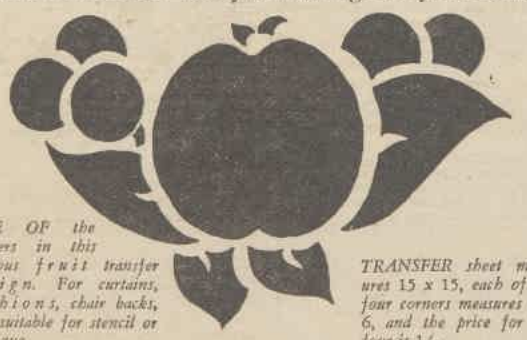

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FASHION SWINGS the SPOTLIGHT ON TO CABLE-STITCH

● Not alone will men's knitwear feature cable-stitch this season. Here you have the very latest jumper carrying this delightful stitch in panel form for smart feminine wear.

WE SPOKE OF cable-stitch as a fashion highlight in a previous issue, and to-day we present a most intriguing example. The lines of cable-stitch on the body repeated on the sleeves give that svelte look desired by us all. The tie knotted at the throat is very neat.

VERY FEW knitting enthusiasts will be able to resist the making of this smart jumper for cosy winter wear. It is made in 3-ply Vryella on No. 11 needles. Follow closely these directions and the result will be perfect.

YOU will adore the color, it is the loveliest shade of buttercup-yellow. Imagine it with a skirt of sheer woollen in the same shade and black accessories—could anything be smarter?

Materials: 9oz. of 3-ply Vlyella knitting yarn in buttercup-yellow, shade V67; pair of No. 11 and one spare No. 11 needle; a medium crochet-hook; 6 buttons and 2 press-studs.

Measurements: Bust, 34 inches; length, 24 inches; sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Tension: 9 sts. to 1 inch, and 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; sts., stitches; tog., together; st.st. stocking-stitch; d.c., double crochet; increase by working twice into one stitch; always work the first row into the back of cast-on sts.

THE BACK

Cast on 124 sts.

Rib k. 2, p. 2 for 3 rows.

Commence pattern next row.

K. 6, p. 2, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 2, k. 40, p. 2, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 2, k. 6.

P. 6, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 40, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 6.

Repeat the last 2 rows twice (6 rows altogether).

Next row is the twist row for the cable.

K. 6, p. 2 * with the spare needle, slip off the next 4 sts. purlwise, place this needle to the front of the two needles being used, k. the next 4 sts. K. the 4 sts. from the spare needle, the first st. slipped from the original needle being the first st. knitted again. By using a needle pointed at each end the sts. can be slipped off at one end, and knitted from the opposite end. P. 4.

Twist the next 8 sts., p. 4, twist the next 8 sts., p. 2 * k. 40, p. 2. Repeat * to *, k. 6 at end of row (1st twist).

The last row will be quoted as "Twist row" onwards.

P. 6, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 40, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 6.

K. 6, p. 2, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 2, k. 40, p. 2, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 2, k. 6.

Repeat the last 2 rows twice (6 rows).

P. 2 tog., p. 4, work as the last p. row to the last 6 sts., p. 4, p. 2 tog.

Work 4 more rows with 5 sts. at each end, instead of 6 sts.

K. 5, p. 2, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 2, k. 40, p. 2, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 2, k. 5 (2nd twist).

P. 5, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 40, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 5.

K. 5, p. 2, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 2, k. 40, p. 2, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 2, k. 5.

Repeat the last 2 rows twice (6 rows).

P. 2 tog., p. 3, work as last p. row to the last 5 sts., p. 3, p. 2 tog.

Work 4 more rows, with 4 sts. at each end instead of 5 sts. (11 rows between each twist row).

K. 4, p. 2, work twist row (as previous twist row), k. 4 at end (3rd twist).

Work 11 rows with 4 sts. at each end.

Repeat the last 12 rows once (4 twists).

Increase next twist row:—K. twice in the first st., k. 3, p. 2, work twist row, k. 3, k. twice in the last st. (5th twist).

Work 5 rows with 5 sts. at each end.

Increase 1 st. at each end of 6th row.

Work 5 rows with 6 sts. at each end.

Increase, work twist row, increase in last st. (6th twist).

Continue as the last 12 rows, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 6th row of the 11 rows, worked between the twist rows, increase 1 st. at each end of every twist row, working the increased sts. in st.-st. until there are 142 sts.

The last increase should be made on the 10th twist row from bottom of back.

Work 11 rows on 142 sts. (making 11 rows from last twist row).

Work twist row, k. 15 at each end of row (11th twist).

Work 11 rows.

Repeat the last 12 rows once (12 twists).

Work twist row (13th twist row).

Work 3 rows.

There should be 13 twists from the bottom, and back should measure 14½ inches (before pressing).

Commence armhole decreasings next row:—4th row of 11 rows between twist row.

Cast off 5 sts., k. in pattern to end of row.

Cast of 5 sts., p. in pattern to end of row.

Take 2 tog. at each end of the next 5 rows (10 rows from twist row).

P. 1 row in pattern.

K. 2 tog., work twist row, k. 2 tog. at end.

P. 1 row in pattern.

K. 2 tog., k. in pattern to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Repeat the last 2 rows, 3 times, leaving 112 sts. (end of decreasing).

Work 3 rows. K. rows begin and end with p. 2. P. rows, k. 2 each end.

P. 2, twist 8, continue twist row, p. 2 at end.

Work 11 rows.

Work twist row.

NEWS FOR KNITTERS

EVER READY to help our readers, especially those in far-away places, we draw attention to a new idea for winding wool—Klipson, a simple device of just two clips, which fit on to your table or shelf and can be adjusted to take any size skein of wool. It is reasonable in price and should prove a boon to knitters.

Repeat the last 12 rows, 3 times.

There should now be 19 twists from bottom of back.

Work 3 rows, after 19th twist row.

Shape the shoulders, cast off . sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows.

Cast off 19 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows (37 sts. each shoulder).

Cast off remaining 38 sts. for neck.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 70 sts.

Rib in p. 2, k. 2 for 3 rows.

Commence pattern.—1st Row: P. 6, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 18, rib k. 2, p. 2 to end.

2nd Row: Rib p. 2, k. 2 for 10 sts., k. 18, p. 2, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 2, k. 6.

3rd Row: P. 6, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 18, rib in k. 2, p. 2 to end.

There are 10 sts. in rib worked on front edge to the neck.

Repeat the last 2 rows twice, making 7 rows in pattern.

Twist Row: Rib 10 sts., k. 18, p. 2, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 2, k. 6.

Work 6 rows as 1st and 2nd rows.

P. 2 tog., p. 4, k. 2, continue as 1st row to end.

Work 4 more rows in pattern, with 5 sts. stocking-stitch on side edge.

11 rows worked from twist row.

Work buttonhole on twist row, rib 4, cast off 4 sts., p. 1 (2 sts. on needle after casting off).

K. 18, p. 2, work 3 twists with p. 4 between each twist as in previous twist row, k. 5 to end.

P. as 1st row until buttonhole is reached, cast on 4 sts., rib 4.

Work 5 more rows in pattern.

P. 2 tog., p. 3, k. 2, continue in pattern to end of row.

Work 4 more rows with 4 stocking-st. on side edge.

Work twist row as last twist row with k. 4 at end.

Work 11 rows (no decrease).

Repeat the last 12 rows once (4 twist rows, 11 rows worked).

* Work twist row, increasing 1 st. at the end of row.

Work 5 rows in pattern.

Increase 1 st. at end of 6th row.

Work 5 rows in pattern *.

Repeat the last 12 rows from * to * until there are 72 sts., working 5 rows after the last increase, which brings the work to twist row.

Make buttonhole as last one, work twist row, increasing in end st.

Work 11 rows in pattern, increasing 1 st. at end of 6th row.

Work twist row, increasing in last st.

Repeat the last 12 rows twice, making buttonhole on twist row of second repeat.

This buttonhole should be on the 3rd twist row from last buttonhole and 10th twist from bottom.

Work 11 rows in pattern, increasing 1 st. at end of 6th row.

Work twist row, increasing in last st.

Repeat the last 12 rows once.

There should be 83 sts. and 12 twist rows worked.

Work 11 rows in pattern (no increase).

Work buttonholes and twist row (19 sts. stocking-st. on side).

P. 1 row in pattern.

K. 1 row in pattern (13 twists from bottom). 2 rows worked.

Armhole decreasing. Cast off 8 sts., p. in pattern to end of row.

Take 2 tog. at armhole end of next 6 rows.

K. 1 row in pattern.

P. 2 tog., p. in pattern to end of row.

Work twist row (no decreasing).

P. 2 tog., p. in pattern to end of row.

K. in pattern to end of row.

Repeat the last 2 rows 3 times, leaving 64 sts.

Work 3 rows in pattern.

Work twist row.

Work 11 rows in pattern.

Work buttonhole on twist row.

Work 11 rows.

Work twist row.

Work 9 rows ending on a p. row (17 twists from bottom and 9 rows worked).

Neck decreasings. Cast off 9 sts., k. in pattern to end of row.

P. in pattern to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

K. 2 tog., work twist row (18 twists from bottom).

Work 11 rows in pattern, taking 2 tog. at neck end every row.

K. 2 tog., work twist row (19 twists from bottom).

Work 4 rows in pattern taking 2 tog. at neck end every row (37 sts).

Shoulder.—Cast off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next 3 p. rows.

Cast off the remaining 10 sts. on next p. row.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 74 sts. (extra 4 sts. for under-wrap).

Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 3 rows.

Pattern k. 6, p. 2, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 4, k. 8, p. 2, k. 18, rib p. 2, k. 2 for 14 sts.

Rib 14, p. 18, k. 2, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 4, p. 8, k. 2, p. 6.

Repeat the last 2 rows twice (6 rows).

Twist Row: K. 6, p. 2, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 2, k. 18, rib 14.

Continue working as right front, but work 14 rib sts. on front edge and no buttonholes and increasing the sts. to 87.

Commence armhole on 4th row after 13th twist row (k. row).

Commence neck at the beginning of the 9th row after the 17th twist row, casting off 13 sts. instead of 9 sts.

Commence shoulder on 4th row after 19th twist row (k. rows).

COLLAR AND BELT

Collar.—Cast on 12 sts.

Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 24 inches. Cast off all the sts.

Belt.—Cast on 16 sts.

Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 25 inches.

Shape the end and make buttonhole.

K. 2 tog., rib 4, cast off 4 sts., rib 4, p. 2 tog.

P. 2 tog., rib 3, cast on 4 sts., rib 3, take 2 tog. at end.

Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until all the sts. are worked off.

LONG SLEEVES
(both alike)

Cast on 52 sts.

Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 30 rows.

Pattern:—P. 1, k. 8, p. 2, k. 30, p. 2, k. 8, p. 1.

K. 1, p. 8, k. 2, p. 30, k. 2, p. 8, k. 1.

Repeat the last 2 rows twice (6 rows).

Increase.—P. twice in first st., twist 8, p. 2, k. 30, p. 2, twist 8, p. twice in last st.

Work 5 rows with p. 2 at each end of k. rows. K. 2 each end of p. rows.

P. twice in first st., p. 1, work in pattern to last st., p. twice in last st.

Work 5 rows in pattern, with p. 3 each end of k. rows, k. 3 each end of p. rows.

Twist Row: P. twice in first st., p. 2, twist 8, p. 2, k. 30, p. 2, twist 8, p. 2, p. twice in last st.

Work 5 rows with p. 4 each end of k. rows. K. 4 each end of p. rows.

Increase k. 1, p. 1 in first st., p. 3, work pattern to last st., p. 1, k. 1 in last st.

Work 5 rows with 1 st.-st. at each end of the rows.

Work twist row, increasing 1 st. at each end in st.-st.

Work 11 rows in pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of 6th row.

Repeat the last 12 rows, working the increased sts. in st.-st. until there are 8 st.-sts. at each end.

The last increase should come on the 6th twist row from the cuff.

Work 5 rows, with 8 st.-sts. at each end.

Increase p. 1, k. 1 in first st., k. 7, work pattern to last st., k. 1, p. 1 in last st.

Work 5 rows with p. 1 at each end of k. rows, k. 1 at each end of p. rows.

Twist Row: P. twice in first st., twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. 2, k. 30, p. 2, twist 8, p. 4, twist 8, p. twice in last st.

** All the remaining increased sts. are to be worked in st.-st., leaving 2 sets of cables at each side of the centre, 30 st.-sts.

Work 11 rows in pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of 6th row.

Work twist row, increasing 1 st. at each end.

Repeat the last 12 rows until there are 106 sts.

The last increase should come on the 14th twist row from cuff, making 14 st.-sts. at each end of sleeve.

Work 3 rows in pattern.

Sleeve should measure 18½ inches (before pressing) including cuff.

Shape the top by taking 2 tog. at each end of every row, still working in pattern and making the twists on 12th rows until 30 sts. remain.

Cast off all the sts., taking 2 tog. at each end.

TO MAKE UP.

Press the back, fronts, and sleeves. A damp cloth under the hot iron may be necessary for the cables. Press the collar band and waist band lengthwise, making the collar 27 inches long and waist band 28 inches long. Join the fronts to the back at the shoulders. Next sew the sleeves into the armholes, then press the seams. Join the sides of the jumper, also the sleeves. Pin the centre of the collar band to the centre of back neck, then pin the edge of the collar (stretching the collar a little) to the neck edge of jumper, working from centre back to each front, as far as the cast off sts. (9 sts. on right front and 13 sts. on left front). These cast off sts. are to be left free.

Sew the collar to the neck edge of jumper, on the wrong side of the jumper.

Press the collar seam, also side and sleeve seams.

Make 2 lengths of 12 ch. for waist band slots.

Place the fronts in position for the buttons, the right front edge to be level with the 10th st.-st. from the garter-sts. on the left front. Sew the 5 buttons on left front to correspond with the loops on right front.

Sew a button on the waist band, sew one length of 12 ch. on each side seam, the bottom of the ch. 4 inches from the bottom of jumper.

Sew 2 press stude on the neck of jumper, 1 on right front edge and 1 on left front edge.

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GOLF'S *Dread Disease* – BUNKER FRIGHT

How to Cure Ailment that Worries Most Players

By JIM FERRIER, Amateur Champion of Australia and Close Champion of N.S.W.—No. 6

"Bunker fright" is an extremely common golf ailment. You can see it on players' faces as they approach a ball that has found a trap. You can see it also in the despairing swipe they make at the ball. And if they get out it is due to a great extent to good fortune.

The main reason for this is that the vast majority of players won't give the time necessary to practise the shot and gain confidence in their ability to get out of the trouble with the minimum wastage of strokes.

JIM FERRIER has played an explosion shot out of this sand bunker and his head is still down.

I REMEMBER a story by Gene Sarazen in an American paper in which he described his early terror of sand bunkers. He then conceived the idea of a club with the slightly different heel which you may have noticed when he was playing here. This, and constant practice, gave him absolute mastery over the shot.

So much so, that he described one occasion when he deliberately shot for the bunkers surrounding the greens as the flags were placed in such a manner as to make playing for the pin fraught with great danger. He picked his bunker, confident that he could get out of it and then down in one putt!

That illustrates what confidence can be gained, and with what results.

Before the visit of the American players I usually endeavored to chip cleanly out of bunkers; but this is very dangerous, and, if the bunker is very deep, often impossible. So now I play the explosion shot with a sand-iron, and advise it as the safest method.

The stance should be fairly open, with heels about 16 inches apart. The ball should be played about two inches behind the left heel. In the backswing, take the club back a little outside the line of flight and open the face slightly. This will help in the lifting of the ball.

The swing is a three-quarter one, as power is sometimes required. Hit about four inches behind the ball; the sole of the sand-club will prevent it from digging right in, and actually you will not take very much sand. The hands are drawn slightly across the ball, hence the reason for taking the club back outside the line of flight.

Practice will enable you to regulate distances with this shot up to 25 or 30 yards.

Sometimes in a shallow bunker it is possible to chip cleanly out with a mashie-niblick. If the ball is lying in a heel-mark or other hole in the sand, it may be necessary to make a full swing with the clubhead open and strike only two inches behind the ball, causing the sand to force the ball out.

Now get into a bunker and work out your own salvation!

HARNESS *that* FOREHAND DRIVE!

Natural Shot that is Usually Overworked

By JOAN HARTIGAN, Singles Champion of Australia—No. 2

The forehand drive is the most natural shot in tennis, and for sheer enjoyment there is nothing in the game to surpass it.

So much so that the average player endeavors to hit winners off most unsuitable balls.

LENGTH and placement are the first essentials of the shot, pace coming naturally with proficiency in these departments.

One of the most common faults in making the shot is to get too close or too far from the ball. In the first case a cramped shot has to be played, and in the second the player is off her balance and has little chance of producing an effective shot.

At the moment of impact the arm should be practically rigid with the head of the racquet a little above the level of the wrist.

Many players fail on the shot because they play it with the body square on to the net. As in the service, the left shoulder should be at right angles to the net as the stroke is made. This enables the player to hit through the ball and bring the weight of the body into the shot.

Play Safe!

IT is generally accepted now that the comparatively short backswing with the ball hit on the rise, such as is used by Fred Perry, is more effective than the very full swing. But this does not mean that the follow-through is to be shortened.

I suggest that the flatly hit shot be cultivated in preference to one carrying any cut. It is certainly handy to be able to vary the stroke, but the average player will be on safer ground if she concentrates on hitting them flat.

Don't try for winners off short balls! This is a very common error. Try for a good-length placement which will pave the way for an ideal position from which to hit one hard—that is, off a good-length ball which you can hit on the rise from the correct position.

One of the finest forehands possessed by any Australian player is that of Miss Sadie Berryman, of Victoria. She plays the shot most correctly, and is an excellent model for any aspiring player. She does not use a very long swing, but always hits the ball on the rise where possible with excellent length and direction.

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THE FIRST and only Soviet golf course is at present being laid out in Russia, and its name translated will mean Silver Grove, doubtless because rows of silvery pine-trees stretch along the cleared fairways.

A photograph taken on one of these fairways recently showed Nina Probodonastev, a 23-year-old Intourist Guide, about to hit the first golf ball ever driven by a Russian in the Soviet Union.

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You cannot be well if your Kidneys are ailing.

Pains in the Joints

Pains in the joints are a symptom of Kidney Trouble which must not be ignored. Neglect or improper treatment of this "minor trouble" will soon lead to a real health-breakdown, for serious Kidney Trouble is a very grave disease indeed. Rubbing or hot fomentations may give temporary relief, but until you get to the *cause* of the trouble the pains will only come back again.

The Kidneys are Nature's guardians of your health

When the kidneys are strong and vigorous they filter out excess uric acid, bacteria and other impurities from the system. But if through a chill, shock, over-indulgence, or other cause, the kidneys become sluggish or inflamed, the impurities (poisons) are left behind. The uric acid accumulates in the joints and sets up the excruciating joint pains or the torture of rheumatism.

Go to your chemist to-day and get a bottle of the remedy that has helped countless thousands back to health and happiness—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Take two pills to-night. In the morning you will feel, see and know they are doing you good.

But start on the treatment to-day before your trouble gets worse. Your kidneys need toning up to avoid the constant fear of illness—that is the danger of weak kidneys.

Read this letter from Mrs. McNamara, of 74, Cooper Street, Waterloo, Sydney, N.S.W.

"For two years I suffered with pain in my hands and feet, and stiffness in all my joints. Every few weeks I had a very bad attack which caused me such severe pains that I was confined to bed for a time. I also had Backache, to add to my troubles. I tried all sorts of remedies and treatments, but with no relief at all until I was advised to try DeWitt's Pills. After taking one bottle I had no more serious attacks, and by the time I had taken the third bottle the swellings had completely disappeared and have not returned.

Now, six months after, I am perfectly normal in health and have not had any pains at all, thanks to De Witt's Pills."

If you suffer from pains in muscles or joints, go to your chemist or storekeeper to-day and get a 3/6 or 6/6 box of De Witt's Pills. Be sure you get

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Husband to Anna

By . . .
Barbara Hedworth

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

This . . . . Supplement must not be sold separately.

Free Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly. Issue of March 28, 1936.

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HUSBAND TO ANNA

By BARBARA HEDWORTH

CHAPTER 1

ANNA GARDEN picked up the notes and silver her husband had laid on the mantelpiece.

"Ten shillings short again—really, Jim." She held the money with her hand raised as though she intended to throw it full in Jimmy Garden's face. Jimmy, who had been standing near to her, subsided into a leather armchair. A quiet sigh hissed between his lips. His worried face wore the hopeless, resigned expression of a badly treated terrier.

"It couldn't be helped, dear," he started to excuse himself. "And I did warn you, didn't I, Anna, that that fellow from Jonas's might be coming in this week and I'd have to stand him drinks? He's worth a lot to us—or may be," he corrected himself honestly.

"And I warned you," stormed Anna, "that I'm sick and tired of being given short money week after week because of your selfish inconsideration."

"My efforts"—he corrected her this time—"to make money for you. Anna dear, I've explained to you . . ."

Jimmy stopped abruptly in the middle of the sentence. For one thing, Anna had flounced tempestuously out of the sitting-room into the kitchenette; and for another he knew perfectly well that, however hard he tried, he'd never be able to make Anna see that you had occasionally to stand a client drinks or lunch (and the former was the cheaper) if you wanted his business.

Besides, lately Anna had lost faith in the Celestion Printing Works, an infantile printing concern which Jimmy and his partner, Luke Levenstone, were trying for all their worth to rear to sturdy adolescence. Anna was always telling him how foolish he had been to chuck his job with Davis and Benson, where he'd received a steady six pounds a week.

It wasn't quite fair of Anna.

In the beginning she'd been just as keen as Jimmy himself for his uncle, Sir Joshua Garden, to put up the money to enable him to buy this partnership in the Celestion Printing Works.

"Much better be your own master, Jimmy," Anna had decreed.

At the time—it was exactly two months after their marriage—Jimmy had been so proud of her, so grateful that she had been on his side over this gamble. He hadn't known how to thank her for insisting that she'd stay on for a while at Mitchell's of Regent Street, where she was second saleswoman in the gowns department.

"Because, Jimmy, my three pounds a week will be useful until you get going properly."

The trouble was, Anna had no patience. So quick to succeed herself in all her undertakings, whether it happened to be the sale of a gown which was hanging fire, or the creation of a new pudding, she couldn't understand that businesses are not built up in six months. The Celestion had been a pretty groggy affair when Jimmy and Luke Levenstone had taken it over. And now that they were starting to make money, Anna could only jeer at his efforts and slate him up hill and down dale for standing one of their most promising clients a couple of whiskies and soda.

Luke's wife, who'd been used to a good deal more than Anna before marriage, was loud in her praises of her husband and his partner's achievements.

She worked, too, as secretary to some crotchety old business baron in the city, and, according to Luke, was always willing to stake him to ten shillings or so when there was business entertaining to be done.

Jimmy didn't like to think too often about Luke and his wife.

Didn't dare to.

Hearing of all the help and encouragement Lallie gave Luke was apt to clash with his own proud values concerning Anna. For Anna, he kept telling himself, was just as eager in her own fierce, unflinching way for him to make a success of himself and the business as Lallie was solicitous about Luke's career. It was just that her methods of egging him on were of a harsher, less affectionate mould.

BUT that was Anna.

It was because of her ruthlessness, her ambition, that Jimmy had primarily wanted so desperately to marry Anna. She was, he had been so sure of it, exactly the type of fearless warrior woman who would steady his own flickering, uncertain energies and steer them into a profitable and worth-while channel.

He had always known, he kept reminding himself, that Anna was hard. He had always known she'd expect a little more from you than it was possible for you to give. It was Anna's way of pushing you towards ultimate success. Jimmy admired her for it, even when her callous lack of understanding jabbed at his soul like a sharp knife.

He could hear her now, moving about the kitchen in her direct, methodical fashion.

She was furious with him over that ten shillings he had spent on Jonas's whisky, but it wouldn't deter her from preparing for him a nutritiously economical and well-thought-out meal. After they'd fed, she'd sit in the other armchair opposite him, right on the edge, her back as straight as the trunk of a poplar tree, mending his socks, turning the cuffs or collars of a shirt. Doing her share. That was what she called it. Taking a savage, impersonal pride in feeding her man and keeping his clothes and home in spick-and-span condition.

But Jimmy knew her colorless bluish-grey eyes wouldn't have softened one iota. Her contempt of him coming from the hard line of her mouth, which was so soft and lovely when she smiled, would pierce through to his inner consciousness, paralyse his brain, so that even if he wanted to explain how in spending that ten shillings he had probably landed a printing order which would show twenty pounds profit, he wouldn't be able to find the words. It would be unnecessarily humiliating, too, to try to win back her good humor with a kiss, or the reiteration of how much he admired her and how desperately he wanted to make good for her sake. "Flattery doesn't appeal to me," was all Anna would have to say to that.

Jimmy's chief difficulty was that he could see Anna's point of view so clearly that it made it almost impossible for him to defend his own, even to himself. Sometimes he felt as though he had cheated Anna in marrying her.

Anna.

He closed his tired eyes now and tried to visualise her as he had first seen her in the Columbo restaurant in Soho, trying to recapture the sensuous strength of her . . his overpowering need for a woman such as Anna.

He had just come to live in London, and, thanks to his uncle and sole surviving relative, had obtained a very junior position with the advertising people, Davis and Benson.

He was living in one room in the cheaper part of Bloomsbury.

That had been Sir Joshua's idea.

"Much better break out on your own, Jimmy, now that you're making a regular salary."

Jimmy agreed fervently and was thankful that the idea of his "breaking out on his own" had been voiced by his uncle.

Keenly sensitive to all that the by no means well-to-do baronet had done for him since the death of his parents when he was only five, Jimmy would never have been able to steel himself into suggesting leaving the rambling, shabbily dignified house at Hendon which had hitherto been his home.

HE wouldn't have wanted to leave, even when he was self-supporting, if it hadn't been for Aunt Lydia.

She doesn't like me about the place, Jimmy had told himself ever since that dreadful day when he had come home on holidays from Cliftonville to be met as usual by his uncle, who blurted out before they'd left the platform that he had married Miss Lydia Chryston, the only daughter of Colonel Chryston, who lived in another such rambling house opposite their own.

On his side, Jimmy had never liked Lydia Chryston, who made no pretence of her aversion to small, grubby schoolboys. [illegible] he became his step-aunt he liked [illegible]

[illegible] a philosophical youngster and soon [illegible] out for himself that [illegible] to be gained by declaring open war. And so he obediently held her wool for her, ran her errands and tried to remember to have clean nails when he sat down to table.

But he was very unhappy, and found it difficult to hide the waves of jealousy which lashed against his young soul when his uncle told him: "Run along and find something to keep you busy, Jimmy," instead of settling down with him to build up a meccano set, or help count the new

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litter of Tabitha, the white rabbit. Before the advent of Aunt Lydia they'd been such friends, Jimmy and his uncle. Characteristically reserved, they had understood each other. Then suddenly Sir Joshua was too involved with his wife's social activities to have any time to spare for Jimmy. And so they became just uncle and nephew, which hurt the boy almost unbearably.

Sir Joshua himself, a kindly, unimaginative man, never had an inkling of how deeply Jimmy resented his marriage. It never occurred to him that the eleven-year-old Jimmy Garden had to fight physical nausea when he was told to address Miss Chryston in future as "Aunt Lydia." But then, the deep wealth of Jimmy's love and devotion towards him had never occurred to the easy-going baronet.

ANNA was awake some time after Jimmy had tumbled into jumpy, nervous sleep. In the dim, milk-white flood of light streaming across the bed from the full moon, she regarded the restless form of her husband in quietly contemptuous tolerance.

She wished irritably Jimmy didn't jerk about like this in his sleep, and thought it a mistake not to have insisted on having twin beds as she had originally intended. It was her inborn sense of economy which had finally made her give way to Jimmy's whim—the swift mental calculations of the difference two lots of sheets and pillow-cases would make to the washing bill.

He moved closer to her and she admonished him sharply: "Jimmy, do try and lie still," though she knew he was too deeply asleep to hear her.

Turning on her side towards him she studied the outline of his profile, sharp-set against the pillow in a pool of moonlight.

She liked the way his hair lay sleek and unruffled even in sleep. His nose was a good shape, approved Anna, thin and pointed and aristocratic like that of a thoroughbred collie.

Jimmy's face was certainly the face of a gentleman, Anna was always telling herself and her family, as though in defence of his other shortcomings.

She wasn't in love with him any more. She doubted whether she ever had been really. Not in the way a man expected you to be in love. His shy, nervous passion had never completely conquered her spiritual virginity, and she still surrendered herself to him with a hint of irritation, in the way one might be induced to play an unwilling game with a child.

But she was fond of Jimmy. Taking things all round, she didn't regret having married him. One day, she believed, she'd find the fulfilment of her own fiery ambition in Jimmy. She'd only to persevere in her fight against his wavering energies and guide them towards some definite objective. By the time he was Sir Jimmy Garden she'd have seen to it that there was enough money to be spectacular about the title.

Though she was always jeering at him, she never denied to herself the potentialities of his fine, sensitive brain. The trouble was, he couldn't concentrate on any one thing with sufficient white-hot tensity. Anna sometimes thought that it was because he never wanted anything badly enough. There was a drifting uneasy vagueness about him which exasperated her. He cherished his dreams, but he never seemed to go about the right way of fulfilling them.

Take, for instance, this printing business. It had possibilities, Anna was certain, but to Jimmy what was it but an amusing plaything? Anyone could see he wasn't taking it realy seriously, Anna condemned—quite erroneously. She had also decided some time ago that Luke was the wrong type of partner for him. Like Jimmy, he was too mentally lackadaisical, too eager to let things slide all the time there was enough money to pay the weekly rent and food bills.

The recollection of Jimmy's casualness about money reminded Anna about their quarrel to-night. Her body was suddenly flushed with anger; her carefully manicured nails dug deep into the palms of her clenched hands.

To-morrow she'd have it out with him about that ten shillings. But, caution warned her, she'd choose her moment, so that he didn't start shouting and railing at her as he had to-night. Yet while she upbraided him silently for that outburst of temper, she knew in her heart that it had stirred her physically and quickened her admiration for him. She had never felt so attracted by him as when he leaped from the table white and shaking with rage. A queer thrill had passed through her then, frightening and exciting. His wrath had touched her begrudging pride in him, reminded her that he was the nephew of a baronet and heir to the title. In her naive snobbishness she considered losing one's temper, like Jimmy had, to be primarily the prerogative of a gentleman.

A SMILE of hard-headed, calculating satisfaction creased her lips when she recalled how one day she would be Lady Garden. Anna Karslof, the daughter of a Brixton tailor and a boarding-house cook. Ambition burnt within her so that her very body was scorched with its flames. It intensified her determination that Jimmy must make money quickly. They wouldn't have to wait too long before producing the next heir to the title.

Her son.

Anna never meditated on the possibility of her child being a girl, nor did she ever think of Jimmy's proprietary participation in it.

My son, Anna would plan, must go to Eton or Harrow. (This from the wild half-Polish peasant girl who had been educated at a County Council school). Then my son will go on to Oxford or Cambridge. Subconsciously she was already counting on her son to make up to her the delinquencies of his father. He'd be a great man, this son of Anna Karslof. For Anna willed it thus.

The church clock down the street chimed twelve before Anna tried to force her active brain into slumber.

To-morrow was Saturday—her busiest day of the week, what with the week-end shopping to be done and the flat to be thoroughly cleaned up.

To-morrow evening Oliver Blakestone was coming to supper; she liked to believe she had remembered that quite casually, but knew that the swift intrusion of Oliver upon her mental vision had thrust sleep yet further away from her.

Last time he'd had supper with them he had praised her veal stew. She'd have to think of something equally tasty to give him to-morrow. It would need some scheming, too, with the housekeeping money ten shillings short.

She gave a sigh of exasperated contempt and, turning her back on Jimmy, began to think of Oliver Blakestone. Her imagination leaped and quivered at the recollection of his lean, bronze, muscular limbs. There was a devilry in Oliver's gipsy-black eyes which maddened her because of their silent laughing challenge. She'd seen him lots o' times since her marriage, and still she couldn't make out his feelings towards her. Sometimes she had an idea that she moved him physically, which was as she wished; at others she was convinced that he regarded her impersonally as the wife of his old friend Jimmy.

Anna, on her part, was considerably moved by Oliver. She liked his large even white teeth and the fighting strength of his mouth beneath his neat dark moustache.

There was a man for you. Rich, too. Once he had given her and Jimmy tickets to watch him play polo at Hurlingham. She had never forgotten the queer excitement which swept over her when she saw him come on to the field, superb master of a rearing, impatient black pony.

She had wished at the time that Jimmy played polo, but owned that he'd never cut the same dashing figure as Oliver. You couldn't imagine Jimmy, who was so gentle, wrestling in Oliver's glamorous manner, with that noble black beast. And conquering it.

She never understood why Jimmy and Oliver were such close friends. It was almost incredible the way Oliver looked up to Jimmy and turned to him for advice. Her vanity was hurt every time she had to own to herself how obvious it was that Oliver came to Westbourne Terrace primarily to talk to Jimmy.

The loud bang of a burst tyre just outside their window brought Jimmy jumping out of his sleep. Anna's mind was hovering between what she should give Oliver for dinner and a mental survey of her wardrobe.

He saw that she was awake, and put his arms round her. The soft warmth of her flesh flowing against his dragged him further away from sleep.

She pushed her arm abruptly under his neck and her hand fondled his shoulder.

"Anna?"

In the milky moonlight he saw her make a surrendering inclination with her head.

Then she gave him her lips and wondered what it would feel like to be kissed by Oliver in the moonlight as Jimmy began to kiss her.

CHAPTER 2

JIMMY liked Oliver Blakestone a lot and Oliver was devoted to Jimmy. They hadn't actually much in common, but they were used to each other.

During their schooldays Jimmy had spent many holidays at the Blakestones' lovely place outside of Plymouth, and once, before the advent of Aunt Lydia, Oliver had stayed at Hendon and was initiated into the joys of the changing of the guard and Madame Tussaud's. He went up to Cambridge about the same time as Jimmy set forth on his Canadian venture.

They had never grown out of the schoolboy habit of slating and ragging each other on the smallest provocation, but secretly they admired each other tremendously. For instance, Oliver considered it simply splendid for Jimmy to break in on earning his own living in a strange country at eighteen, and Jimmy cherished a pathetic envy of his friend's brains when he learnt that Oliver was sitting for the Bar.

The difference in their finances never embarrassed them.

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These days Jimmy lunched with Oliver at Boodles, and returned the hospitality by inviting his friend to sample Anna's veal stew.

Secretly, Oliver thought it a mistake that Jimmy had married so young, and Jimmy wondered innocently how Oliver managed to get through the lonely evenings in his expensive service flat in Bury Street, blissfully forgetting that his friend had inherited a cool three thousand a year from his grandmother on his twenty-first birthday, and was further blessed with the kind of profile and figure which never goes unnoticed or unadmired by women.

This evening even Anna, watching them as she sat in her usual rigid, unrelaxed way on the edge of the armchair, realised how much these two young men meant to each other, and the knowledge awakened in her an irritated sense of isolation; she had the uneasy feeling that, while they were being very courteous and kind to her, sparing no effort to include her in their masculine conversation, her presence was an embarrassment rather than a pleasure. She became very angry and sorry for herself. Her superb self-confidence, her belief in her own indomitable powers of attraction gave her yet another cause to grouse against Jimmy inwardly. By rights she should be surrounded by brilliant, rich young men of Oliver's calibre. Oliver, she decided in her grimly relentless way, must be made to become aware of her, not merely as Jimmy's wife, but as an individual, interesting woman. Anna held no false humilities concerning her physical appeal, but she had more faith in the profound subtleties of her brain.

She went into battle as soon as supper was over and Oliver suggested that he and Jimmy should go out and buy a bottle of port.

"He'll go." She indicated her husband. "You stop and talk to me."

Jimmy backed her up. It was becoming a habit with him.

"That's right, Oliver, stay with Anna . . I shan't be three minutes."

Anna smiled her thanks in a strange, triumphant way, with a sparkle in those slanting, colorless, Slavonic eyes which Jimmy had never seen there before.

But when he had gone, leaving her with Oliver, who just sat back staring at her through amused, half-closed eyes, she began to feel shy and uncertain of herself. Perhaps she had rushed her fences a bit. She didn't like Oliver laughing at her with his eyes.

OUTWARDLY she betrayed no embarrassment. Years of stern, emotional self-discipline had trained her to be more adept than most women at keeping her feelings, her fears, to herself.

"Tell me, how is the law going?" she began the conversion, outwardly serene and intelligent, while within her heart was beating with a sudden fierce irregularity because of the allure of this man sprawling in the chair opposite her.

"By the grace of God and a little luck, I become a full-fledged barrister next year," he told her gravely.

And Anna returned:

"How nice for you."

"If it produces any briefs."

"Of course," agreed Anna, making a mental note to ask Jimmy what "briefs" were.

Oliver shuffled his chair a little nearer to hers. If he had put out his hand he could have touched hers, white and cool, drooping along the arm of her chair.

"D'you know," he said in his lingering, blase voice, "that you are a very dangerous woman to be left alone with, Anna?"

That brought her slow, lovely smile to her lips, lit the lamps in her pale eyes. He'd never paid her even a casual compliment before. But then, they had never been left alone together before.

"I'm Jimmy's wife," she reminded him firmly, as though his remark had embarrassed her, "and you are Jimmy's friend."

"And you are very beautiful and very exciting."

She could tell from his expression that she had kindled his passion, and the knowledge thrilled her. She would have liked to return the compliment: "You are beautiful and exciting, too."

She wanted, for the first time in her life, to be completely honest with a man and tell him, "It isn't your money, nor your social position which thrill me . . . it's your beauty . . . the manliness of you."

Before either of them had time to speak again, Jimmy returned with the port—so quietly that he caught them looking at each other in that odd, concentrated way, as though they were strangers meeting for the first time, and wondering what had kept them apart through the years.

He trusted Oliver, his friend, implicitly; he trusted Anna, his wife; but he knew a distinct relief when he recalled that Oliver had announced during supper that he was contemplating a walking tour through Spain and would probably be away some months.

CHAPTER 3

THE next six weeks, with spring dawdling into summer, were, Jimmy thought, the best weeks he had known for a very long time. Oliver sent a daring postcard from Spain to Anna, and humorous, meandering letters to himself.

Anna had been much calmer lately in an aloof, dreamy way. Yet Jimmy had caught a queer granite hardness in her eyes when she thought he wasn't looking at her. It was as though she were putting up some secret battle within herself.

But he did not allow this to disturb him. He was used by now to her unfathomable moods—the way she seemed to keep herself locked up away from him like a suspicious young savage out of her natural surroundings.

One morning, towards the end of July, his uncle telephoned him at the printing works and asked him to lunch with him that day.

Jimmy left his office at 12.40 so that he could be at the Junior Carlton Club at 1.15.

Sir Joshua always hated unpunctuality, and to-day, when he telephoned Jimmy, "Come and have lunch with me; I've something rather extraordinary to discuss with you," there had been an urgency in his voice which made Jimmy doubly reluctant to try the old man's patience.

On the other hand, Sir Joshua tried Jimmy's patience pretty hard, for it wasn't until they had reached the coffee stage, which he insisted on lacing with old brandy that he satisfied the young man's growing curiosity concerning the premonitory summons earlier in the day.

"Jimmy, old man," he started, after a lengthy pause, while he lighted his cigar. "I've some news for you which mayn't be pleasant hearing, though I believe you are sportsman enough not to hold it against me—and to wish us luck."

Then, with his ruddy countenance changing to a deep purple, he informed Jimmy that his aunt was with child.

"But that's great, Uncle . . ."

There was real warmth in Jimmy's congratulations, a genuine pleasure steeping his eyes a deeper green.

He knew how passionately his uncle desired a child. There was something of the patriarch about Sir Joshua. He liked to see the branches of his family tree blossom and spread. And, fond as he was of his brother's child, he had never been able to give him the purely paternal devotion which was due to his own son.

Sir Joshua regarded his nephew's radiant face in mild surprise.

"You realise, old chap," he put it with clumsy gentleness, "what this means to you, assuming Lydia gives me a boy. You won't be my heir any longer."

Jimmy hadn't thought of the forthcoming "happy event" in that light. And even now it didn't bother him.

The prospect of carrying on the family title had always been a source of vague anxiety rather than of pride.

There'd be precious little money to come, for one thing. No family seat, or any of the glamor which Jimmy still believed was the right setting for a ninth baronet. Sir Joshua, never a rich man, had exchanged, in a moment of panic, following the steady fall of his investments during the war, what still remained to him into a solid annuity. There was no need to provide for Aunt Lydia, who had a substantial independent income.

So he'd warned Jimmy before he went to Canada that the most he might expect at his death was two hundred a year.

Jimmy went red in the face now under his uncle's bewildered, scrutinising eyes.

"As if that matters," he blurted out.

"Not to you, Jimmy. You are much too much of a democrat to care about old English families, and I'm sure you'd have made a very bad 'bart'." Sir Joshua gave his deep, throaty chuckle, then, with the mirth vanishing from his eyes, "But it'll hit your wife pretty hard, I'm afraid."

Jimmy hadn't thought of that either. He had to own that his uncle was right. Anna would mind a lot. She didn't speak much about it, but he knew that she never lost the picture of herself as the future Lady Garden. This child of Uncle Joshua's and Aunt Lydia's might be the first irrevocable setback Anna's ambition had suffered. The one obstacle in her steady, courageous rise from Polish peasantry and the sordid poverty of her Brixton home, which even her iron-strong will could not overcome.

"She won't mind really, Uncle."

He forced himself to sound casual and convincing, and despising himself for lack of family loyalty, he found himself praying, for Anna's sake, that Aunt Lydia's baby would be a girl, while in a curiously flattened voice he asked his uncle to give his aunt his love and congratulations.

THINKING it over later in the afternoon, Jimmy decided that he would have to choose his moment in which to break the news to Anna. He didn't overlook the fact that during the last six weeks she had been in a softer, more pliant mood, and altogether an easier person to live with.

But, growing cynical at twenty-four, with nearly a year of married life behind him, Jimmy had put this down to the growing prosperity of the Celestion Works, which were steadily increasing their profits every week.

Yes, Anna was beginning to believe in the business sufficiently to start talking of giving up her work.

That thrilled Jimmy a lot. He believed that in some way he'd feel safer about

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Anna if she were completely financially dependent on him. It wasn't as though she were keen on working at the shop. She had only carried on to help over a difficult patch.

He knew that she was faintly ashamed of it, for Anna, with the ineradicable tenets of the class in which she had been reared, considered a married woman to be letting herself down socially if she went out to work.

If only—Jimmy was always looking ahead, a little scared about himself and Anna—if only Celestion continued to make profits, life would be grand.

Before leaving the office that afternoon he told Luke in confidence the reason his uncle had asked him to lunch.

Luke whistled softly through his teeth and his face wore a worried, angry frown.

"Let us pray, for the sake of your domestic bliss, that it turns out to be a she," he commented cryptically.

"You mean, Anna is going to be disappointed?" speculated Jimmy, as though the idea had never crossed his mind.

Luke gave him a clumsy, sympathetic hang on the shoulder.

"Old boy, she's seen herself as the future Lady Garden from the moment she promised to love, honor and obey you."

"Don't be a swine!" Jimmy barked. "You'll be telling me next she married me for my expectations."

Luke apologised.

"Sorry, Jimmy; it was only a joke in bad taste. Any way, there isn't one woman in a hundred who wouldn't prefer to sign the hotel register as 'Lady' rather than 'Mrs.'"

"I suppose you're right," agreed Jimmy listlessly. His anger died from him. He was too tired these days to waste energy. Besides, since his outburst with Anna six weeks ago he had been deliberately holding his fiery temper in check. It had frightened him a lot the way he had let himself go then. For it was only later, when his passion was spent, that he realised how nearly he had struck Anna.

Luke didn't pursue the subject, but, turning to a pile of letters and invoices on his desk, inquired of his white-faced partner what they ought to charge Jonas for a thousand folders in two colors?

Neither of them mentioned Sir Joshua's baby or Anna again.

BUT in his wildest misgivings, both this afternoon and before, he hadn't imagined that Anna would take it quite as badly as she did.

He had not thought a living person's eyes could go as dead as Anna's were, nor that a living body could stiffen as Anna's had stiffened, so that it looked as though it was carved in wood.

He hadn't expected that, after a silence which seemed to him eternity, in which his tongue became suddenly so thick that he couldn't speak the words of consolation which his heart was urging him impatiently to say, Anna would break into a storm of angry, choking weeping. Anna, whom he had never seen cry before. His Anna, who was too strong, too splendid to indulge in the weakness of tears. It was all wrong, out of character for Anna to be crying like this.

He leapt from his chair and held her shaking body tightly against his. He had never listened to anything so tragic, so heart-breaking in their despair, as those hoarse, throttled sobs which came from her throat.

"My darling," he appealed to her, knowing himself to be helpless and inadequate against this torrent of grief with which he had no real sympathy or understanding. "Darling, darling Anna, does it matter so terribly?"

"It is the most terrible thing which could have happened to me."

The words came in angry, resentful gasps. She went on crying for a while, then raised her stricken, tear-blotched face.

"For you see, I had some rather startling news for you, Jimmy," she continued in a calmer voice. "We are going to have a child too."

Jimmy was speechless. His joy came with the rush of a swollen river flooding his whole being. He felt as though he were being drowned in it.

He wanted to thank Anna, but his words were still-born because of the more compelling silence of his joy; he could only hold her and kiss over and over again her dry, unresponsive lips. Then he pulled himself together and promised incoherently how he'd slave for her and their child.

"I'll make something of myself, Anna . . . don't you worry, Anna, what does a title matter so long as I can make oodles of money for us?"

She ran her fingers lightly over his bent head. It was the gesture of one quietening an over-exuberant puppy. The indomitable fighting quality of her blazed in her eyes.

"She may have a girl," she suggested, her voice as sharp as the edge of a sword.

"Of course, darling."

"Jimmy, our child must be a boy."

Inwardly Jimmy agreed with all his heart. It came to him now, while he knelt at Anna's feet trying to thank her for this great happiness coming to them, that his imagination had cast her for the mother of his son ever since he first set eyes on her with her flashy shopwalker at the Columbo.

His senses stirred at the picture of Anna in motherhood.

There wouldn't be any mawkish sentimental nonsense about her maternity. She'd bring up their son to be as strong and firm-willed as herself. A fighter who never hesitated to attack life itself for all he wanted. Jimmy buried his cheek against Anna's and implored of her earnestly:

"Pray Anna, that our son shall be like you."

She leaned slightly forward and dropped a light kiss on his smooth fawn hair.

Jimmy shivered. It was so seldom that Anna kissed him of her own accord.

She corrected him gently.

"Our son must be like you, an English gentleman . . . not a hotch-potch of Polish peasantry and the London suburbs like me . . . it is so difficult to live those things down—if you want to get on."

Then, with savage passion shaking her voice, she commanded him:

"Pray, Jimmy, first and foremost that Aunt Lydia's child is a girl child. That's the biggest favour you can ask of God for your son."

He looked up in surprise. He had never heard Anna speak the name of God in those awe-stricken tones.

"Tell me," he pressed. "Do you believe in God, Anna?" She inclined her head.

"Yes," she said simply.

It was the first intimation he had of the strong religious streak in Anna's strangely complex character.

CHAPTER 4

ANNA passed through her ordeal with the unobtrusive neatness of a cat.

Jimmy was all for her leaving the shop immediately, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"We need my money," she averred. "Besides, there is no reason why I shouldn't go on working for several months. I am quite well."

And so she went about her daily tasks with the same calm efficiency and tenacity of purpose, while her body swelled gently with the lovely curves of maternity. She was, as she said, perfectly well; completely normal mentally, too, except on one point. She flatly refused to visit Hendon, and even refused to read Sir Joshua's rare letters to his nephew.

"It would be bad for my baby," she told Jimmy simply.

THEN, as her time drew near, a subtle change came over her. It was as though she had entered spiritually into some new world, which pleased her but in which she was not as yet fully at home.

Jimmy, watching her in repressed worship, while she sat in her usual erect position, knitting minute garments or quietly reading, had the curious sensation that she wasn't really with him at all. She continued to make intelligent criticisms about the business, and gave him praise when it was due, but he sensed that her interest in everything except her child had slackened almost to vanishing point.

She was kind to him and looked after his wants in a detached, impersonal way, as though he were merely an unimportant facet in the pattern of her life.

She did not give in her resignation at the shop until two months before the baby was due, and by a piece of good fortune Jimmy was able to announce to her on the day that she left that Uncle Joshua had offered to pay the expense of the confinement.

"He's going to treat you to the nursing home where Aunt Lydia's going," enthused Jimmy. "It's in Manchester Square, darling, and terribly smart."

Anna, however, would countenance no such extragavance. She didn't believe in nursing homes, she said, in the kind of voice in which a snobbish film star might have refused the services of Queen Charlotte's lying-in hospital.

"I'll have my baby here at home," decreed Anna. "You just tell your uncle to give you the cheque, Jimmy, and we'll put it aside towards his schooling."

Jimmy thought it terribly brave of her, but he would have been much easier in his mind if she had agreed to go to Manchester Square. Then he comforted himself that Anna was magnificently strong; anyone could see that those broad, flowing hips were built for the bearing of children, and she was sensible enough to know what suited her best.

Still, there might be an accident. The local man she had consulted was good enough in his way, so long as everything went all right. But you heard such gruelling stories about maternity. The fact that the woman was healthy was no assurance that everything would be normal. And even if it were, there was the pain. Jimmy went sick with apprehension whenever he thought of the racking torture which was coming to Anna's splendid body.

By the time she was in her last month he had fretted himself nearly into a nervous breakdown about Anna. He had had other worries to cope with too. The Celestion was doing well enough, but sometimes he was at his wits' end to make up the three pounds a week loss of Anna's salary.

Luke, who guessed what his harassed

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partner was going through, did his blundering best to ease the situation.

"Draw on ye old firm as much as she can stand," he was always telling Jimmy.

Jimmy was grateful, but he never availed himself of the offer. Instead, he gave up drink and rationed himself to ten cigarettes a day and a poached egg or baked beans on toast for lunch.

Life was pretty difficult these days, with every penny having to be turned and counted before being spent, and one had to remember that on no account must Anna be upset. But fundamentally it was a good life.

Jimmy's keen, sensitive imagination sought avidly to recapture some of the early ecstasies when he had been so certain that nothing could go badly wrong once he was married to Anna Karslof. He was believing in their marriage again. He tore from his mind those shattering scenes when she had stormed and raged at him because he had spent money extravagantly; he refused to remember her coldness, her growing contempt of his devotion which he could only express in tender words and caresses.

He saw her these days in blind, sentimental worship, as his woman and the mother of his child.

It was good, he told himself, to come straight home to Anna instead of stopping on the way to drink sherry with Luke. Nice to sink into one's chair while Anna cooked the evening meal and to sit afterwards talking to her about the happenings of the day, even though her spirit seemed to have drifted to some hitherto unexplored region.

Sometimes he talked about the child which was coming to them. Planned for his future.

"Eton or Harrow for my son," said Anna. "See to it, Jimmy," she'd challenge.

That was enough to hustle him into his office chair at eight in the morning. Eton or Harrow for my son. Well, if Anna wanted it!

Personally, Jimmy had no great reverence for either school . . . he'd have chosen Clittonville himself. Three generations of Gardens had been educated there. Which said Anna, was no reason why their son shouldn't do better.

Jimmy shuddered and sweated to think how he was going to manage if Anna got a whim for her son to go into the Guards.

Luke, worried to death about the increasing drawn tensity of his partner's face, that indeterminate mouth which was always pursed with anxiety, the nervous shake of his hand, tried to chaff Jimmy.

"Don't take coming events too seriously, old lad . . . after all, such things have happened before."

JIMMY would laugh and look shamefaced, but he couldn't explain that he wasn't just fussing only over Anna's condition, but how to make the wherewithal to be able to surrender his son to Eton or Harrow when the time came, how to face Anna's contempt if he couldn't make the grade after all.

The time came when the baby was expected any day, and Jimmy hardly dared to leave the office in case he might be wanted, and Sir Joshua telephoned him late one afternoon.

"It's a boy, Jimmy, an eight-pounder, and if my memory serves me rightly, uncommonly like you when you were born." He added that he had posted Jimmy a cheque for fifty pounds.

"To see you through . . . let me know at once."

Jimmy bungled his thanks and congratulations. He was awfully pleased for Sir Joshua's sake that Aunt Lydia had given him a son.

But all the while he stuttered and stammered his pleasure, beads of perspiration drenched his forehead; he was shaking so that he could hardly hold the telephone.

Because he was so scared for Anna. Because he wondered how Anna would take it that God had let them down.

Anna and her son.

Luke, coming in a few minutes later, found him with his white face buried in his hands.

"I say, Jimmy . . . Jimmy, you ass, what is wrong?"

"It's a boy," muttered Jimmy, without removing his hands from his damp face.

"I say . . . lots of congrats and all that. But what's the big worry? Anna's all right, isn't she?" Luke's hand fell heavily upon his colleague's hunched shoulders. "You'll be getting home, of course. I'll see to everything here."

And Jimmy returned snappishly:

"Of course I won't. You're premature, Luke. It's my uncle's boy, the future 'bart.' who has made his appearance in the world."

He put out a shaking hand for a telegraph form and attempted to write a wire of congratulation to his aunt.

In the end Luke worded and wrote it for him.

Furthermore, he insisted that Jimmy should have a glass of sherry on the way home. They lingered in their favorite pub longer than either intended, and when Jimmy entered his flat he found a strange woman there. She informed him all in the same breath that his wife was in labor and that his supper was in the oven.

JIMMY'S first impulse was to rush to Anna.

But the woman, called Mrs. Lane, whom he learned was the district nurse, informed him that his wife had expressed a strong wish that her husband should not see her until everything was over.

It was obvious that Mrs. Lane regarded this as distinctly odd. Most of the women she had seen through their confinements were only too glad to have their husbands about until it was time for them to go for the doctor.

But Jimmy understood.

Anna had the pagan's shame of pain. He recalled how on one occasion since their marriage when she had been ill—it was fish poisoning—she had shut herself up in the bedroom and refused to have him near her until she had fully recovered.

"You eat your supper and settle down to a book and try to forget what's going on," Mrs. Lane counselled kindly.

Jimmy tried to carry out her advice, but he could not swallow a mouthful of the food Anna had prepared for him.

Round about eight the doctor arrived, and Jimmy was miserably certain the man was lying when, after coming out of the bedroom, he said everything was going splendidly and that it would do Jimmy good to get a breath of fresh air.

He did go out in the end, because he couldn't bear it any longer when those low, stifled moans coming through the thin partition which divided the sitting-room from the bedroom became shrill, staccato cries of agony.

"She's being so brave and good," Mrs. Lane dropped in to tell him. And Jimmy, looking as though he could murder the woman for her cheerfulness, rasped hysterically:

"Of course she is brave. She's Anna."

He went for a walk, and upon his return Mrs. Lane met him in the hall carrying a bundle of shawl.

"Your daughter," she announced, with as much pride as though it were her own newly-born infant. "A bonny girl. She weighs seven and a half pounds."

She thrust the squirming bundle at Jimmy. Then he searched gingerly behind the layers of shawl and found himself staring at what he imagined to be quite the ugliest baby ever born. A rush of protective compassion, a swirl of tenderness towards this small object, came over him, because, after all, that puckered crimson face was the face of his daughter. He was so absorbed in the bewildering sensation of parenthood that he forgot, for the moment, his conviction that Anna was dead. Then suddenly the agony of the last half an hour or so came back to him and he felt terribly sick.

"My wife?" he gasped, handing the child back to Mrs. Lane.

"Doing fine, Mr. Garden. I expect you'll want to take her those flowers." She indicated with a jerk of the head the mass of already wilting mimosa lying at their feet.

"If she'll see me," said Jimmy humbly, and then he took another look at his daughter and tried to discover in the funny red face some resemblance to Anna or to himself.

"She's asking for you," returned Mrs. Lane. "But you mustn't stay long. She ought to sleep."

Jimmy lost interest in the baby after that. He picked up the flowers, made a bound towards the bedroom, and flung himself awkwardly at her side.

"Anna!" he gasped. "Oh, Anna, my darling! How are you?"

She looked pale, and a little tired about the eyes, but not nearly as ill as he had feared.

"Anna, are you all right?" he pressed.

"Have they told you it's a girl?" she asked, without answering his questions.

"Yes, they've told me and I've seen her. Does it matter to you terribly?"

Anna shook her head.

"Not so much as I thought. It won't matter at all if Aunt Lydia's child is a boy."

Jimmy gauged that this wasn't the moment to tell her that his aunt had given birth to an heir a few hours before. Nevertheless, he was immensely relieved that the blow would not fall as hard when the time came.

It was then that his passionate gratitude to his daughter for her very existence began. A gratitude, an obligation which later steered him through the most trying hairpin bends in the course of his life.

Whatever happened to him he would never become completely embittered . . . you didn't get that way when you were so grateful for anything as Jimmy was for his child.

"I'd like to call her Paulianka," said Anna, after a pause. "They called my grandmother that."

"Just as you like, darling," gave in Jimmy, who had already started to hope that the funny, red-faced baby might be named Rosemary Anne, after his own mother, and so many other of the Garden women.

CHAPTER 5

BY the time the baby Paulianka, shortened to Paula, was three years old, the Celestion Printing Works was

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HUSBAND TO ANNA

sufficiently on its feet to justify the Gardens taking their first holiday at the sea.

"It'll do Paula good; she's got a bit of a London 'peak'," Jimmy further justified the extravagance to Anna.

Somewhat to his surprise she raised no objections, but started in her usual methodical way to make up her mind where they should go and to find out about rooms.

Again she surprised him by deciding on Chillingham, a small fishing village in Devonshire. He had imagined that she would have selected somewhere more lively, but she stuck to her choice, even when he warned her how dull she might find it during the evenings if it should rain.

"I like quiet places," she defended Chillingham. "The fare is heavy, of course, but, on the other hand, we can manage much more cheaply there than at any of these places nearer London. Besides, I'm told there is a lovely stretch of sand there which will be grand for Paula."

But in the end Jimmy didn't have his holiday with Paula.

Two days before they were due to go, Luke went down with appendicitis and there was no one but Jimmy to look after the business. It hit him harder than anything he could remember.

Anna took the news more placidly than he had thought. He had no illusions about her wanting his company, but from the moment Lallie telephoned the news about Luke's illness, he had been steeling himself against the probable scene Anna would make when she learned that she was to be marooned in a fishing village for a fortnight, away from the cinemas and shops, with only a three-year-old baby to keep her amused.

But all Anna said was, "It's a pity, Jimmy, but it can't be helped." And with a fatalistic shrug of the shoulders, plunged forthwith into domestic details as to how he should manage while they were away.

They were able to afford a daily woman now, and Anna was sure Mrs. Chant would be pleased to get Jimmy's dinner prepared.

"I'll pay her an extra two-and-six a week, Jimmy. We'll save that and more on your fare," planned Anna.

Before the evening was over she actually budgeted for him to have an extra pound to spend during the fortnight. Jimmy sat back, agreeing apathetically to the arrangements she was making for him. He didn't care much what happened since he wasn't to have that longed-for holiday with Paula.

It wasn't until two days later, when he was seeing them off at Paddington, that Anna made the casual remark:

"By the way, did you happen to remember Oliver said something about going down to stay at Plymouth with his people? I sent him a line just in case he's there to ask him to come over and cheer me up. Chillingham is only about five miles away."

Jimmy agreed that it was a good idea.

CHILLINGHAM is perhaps one of the loveliest of Devon's fishing villages. It lies sheltered by a semi-circle of wooded hills; there is in the summer a continual fight between the sea and the roses and honeysuckle for ascendency of scent. Its inhabitants are all fisher-folk; the men handsome in the swarthy, buccaneering fashion of the Spaniards, the women full-bosomed and wide of hip, with pansy-colored eyes and masses of dark hair.

It is chiefly patronised by artists, or people who would like to marry but can't owing to previous matrimonial contracts on the one or other or both sides. Anna Garden, however, was coldly indifferent to the wild, intoxicating beauty of Chillingham; its broad-minded generosity meant nothing to her.

She had come to Chillingham because Oliver Blakestone was staying at Plymouth. Religiously she put up a prayer of thanks to her deity for having allowed Luke Levenstone's appendix to become inflamed at such an opportune time. Her religion being an odd mixture of blind unquestioning worship and superstition, she took it as a sign that God was on her side over Oliver.

"God," decreed Anna, "wants Oliver and me to be happy. Otherwise He wouldn't have allowed me to come to Chillingham without Jimmy."

THE crescent of golden sands sprawling from the single row of cottages was deserted except for the child Paula, solemnly building a castle, and Oliver and Anna, who lay in bathing-suits with their backs against the red-brown rocks some yards away.

Oliver was regarding through lazy, half-closed eyes the Junoesque flowing symmetry of Anna's limbs. They were tanned a rich brown, and so was her face, and this gave a curiously luminous quality to her pale eyes.

Oliver was fascinated and repelled at the same time by the odd appeal of this woman who had no real claim to beauty.

He had felt this way about Anna, he remembered, from the first time he had seen her—fascinated and repelled as one might be by a snake; he had to own that the fascination had grown steadily since they had been thrown together during the last fortnight.

Unreasonably, he began to blame Jimmy for this sense of unease regarding Anna.

The young fool had no right to have written him that postcard:

"Anna's down at Chillingham with the infant. Be sure to go and see her."

Before he heard from Jimmy, Oliver had determined to send Anna some flowers with the lie that he was probably leaving Plymouth immediately and wouldn't have time to get along to Chillingham.

For Oliver Blakestone was essentially a cautious young man. He'd knocked about a bit emotionally; he flattered himself he knew women as well as any man, and he was fully aware of the disturbing possibilities of Anna Garden. So, since that evening over three years ago, when he had commented on her beauty and touched her hand, he had treated her with an offhandedness which amounted almost to bad manners.

He knew, too, that Anna had made up her mind long ago to drag him into some kind of madness. He didn't want to sound caddish even to himself, but there was no mistake about it that Anna was doing her utmost to get them entangled in some sort of affair, had been for years. He'd had his flirtations and love affairs all right; he was reasonably adept in dealing with them so that no one was too badly hurt when the end came, but in Anna he suspected a force which neither his common sense nor his loyalty to Jimmy would be able to combat.

HE disliked Anna intensely when he thought of her in cold blood, but that did not prevent him from being distinctly roused by her physically. She had a hold on his senses; she was, he suspected, deliberately playing on his passion, but that didn't prevent him desiring her.

So it was all against his better judgment, that after the first visit to the cottage where she was staying, he fell into the habit of coming daily to Chillingham.

In the beginning he had played a lot with Paula, whose unchildlike seriousness intrigued him.

Yes, he had deliberately set out to occupy himself with Jimmy's baby because somehow this made it all right about him being so much in Chillingham, and quelled to a certain extent those physical desires he had for her mother.

He went on disliking her more than ever. She was nothing but a clever, common person, Oliver told himself; a crudely voluptuous Polish peasant.

But she kept him awake at night. He discovered, to his dismay, that he was giving more thought to Anna than he had ever given to one woman in his life.

Each morning during the last fortnight he had vowed irritably he wouldn't go to Chillingham, yet invariably he found himself sprawling on the beach with Anna before lunch time, swimming with Anna, who moved in the water with the easy grace of a spaniel.

He tried to pretend now, while he contemplated those perfect bronzed limbs, the sinister mystery lurking in Anna Garden's pale eyes, that he was simply delighted she was going back to London to-morrow. He was rather proud of himself that he hadn't gone further than to kiss her shapely capable hand.

IT had been a battle of wills all the time. They both recognised this secretly. Oliver talking hard about Paula, dashing rudely from Anna's side in order to help Paula with her sand castles, while Anna just watched him and brought him back to her side with a posture, a glance . . . a twist of a smile.

"This time to-morrow" she interrupted now his open scrutiny of her recumbent form—"we shall be in the train."

That maddened Oliver. Honest with himself, he owned that he didn't want Anna to go away. Not yet, not yet.

He was going to miss Anna. He was going to be bored stiff, playing bad tennis with the flushed, unpowdered daughters of his mother's county friends. He'd been the craziest of fools not to have made the most of this fortnight with Anna instead of playing about with antediluvian theories concerning the integrity of one's best friend's wife.

It wasn't as though she hadn't wanted him just as keenly as he wanted her. It was obvious to the most unobservant eye that she was mentally unfaithful to Jimmy. Rotten luck on Jimmy, but it wasn't his, Oliver's fault. Besides, if Jimmy had been simpleton enough to have gone out of his way to throw him and Anna together by sending him that silly postcard, he'd have to take cuckold medicine.

"Oliver, are you going to miss me?" Anna's usually calm voice had a throbbing, strangled quality. Her brown hand slid into his. Her eyes were intoxicating to the senses in their Slavonic inscrutability.

"Of course I am. You know that." Oliver's dark eyes were black, smouldering fires.

"We'll meet in London, won't we, Oliver?" Anna comforted.

"Yes—we'll meet in London," repeated Oliver. And knew that he was going to hate and loathe having to sit opposite an adequately clothed Anna in her husband's flat. He didn't want Anna like that. It was silly to think of their meeting in London.

He dragged her roughly towards him.

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"Lovely creature . . . ."

His kisses lingered on her lips. His hands sought the tanned smoothness of her flesh.

Anna sighed in deep content, as though she had been relieved of a great suffering; her half-closed eyes glinted in triumph.

"Oliver."

"Anna."

"We belong—Oliver, I've wanted you so. I've given myself to you in my dreams so often. Oliver"—she was panting a little—I've prayed for—this."

"Darling."

"Oliver, kiss me again. I love you, Oliver."

He kissed her in angry, shamed passion. She thrilled him immeasurably, but he wasn't even now happy about their love-making. Then suddenly, from further down the sands, Paula called out in her patient way:

"Mummie, Uncle Oliver, please don't you want to come and look at my castle before the sea washes it away?"

"Jimmy's child," ejaculated Anna, "Whatever happens, Oliver, Paula mustn't suffer." Her voice rose to a sharp staccato.

Oliver frowned darkly.

"Darling, don't be morbid and Russian drama. It won't hurt Paula a whit if we are sensible enough to make the most of the remaining golden, stolen, naughty, delicious hours."

CHAPTER 6

A FORTNIGHT after Anna and Paula's return from Chillingham, Jimmy suddenly made up his mind to leave the works early.

Luke was back again and in no hurry to get away.

"Go and bath your infant," he advised Jimmy.

Jimmy considered it a great idea.

"Go home and bath your infant." He'd enjoy that a lot. Except for the Sunday following their home-coming, Jimmy had seen practically nothing of Paula. Anna always contrived to have her out of the way while he breakfasted; she was always in bed when he returned at night. And ever since their return Jimmy had nurtured a compelling sentimental urge to talk to Paula.

In his heart he was unhappy about the child, without quite knowing why; he was frankly jealous because she seemed so much more Anna's child than his own. He'd been cheated out of his holiday with her, but that hadn't killed his sentimental desire to "be all in all to Paula." Her best friend as well as her father. With the edifices of matrimony crumbling steadily about his head, he counted on the three-year-old Paula to give his life a significance and anchorage.

Thanks to Luke, who signed his last letters, he arrived home round about six.

Anna was, as usual, in the kitchen. She called to him: "You're back early this evening, Jimmy—anything wrong?" Her voice had a sharp edge to it as though she disapproved of his early home-coming.

Jimmy didn't mind. He'd come to see Paula, he told himself angrily. Anna could just stay where she was in her kitchen. He was going to bath Paula. Anna would make a fuss about it, but he wasn't going to give in to her stupid arguments that bathing a child was not a man's job.

He called back to her: "Don't bother about me," and went into the sitting-room. He saw a picture postcard stuck in the mantelpiece. He picked it up and turned it over. It was addressed to Anna. "Came back yesterday. Please ask me to supper on Saturday," the message ran. It was signed, "Love to all, Oliver." Jimmy replaced it and thought it odd of Oliver to have written to Anna instead of to himself.

Paula was squatting forlornly in the middle of the floor, surrounded by bricks. She looked up when her father came into the room. To his dismay he saw that her unchildlike, solemn green eyes were filled with tears. One had ploughed its way down her cheek.

"I want my Uncle Oliver," she announced in her plaintive, grown-up voice. "My Uncle Oliver can build castles better than anyone in the world."

"Except your daddy. He builds the most marvellous castles—in sand, in brick, and in Spain," declared Jimmy, flopping down beside her.

"Castles in sand—with moats," Paula persisted in her sad, stubborn way. "That's what Uncle Oliver can do."

Jimmy collected the bricks around him.

"I can build castles with bricks, which is much more clever," he boasted.

"I don't like castles built of bricks; they aren't real castles."

A sob caught Paula's throat. Tears were streaming down both cheeks as she reiterated: "I want my Uncle Oliver, Daddy."

"Well then, you jolly well can't have him," snapped Jimmy, losing patience. "Look, Paula, at this lovely castle daddy has made for you." He was piling the colored bricks into some kind of crazy edifice.

"I want Uncle Oliver."

Jimmy pushed the bricks away from him. They made a clattering sound as they toppled to the ground. "You are an ungrateful little beast," he shouted. "For God's sake, Paula, stop whining and try to enjoy yourself."

At that moment Anna came into the room. Paula was crying quietly in a shaking, broken-hearted way. Her tiny thin form was quivering with sobs, but no sound came from her tightly compressed lips.

Anna gave a swift searching glance from the one to the other—her disgruntled husband and grief-stricken child. She lifted the latter from the floor and gave her a little shake.

"What's the matter now?" she asked in her cool matter-of-fact way. "Has daddy been teasing you again?"

Paula continued to cry silently.

"I want Uncle Oliver," she gasped. And Anna, throwing a questioning glance at Jimmy, admonished the child:

"What you want is a nice cup of milk and your bed."

She carried Paula across to her father.

"Kiss your daddy good-night, and say you are sorry for being such a misery," she commanded tersely.

PAULA proffered her cheek with dismal lack of enthusiasm.

Jimmy turned peevishly away.

"If you can't kiss me of your own accord, I don't want to be kissed," he said gruffly.

"Don't be unreasonable, Jimmy. She's tired."

Anna continued to hold Paula so that her upturned tear-stained face was close to his. He kissed her begrudgingly on the forehead.

"Good-night, infant."

"Good-night, Daddy," piped Paula. "I'm sorry I was a misery." She smiled uncertainly. Her eyes were still brimming with tears.

"She's tired," Anna explained all over again.

Jimmy didn't say anything. He felt strangely deserted and alone inside him, and was glad when Anna and Paula had left the sitting-room.

Presently he heard Paula splashing in her bath. She was laughing now. Anna certainly knew how to manage her. Jimmy wanted to scream:

"Paula, where are you—who are you, Paula? Don't go completely Karslof, Paula. Dammit, you're half Garden. You're my child as well as hers."

In his jealously he almost hated Anna for her power over Paula. He was near to hating Paula herself because she had cried in that distracted way for Oliver. All at once he wanted to dash in to her, pick her up in all her glistening wetness.

"Paula," he wanted to beg of her, "say you're mine. Paula, if you have any pity keep a chunk of your heart for me."

Hysteria held him in a tempestuous swirl. He wanted to rush at Paula, bare his throat and implore her to strangle him with her own tiny fingers if she were not prepared to give him deeply of her love and her loyalty. He became greedy and unreasonable. He didn't want to share her with Anna. He could have killed her for calling like that for Oliver.

The splashing sounds from the bathroom had ceased and a great silence fell over the flat. Then he heard Anna moving into the bedroom. Because it was so quiet everywhere he heard her distinctly instructing Paula:

"Say it after me:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon this little child."

Paula's bell-like baby voice dutifully repeated the prayer.

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon this little child."

Jimmy buried his face in his hands.

"God," he prayed in his turn. "God—if there is a God, see to it that Paula loves me—worships me . . God, in your mercy, see to it that I never let Paula down."

He remained for a long while with his face covered, praying odd unconventional worldly prayers, throwing himself in his cold, angry disillusionment, at the mercy of Anna's God. Then he felt a determined hand laid upon his shoulders and Anna's voice jeering crudely:

"Cut out the big, tired business man stuff, Jimmy, and come and eat your dinner."

He looked up, and dragging himself out of his daze, he noticed that the table was laid. Anna must have done that, he reflected, while he was praying in that silly hysterical way for Paula's love. He gave a harsh, mirthless giggle, and wondered what had come over him that he should have made such a fool of himself.

ANNA had prepared a specially good dinner to-night. There was steak garnished with peas and crisp potatoes to start off with. Jimmy, who had lunched sparingly off a roll and cheese in the office, fell to with relish. His good spirits returned to him as his hunger became appeased. When Anna brought in the stewed apricots and custard, he began telling her enthusiastically of the new client he had landed that afternoon.

"Another Jonas—and a teetotaller," he teased her.

"I'm glad, Jimmy," she said. "Very glad."

"If we go on like this you and I will be able to run to a car next summer," he promised.

"That would be nice."

There was such apathy in her voice that he looked across the table to see what was the matter. It wasn't like Anna to be so coldly indifferent when it was a question of making money. She had hankered after a car since their wedding day. Then, to his

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HUSBAND TO ANNA

dismay, he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Anna." He jumped up and ran round the oval table to her. "Dear Anna, what's wrong?" he said, feeling awkward. She dabbed her eyes. He thought her quivering attempt to smile terribly pathetic.

"What's wrong?" he repeated, and put his arms round her shoulders, his mouth close to her hair.

Anna pushed him away from her and got up from the table. She took up her habitual rigid-backed position on the edge of an armchair. There was a pile of darning in the basket beside it, but Anna's usually busy hands lay inert and limply clasped in her lap.

"Jimmy," she gasped with an odd catch in her voice. "Jimmy, we've got to talk. We ought to have talked long ago."

"What about?" His tone was practical and calm, but he felt beads of perspiration break out on his forehead. An icy shiver of apprehension caught him at the back of his spine. He was sitting now as rigid as Anna, with fear stalking his eyes, his hands clutching stiffly at the arm of his chair.

"Anna," he implored her. "Anna dear, what is the matter? Anna, can't I help?"

She had herself in control again. Her eyes were enigmatical. There were tear-stains on her cheeks, but her mouth was curved into a smile.

"You can if you will," she said gently.

"You know you can count on me."

He spoke recklessly, without stopping to consider what she might be going to ask of him. Not caring much, so long as she'd put her troubles in his hands. Give him a chance to cope with them.

His pride rose within him like a fiery cloud. Anna was in trouble. Anna needed him. Anna Karslof, the glorious independent warrior-woman was at last calling upon her husband for help. Anna, mother to Paula. His two women-folk. His precious responsibilities. Jimmy was almost rejoicing over those tears she had shed.

"Anna." He leaned forward, grasping her hands. They were as cold as lumps of ice. "Anna, tell me what you want?"

"My freedom." She uttered the two words with a sharp snap. Her body stiffened and then relaxed.

"My freedom," she repeated dully.

Jimmy stared at her incredulously for a second or so, then he leaped from his chair, shook her roughly by the shoulders.

"You're crazy!" he shouted. "You're plumb crazy. Your freedom? What d'you want your freedom for, Anna?" he demanded stupidly.

SHE threw back her head. It was a courageous, defiant gesture. She had moved her shoulders so that Jimmy's hands fell from her.

"I want my freedom," she pronounced clearly, "so that I can marry Oliver. I love Oliver."

So those hours of stark agony and fear when he had lain prone on his sofa in a cold panic about Anna and Oliver, were merely a prelude to—this. They hadn't been a nightmare to be lightly ignored, after all.

Anna and Oliver. My wife and my best friend. Jimmy felt as though someone had dealt him a punch straight at the heart. It couldn't be true, though. At any minute Anna—somebody would be telling him it was just a silly joke.

Anna and Oliver. Why, it was fantastic—they had always disliked each other.

A rush of anger spilled itself like vitriol upon Jimmy's writhing soul. His sense of possession girded itself about him like a suit of invulnerable armor. What if Oliver did want Anna—he was not going to have her. He, Jimmy, could fight for his rights as well as any other man. Anna was his . . he'd keep her from Oliver even if it meant locking her up in her room until she came to her senses.

Red mists blurred his vision. He had an uncomfortable feeling in his stomach and retched violently, while he clung with one hand to the mantelpiece for support.

Anna's strained expression softened.

"You'll get over it, Jimmy." She stroked his cheek. "Dear Jimmy, you'll get over it quickly enough when you've thought things over. You and I aren't suited. We never have been. You know that, Jimmy, as well as I do."

Jimmy continued his nervous twitching. His face was a dull greenish-white.

"You're crazy," he gasped. "Plumb crazy. You and Oliver. Ha, ha, ha!" It was an ugly cackle of a laugh. "I suppose it happened while you were in Chillingham?"

"It started happening from the moment we met," she contradicted dreamily. "But we didn't realise it at once."

"BALDERDASH!" shouted Jimmy. "Balderdash! Get your values right. You're my wife and Oliver is my best friend. This isn't the Lyceum."

"It's life, Jimmy."

"Balderdash!" he shouted again. He broke away from the mantelpiece and started to zigzag giddily up and down the room. Soon, however, he dropped exhaustedly into his chair. His body shook with heavy sobs, but his eyes, covered by his trembling hands, were dry. He continued to retch intermittently.

"Paula." He spoke with a visible effort. "Have you thought of Paula?"

"She loves Oliver—you heard her tonight . . she was calling for Oliver . . crying for Oliver."

"Because you've taught her to do so. You've deliberately set my child against me."

Jimmy was on his feet again. Pacing the room, steadier now, but still feeling violently sick. He went over to the sideboard and poured himself out a glass of water. He drank it in a gulp and felt a little better.

"We've got to keep calm," he rasped at Anna, who was as serene as possible.

"About Oliver?" he clipped from between his clenched teeth. "I want the truth. Is he your lover?"

She shook her head.

"But he's made love to you, of course?"

"Yes."

"Kissed you?"

"Yes."

"Told you he loved you?"

"Yes."

Her eyes held a luminous quality.

Jimmy gave her a long searching look. It seemed as though he were trying to read the riddle of her eyes—and couldn't, because of all the light in them.

"Thanks," he said with mocking politeness, and, shrugging his shoulders, flung himself out of the room.

Anna heard him clattering along the passage; a minute or so later the front door slammed.

Her lips parted and she was panting like someone who had been running fast. It had been terrible having to hurt Jimmy like this. She didn't expect him to believe it, but it had taken all her ruthless courage to deal him this blow. She was fond of Jimmy in her own way and she would have given a lot to have spared him pain. Then gradually her common sense gained ascendancy over her lingering sentimentality. She refused to allow her mental vision to drift back to that dreadful picture of Jimmy swaying against the mantelpiece, physically sick from shock. Instead, she plunged her mind relentessly into the future. She honestly believed that it was better for her and Jimmy to separate.

Jimmy ought to see for himself how futile and destroying it was to both of them to continue to go on as they were. She wondered, without any real interest, what he was doing with himself now. She supposed he had gone for a long walk, or perhaps he'd get drunk at the "Blue Posts."

Of course, she conceded, it was hard for him to have to part with Paula. But he'd get over it. You got over everything in time, philosophised Anna sagely.

She spent the next hour or so calmly darning his socks; round about ten she went into the bedroom. Paula was sound asleep in her cot. Anna fell on her knees beside it. Swayed by a sudden rush of maternal affection, she pressed her child's chubby fingers against her mouth; she began to pray in a low reverent voice:

"God, give us Oliver. God, Paula and I need Oliver."

She repeated the prayer three times before she started to prepare for bed. She was completely at rest with her own conscience now, and considered that Jimmy was entirely to be blamed for the failure they had made of their marriage.

JIMMY walked back from Bury Street to Westbourne Terrace, and it was after midnight before he re-entered his flat. As he had expectd, Anna was peacefully asleep.

He switched on the electric light furthest from the bed, and stood in the doorway contemplating her placid features. She was breathing evenly like a child, with one hand pushed under her cheek. It was difficult to believe that this woman, sleeping as though she hadn't a care in the world, had only a few hours ago shaken the very foundation of her marriage with her cold-blooded confession to her husband that she was in love with his best friend.

Then, Anna was always like that, Jimmy recalled. In sleep she could throw aside all her worries and rages. Their stormy, bitter quarrels, her fleeting anxieties about Paula never interfered with Anna's night's rest. She could sleep even when she was in physical pain.

After a long contemplation of his wife, Jimmy tip-toed across to Paula's cot. He thought the child looked flushed, and took hold of her hand. It was quite cool and so was her forehead. She stirred as he was creeping away and called "Mummie!" in a shrill, frightened voice. But she had not woken up.

Jimmy's muscles went rigid. He felt as though the whole of his body were encased in plaster of paris. He could not focus his mind properly, either. He wanted to think clearly about Anna and her infatuation for Oliver, but instead, his thoughts drifted to inconsequent happenings at the office and as to whether he' be able to afford a new suit soon. He had taken up his position beside Anna again. Then, moving like a sleep-walker, he drifted back to Paula's cot and began to plan as to how the box-room could be converted into a bedroom for her. He found that he had better control of his brain all the while he kept it on comparatively unimportant subjects.

He'd tell Anna in the morning, he decided firmly, that the child was old enough now to sleep alone. Meanwhile, he had

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to tell her that he was not going to divorce her.

"Anna!" He left Paula abruptly and shook his wife by the shoulders. "Anna, wake up. We've got to talk—you and I." It took him several minutes to bring her out of her slumbers.

"Really, Jimmy?" She sat up in bed at last and glared at him indignantly. Her ruffled black hair looked like a malevolent halo framing her face in sharp, uneven spikes.

"We've got to talk," Jimmy repeated.

Anna hunched her knees. There was an odd mixture of defiance and cold resignation in her pose.

"I've said all I have to say," she told him coldly.

"Well, I haven't, and you've got to listen to me even though it is one o'clock in the morning." Jimmy's voice was raised to a harsh pitch of command. He sat down on the end of the bed and took hold of both her hands. It was a conciliatory gesture.

"Anna, my dear"—he spoke gently now—"I'm sorry, but I can't do as you ask."

"You mean, you refuse to let me divorce you?"

He nodded.

"In that case, Jimmy," replied Anna without a moment's hesitation, "I shall be unfaithful to you."

Jimmy's fingers tightened round her wrists until they almost tore the flesh. The veins on his temples swelled and throbbed.

"You realise what you're saying," he returned in a voice as cool and collected as her own. "If you are unfaithful to me, Anna—and if you are I shall know, I swear I shall know—I will divorce you, and the court will give me the custody of the child. So before you do anything rash, remember you have to choose between Oliver—and Paula."

Anna's heavy white eyelids drooped so that her eyes were only washed-out blue slits of eyes. She lay back on her pillow without saying a word.

But Jimmy knew from the shrunken expression of her face that he had won the battle. He knew, too, as he lay tossing and turning beside her sleeping form, that he had no bitterer enemy in the world than his own wife. There was something eerily frightening about Anna's silent capitulation.

CHAPTER 7

IT was soon after Anna's admission that she loved Oliver Blakestone, and Paula's third birthday, that Jimmy began to suffer from agoraphobia. At first he tried to fight this stark terror which enshrouded him whenever he was anywhere except in his own home or office. But it grew steadily worse, and by the time his child was four, he couldn't trust himself to visit a client's office without breaking out into a jittering sweat of nerves, and feeling as though his tongue was several times too large for his mouth. So he gave up calling on people and did all his business by telephone, making vague, unconvincing explanations to Luke as to why this was a much better medium for getting business than trailing around to see people in person.

Luke thought it a pity. In his opinion, Jimmy's shy, attractive personality was one of the soundest assets of their business. But he did not consider it wise to argue with his partner. Jimmy was unbearably touchy and apt to fly into rages at the slightest provocation, and Luke was essentially a peace-loving man.

Anna had collected her strange friends from Brixton, so Jimmy gathered. Poppy Karslof, her youngest sister, had recently obtained a job at a masseuse establishment of questionable reputation in Marylebone, and the people who began first to invade the shabby tailor's shop in Brixton's and then the Gardens' flat in Westbourne Terrace were either Poppy's colleagues or her male clients. Among them were numbered, besides Tonio the boxer, a couple of Jew bookmakers and a flashy doctor who had been struck off the rolls.

To start off with, Anna had shown some selection as to whom Poppy was allowed to bring to her flat. They never interested Jimmy, the nasal youths and painted young women, but they appeared to be very cheery and good-hearted and they amused Anna.

Though his worshipping passion for her was completely spent, Jimmy felt an increasing sense of responsibility towards Anna since the affair with Oliver. He'd never completely got over the uncomfortable conviction that in marrying her he had cheated her, and it eased his mind when he saw that she was enjoying herself, what with her parties and jaunts to the West End with one or the other of her new friends.

He squeezed as much money as he dared out of the business so that she might dress with the same cheap and varied elegance as Poppy. He always saw to it that she was able to pay her share at tea when she went out. He encouraged her, too, not to stay in during the evenings.

"You trot along and have a good time. I'll stay and look after Paula," he'd say.

But all this was before those flashy-eyed, coarse-mouthed French girls and their young men and the Italian boxer started to frequent the place. Sometimes the room was so crowded that there wasn't a chair for Jimmy to sit on when he got back from work.

He knew that Anna's women friends considered him dull because he made no attempt to flirt with them, and that the men laughed at him behind his back for his lack of interest in their recitals of their conquests and marital infidelities and the jokes they had to tell. His unpopularity didn't worry him in the slightest; but he became definitely bothered over the undeniable deterioration of Anna. He tackled her about it very kindly at first.

"My dear, these people are no good to you. They only come here for free beer and food. I want you to enjoy yourself, Anna; I want you to have friends," he had impressed on her, "but the right friends."

Anna, of course, had flown off into one of her tantrums. After raging and storming for ten minutes, she calmed down and became scathingly, tauntingly sarcastic. If Jimmy wanted the aristocracy around the place, maybe his high and mighty aunt and uncle would introduce some of their grand friends. Maybe if his high and mighty uncle, who merely insulted them twice yearly by sending Paula a pound on her birthday and at Christmas, put Jimmy up for a decent club, he'd be able to bring the right people home.

And wouldn't they enjoy eating in the kitchen and drinking beer or tea with their food, sneered Anna. Meanwhile, she'd choose her own friends, thank you very much.

JIMMY, who had always suffered the disadvantage of being able to see Anna's side of an argument more clearly than his own, did his best to accept her conditions after that.

It was perfectly true, he never brought anyone home; he didn't dare to with Anna's sulky disloyalty hanging about the place like a dank black cloud. You could not be sure of Anna's self-control. Besides, he didn't really know anyone well enough except Luke, who had put it to him very kindly that while he and Lallie would always be delighted to have him, Jimmy, to see them at Putney, they thought it a good idea not to come to Westbourne Terrace.

"Anna doesn't like us, old boy," said Luke bluntly, and Jimmy knew what he really meant was, "We don't like Anna."

Oliver, his only other close friend, had suddenly decided, soon after the fuss over Anna, that the law bored him and that he wanted to write. His first novel had a considerable succes d'estime and sold moderately well; and incredibly Oliver took his work so seriously after that, that he withdrew from London and spent most of his time in a small Elizabethan cottage he bought and modernised for himself at the foot of Sussex Downs.

HE had written only once to Jimmy since their last meeting. That was a month or so after the publication of his novel. He announced then his intention of going to live in the country.

"It's this way, Jimmy," he wrote. "The success, for what it's worth, of 'Let's Be Gay,' has made me want to make a show of this writing business, and you can't give it much while you are racketing in London. I've a theory that a novelist ought to take as much care of the 'bod' as an athlete, otherwise the old imagination doesn't give forth as it should . . ."

He finished up with an affectionate reminder that, after all, they were good friends, weren't they, and why didn't Jimmy come down to Bulehurst some week-end?

Jimmy never answered the letter. He remained very fond of Oliver, but he didn't want to see him again—not yet, anyway. Not until he could free his mind of the nightmare of Anna and Oliver down at Chillingham. He was afraid still, a year after it had happened, that if he ever came face to face with Oliver he might strike him; just as he was always having to hold himself back from striking Anna.

And so time drifted by until it came to be Paula's fifth birthday.

Jimmy left the office as early as usual in the morning. He had given his daughter a doll at breakfast, and stopped on the way home to buy a pink-and-white iced sponge-mould for her, because he was quite certain Anna had not bothered to get her a birthday cake.

They had already started tea when he put in an appearance, and this annoyed him. True, he hadn't mentioned to Anna that he would be back in time, but he had promised Paula, who had seemed excited and flattered in her quiet, undemonstrative way over this compliment from her busy father. So surely, Jimmy reflected, resentful all at once against the child, she might have insisted on waiting for him. He had noticed lately with increasing disquietude, how apt Paula was to put her mother before himself, and to take her part when disputes arose.

It was Anna's fault, of course. Jimmy blamed his wife in silent anger for continually making fun of him in front of Paula. Nevertheless, he had thought he could count on the child's amazing clear-sightedness and intelligence to hold her affection for him unspoiled and uncritical.

She greeted him now with grave nonchalance: "You're home early, Daddy?"

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"Yes—I'm home early—as I promised. Any objections?" He dumped the cardboard box containing the sponge-mould beside her plate.

"There's a cake for you."

"Thank you very much, Daddy."

Paula dropped her bread-and-butter on her plate and began to untie the string, until Anna commanded in that sharp, domineering way of hers which always got on Jimmy's nerves: "Eat your bread-and-butter first, Paula."

Paula obeyed without demurring. There was a submissive quality about her blind obedience to her mother which bothered Jimmy. He did not realise that it came primarily from the child's almost idolatrous devotion to Anna, and not from fear.

To-day he chose to put it down to indifference to his gift. He removed the cake with open petulance from the table to the sideboard, and commented irritably: "Having tea early to-day, aren't you? It's only just after four."

"It's because I'm going out, and I want to get Paula to bed before I start. She told me you'd be back somewhere about tea-time," Anna explained. She poured out a cup of stewed tea and handed it to Jimmy, who pushed it back to her.

"I don't want any, thanks."

He wouldn't sit down at the table, either, or sample the cake when Anna gave permission for it to be unpacked and cut.

"I suppose," he flared, after fidgeting sulkily about the room for a while, "I may ask what important engagement this is which necessitates the child being put to bed an hour before the usual time on her birthday?" It maddened him further to see Paula placidly munching her cake, and apparently not caring whether he were home or not.

ANNA hesitated a minute before answering. And Jimmy decided wrathfully—she is making up her mind whether to tell me the truth or not.

"I'm going," she announced at last, "to see Tonio box at Blackfriars. Yvette is coming with me. We have to get there early because we can't afford to book seats."

There was something in her voice, a vaguely familiar note which caused Jimmy to come closer and gaze at her with sharp, suspicious concentration. Her pale eyes looked as though lighted lamps had been placed behind them in their deep sockets . . . the line of her body, straight as a pine tree, had an expectant quality.

Yes, she had looked thus, spoken thus in that defiant and withal pleading voice in which she had told him about Oliver . . . defiant and at the same time supplicant. Doubts which he had been fighting for weeks now crystallised into a blazing certainty.

He closed his eyes. His fists were tightly clenched, his arms rigid as though in death. He wasn't seeing Anna any more, but the steel-like muscles of the Italian boxer rippling under the thin material of his shirt when, as was his custom on sultry evenings, he removed his coat.

He recalled with aching vividness the occasion which had given birth to those doubts which he had chosen to laugh at, as grotesque creations of his overwrought, unhappy imagination. He had come back from the office to find Anna and Tonio sitting opposite each other on either side of the fireplace. Tonio in Jimmy's pet armchair.

The room was full of people as usual, and someone had made some irrelevant remark. Jimmy never remembered what it was—something rather raw about love. Anyhow, it had set Anna and Tonio looking at each other in a long silence as though they were strangers, wondering what had kept them apart all the years. Just the same way as he had once caught Anna and Oliver looking at each other when he had come back with the port; and which, though he had not taken it seriously, made him glad that Oliver was going away.

A sensation so strong in its repulsion as to make him feel faint, swept over Jimmy now that he was recalling, revisualising it all again. First Anna and Oliver . . . now Anna and a low, swarthy Italian boxer. A fierce cloud of anger enveloped him. His throat contracted—it felt as if some invisible hands were strangling him to death.

Anna—Anna—mother of Paula—and an Italian bruiser.

He made a lurching movement forward and struck out blindly; he felt the soft contact of human flesh against the burning pain of his hand, and knew that in hitting someone he was saving his reason.

Paula's shrill scream of fright brought him back to sanity and cleared the blinding mist from his eyes. He turned to Anna and saw the marks of his fingers on her face.

"Oh, God! . . . Anna! . . . Oh, God!" His whole body sagged in front of her.

"That's all right, Jimmy." She was inexplicably calm; even pulled forward a chair for him to sink into. From her attitude you would have thought being slapped in the face by her husband was an everyday occurrence.

"Tonio is not my lover," she said in the same calm voice.

Jimmy staggered across to the mantelpiece. He leaned up against it and covered his face with his shaking hands.

CHAPTER 8

IT was on Paula's sixth birthday that Christine Slane joined the Celestion Printing Works. Despite the world-wide slump in commerce, it continued to hold its own. It was Luke who suggested that Christine ought to be useful to them.

"We can run to it, Jimmy," declared Luke. "And it is time we had a regular artist on the staff instead of having to rely on these temperamental free-lance beggars. The contract for Jackson and Friar's book jackets alone would make it worth our while."

Jimmy agreed listlessly that it was not a bad idea. He was never enthusiastic about anything these days. He worked like a nigger and worried himself ill when they had had a bad month, but there was no fire or inspiration behind his endeavors. He had all the steady application of the first exciting adventurous months, when he and Luke had toiled their ten hours a day to put the nearly moribund printing works on its feet, but he had lost his impetuous eagerness and confidence.

Like a man half dead spiritually was Jimmy these days—an infinitely disillusioned young man with plenty of courage, but bereft of all ideals except a certain conventional pride that he was able to provide each year a little more adequately for his family. He no longer quarrelled with Anna about the odd, loose-moralled friends she brought to his flat. He had so schooled himself as to be unaware of their existence. He believed that her affair with Tonio Seripi was finished as the boxer no longer attended Anna's parties, nor Anna his boxing matches. But it was not important to him one way or another.

It had lasted two, perhaps, three months; since then there had been a bookmaker who wore diamonds on his finger and in his tie-pin; a great, lumbering, loose-limbed Swede next took her fancy in so far as she attended night classes twice a week for a few weeks in order to learn his language. Now her interest seemed to be focused upon a lyric writer who took cocaine.

HOW far these amorous episodes of Anna's went, Jimmy could not say. There was a certain buccaneering promiscuousness about her which distressed him more for her own sake than his.

For Anna was undoubtedly the hunter in all these affairs of the heart. A fierce, unscrupulous hunter, who allowed nothing, not even the natural reticence of her femininity, to stand in the way of herself and her quarry. There was no denying it, Anna was making herself cheap with her drug-ridden song writer, and it fidgeted Jimmy's fastidiousness that Anna, at one time so imperial in her proud reserve, should have deteriorated thus.

He was sure in his own mind that Tonio Seripi had been her lover, but he had no proof, didn't want any proof. He told himself over and over again that it was of no real interest to him what Anna did with herself. Anna might behave as she pleased so long as she looked after Paula, who now went to school in the mornings, and still remained her father's sole obsession in life. But even his devotion to his child had altered in quality. It was more passive, more impersonal. She had become to him a welcome responsibility rather than the keen, eager joy she had once been.

Luke allowed the subject of the new artist to drop for a few days, and Jimmy reminded him one morning.

"About the artist you want to get in. Have you anyone in mind?"

As he expected, Luke seldom put forward any proposition unless he had worked it out to its smallest detail.

"She's a friend of a friend of Lallie's," he informed Jimmy. "A bit down on her luck, so we'd get her cheap. Two quid a week, to be exact." He opened a drawer in his desk and brought out a bundle of papers. "Look, here are some specimens of her work. She's done quite a lot of book jackets and designs for brochures."

He pushed a pile of "roughs" across to Jimmy's desk.

Jimmy did not so much as glance through them. Instead, he burst forth irritably:

"A she, Luke, did you say? Must we have a woman, Luke? Damnation! We've done without them so long; why break the precedent? There are plenty of male artists out of work," he ranted petulantly.

Apart from the cleaners, the Celestion Printing Works employed no female labor. The presses were run by men, and Luke and Jimmy divided up the secretarial work between them with the uncertain assistance of Gerald, the office boy.

Luke frowned impatiently.

"This girl happens to be remarkably good and remarkably cheap, Jimmy. If you'll bother to look at those 'roughs' you'll see that her stuff is dead right for us, and frankly, old man, I'm not turning down a good cheap artist just because of your whim to keep women out of the business."

HE continued to frown while Jimmy reluctantly turned to the drawings. Luke was deuced sorry for his partner. He knew that he was having a

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pretty ghastly time with Anna; but while he, Luke, made all possible allowances, he had admitted to Lallie that he was getting tired of Jimmy's sultry moods, his apathy, which sometimes amounted to open disinterestedness in the business. No one could call Jimmy a slacker, said Luke, but there was such a lack of purpose in everything he did as to render his results practically valueless.

Look at the way he was examining those roughs now, for instance, brooded Luke wrathfully. They might have been a circular about women's corsets for all the interest Jimmy was showing, and it wasn't until Luke snapped at him: "Well, what d'you think?" that he deigned to own:

"All right, I suppose," and tossed them back to Luke, who snapped again:

"They are damned good, I tell you. And unless you can put up any better argument against our having this girl except her sex, I am going to write and tell her she can come next Monday."

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders. It was a gesture of weariness rather than indifference.

"Just as you please," he said, and glancing at the calendar, noticed irrelevantly that the following Monday was Paula's sixth birthday.

It was owing to this event that Jimmy arrived, on Christine's first morning, a little later than usual at the office.

Paula had insisted on him waiting to see if the postman brought her anything; then, when he did come, there were several parcels from the Karsiofs, besides the usual pound fom Sir Joshua.

Paula had not released her father until all the former had been opened and the spending of the pound planned. This took a little time, for Anna was firmly in favor of Paula buying herself something useful.

"She needs new shoes," said Anna firmly.

Whereat Jimmy asserted himself for once and decreed that Uncle Joshua's pound must be spent on toys and sweets.

"That's what it's sent for," insisted Jimmy. But in the end he had to give in, for Anna held the trump card.

"If you produce the money for the shoes," she challenged in that cold, sneering voice which she always used when she wanted to humiliate him, "she can buy herself a doll's pram with the pound." Knowing, of course, that Jimmy had just paid the electric light bill and the rent and had not any spare cash until the end of the month.

LUKE was already at the office when Jimmy, looking more ill than usual after his unsuccessful battle with Anna, put in an appearance.

A slender girl with enormous deep-set hazel eyes was sitting on the chair on the far side of Luke's desk. She had taken off her hat, a scarlet beret, and Jimmy noticed that her hair tumbled low into her neck, in a cascade of soft, silky golden curls.

Those were the first things about Christine he became aware of. Her babyish hair and those large, startled, hazel eyes.

Luke introduced them

"Christine . . . this is my partner, Jimmy Garden. Jimmy, Miss Slane, as you know, is going to look after our art work for us."

They shook hands. Jimmy and the golden-haired girl. He would have liked to have been gruff and distant with her. He'd have liked her to know right from the start that he distrusted and disliked women—seeing, as he did, Anna as the prototype of her sex. But you couldn't be gruff and distant with Christine Slane. Not when those startled, heavy fringed eyes dumbly sought your friendship.

To his dismay Jimmy found himself wringing her hand a little more firmly than necessary and stammering diffidently:

"I hope you'll like us, Miss Slane. Mr. Levenstone has shown me you work and I think it's grand."

"I am so pleased."

Her voice, coming with a nervous rush, had a soothing quality, like the ripple of a tiny stream over pebbles. She smiled, and a dimple broke in each of her cheeks. They made her look an awful kid, those dimples, Jimmy reflected—a frightened kid.

Then the next moment he was chiding himself for being a sentimental idiot.

She was a woman, wasn't she, this Christine Slane? And therefore capable of all sorts of treacheries and disloyalties. He had no time for women. Pretty, untrustworthy baubles, that was what they were, snarled Jimmy.

He made abrupt excuses about having to go down to the presses, and cursed Luke silently all the way for having imported a woman into the business.

WHEN he returned to his office later in the morning, Christine had been installed in a cupboard of a room next to his and Luke's. Jimmy was careful to avoid her, and, except for fleeting glimpses of her narrow, sloping shoulders when she came in to consult Luke, he did not see her again that day. Nevertheless, he remained disturbingly conscious of her. So much so that before his partner left that evening, he rapped out:

"Who exactly is that girl you've wished upon us, Luke?"

"I told you—a friend of a friend of Lallie's." Luke chose to be awkward.

"Has she people and that sort of thing?"

Jimmy could not free his mind of his first impression of her—a kid, a frightened kid—and his sense of gallantry demanded urgently that she should have the usual protection for her youthfulness.

Luke raised an interrogatory eyebrow.

"Interested, Jimmy?"

"She's one of our staff, so I suppose I have a right to know something about her," snapped Jimmy, turning very red in the face.

"Of course, my dear chap," Luke appeased him with friendly mockery. "Now, what exactly d'you want to know about Christine, Jimmy? Her age, experiences, possibilities, restrictions?"

"Oh, shut up!" Jimmy jumped to his feet. "Forget I asked a perfectly ordinary question if you are going to make such an asinine song and dance about it."

"Sorry, old chap." Luke sought to quell Jimmy's nervous wrath, though he considered it pretty rough that one could not pull a chap's leg without all this display of temperament.

"Actually I know very little about Christine, Jimmy," he began, in the soothing tones one might have used to a disgruntled child. "One of Lallie's numerous artist friends brought her round to our place one evening last week and asked if I could do anything for her. She was free-lancing but couldn't make a go of it. I saw those 'roughs' and decided she might be useful to us. Later, Lallie told me that she is an orphan and lives with a couple of strait-laced maiden aunts in Dulwich. They disapprove violently of Christine's profession, which apparently conjures up George du Maurier's Montmartre in all its most gruelling and wicked aspects. They wanted her to be a school teacher."

"She still lives with the aunts, I suppose?" Jimmy was relieved that Christine was not an unfortunate occupant of a cubicle in a hostel for girls. It pleased him equally, for more obscure reasons, that she did not share a flatlet with a friend. He liked to think of Christine living under the motherly wings of two strait-laced ladies in Dulwich.

"On two quid a week I shouldn't think she has any alternative," said Luke practically. "By the way, Jimmy, you might see about her insurance cards. I've got to fly. What about you?"

This question was merely a matter of form. Luke knew that Jimmy never left the office until after eight, and it was only six. Therefore he was considerably surprised when Jimmy replied that there was really nothing to keep him, and he'd come along too.

"It's Paula's birthday," he explained further, but did not add that his primary reason for leaving the office with Luke was a certain cold panic at being alone in such close proximity with Christine Slane.

ANNA was putting Paula to bed when Jimmy got home. He went straight through to the bedroom.

"You're up late, young woman." He pinched the child's soft cheek.

"I've been to a party, Daddy," returned Paula. "A very grand party. There was a conjurer and lots of cream buns with real cream in them. I had five."

"And now you'll have a good dose of syrup of figs, my lady," interpolated Anna. A wise precaution, Jimmy admitted that. But he wished she needn't have talked about syrup of figs just when Paula was all wrought up and bubbling over to tell of the brighter side of the party.

As always, Anna's unimaginative practicality sent a chill through him. It seemed to have the same effect on his daughter, for, though he encouraged her to describe the games they had played, and what the conjurer had shown them, he could only draw from her curt monosyllabic replies. Anna came forward with bottle and spoon. Paula swallowed the syrup of figs, which she hated, without protest, and began to talk prosaically about her achievements at school.

"I was third in arithmetic, Daddy," she announced.

"That's splendid," praised Jimmy, fondling her sleek, light brown hair.

Paula shook her head.

"Don't be silly, Daddy. It isn't splendid to be anything but first."

Jimmy kissed her good night and went thoughtfully back to the sitting-room. He was still feeling dizzy and weak about the legs, but his brain was cool and serene.

He sank into his easy-chair and tried to think about Paula.

Groping dimly in the deep recesses of his tortured reawakening emotions, he made frantic efforts to recapture all his old fiery love for the child, which lately seemed more and more to be freezing into a smooth icy surface of almost abstract parental responsibility.

He owned that the basic trouble was his ever increasing panic about letting Paula down. Then her oddly unchildlike logic, her stern repression and self-discipline; that part of her which was essentially Anna, was almost repulsive, reflected Jimmy, in one as young as Paula. It was terrible, when you came to analyse it, to hear from the lips of a six-year-old baby:

"It isn't splendid, Daddy, to be anything but first."

She'd make her way in the world all right if she lived up to those principles of perfection, but Jimmy doubted whether they would bring her the compensating

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serenity of real happiness. Paula would be a success—but would she, he fretted, find enduring happiness?

Then, when he remembered her enthusiasm over the party and her baby pride in having consumed five cream buns, he felt more at ease about her. Fundamentally, Paula was a normal little girl, he assured himself, capable like any other normal little girl of enjoying her treats. He was even more relieved when he recalled her disconsolate heart-break over a broken doll a few weeks ago, that torrent of tears which not even Anna had been able to control.

It was Anna's fault, condemned Jimmy angrily, that Paula was so frighteningly sensible, so resigned. A little his own fault, too, in leaving her upbringing so completely in Anna's hands.

But then, what could he do?

He knew that he hadn't the child's confidence. Subtly and with infinite patience Anna had imprinted on Paula's mind her own contempt for him. Paula was fond of him, but she did not trust his judgment. Sometimes Jimmy imagined that Anna deliberately encouraged her to ask impossibilities of him, and to hold him in blame.

It was always Daddy's fault, wasn't it, that Paula could not have a new frock? Daddy's fault that they went to Eastbourne for their summer holiday instead of to France, like Paula's special school crony, Amy Jones? And yet Jimmy did his best for them. He still handed over everything he made to Anna each week. His income was growing each year. His personal expenditure was next to nothing.

Presently Anna came in from the kitchen to lay the table, and the troublesome flashes of his daughter automatically dissolved from Jimmy's mind into hazardously exciting, mental close-ups of Christine Slane. He hardly knew, himself, how it happened that while he watched Anna's deft movements he suddenly found himself conjuring up pictures of Christine laying his supper-table; she wouldn't be as efficient as Anna; he was certain that Christine was a fumbling, uncertain person about the house. But the mistakes she'd make would be such adorable ones. And instead of this dark blanket of silence which hung between himself and Anna as she went about her tasks, it would have been all laughter and lots of sunshine.

It would be lots of fun after supper, too, mused Jimmy, giving his imagination its head, discussing this, that, and other thing. With Christine, this flat, which to Jimmy was simply "the flat," would be home.

He felt his face go crimson. Supposing Anna could read his thoughts at that moment? What, he wondered, would Anna have to say if she knew that another woman, a slender, golden daffodil of a girl, was creeping into his life—into his heart?

He tried to remember exactly everything that had happened between himself and Christine this evening. But it was all a rosily misty blur. He'd felt damnably ill and Christine had looked after him with a sweet, blundering tenderness. Christine had bothered to come in to him with her chocolate and biscuits.

Christine! Oh, God! Christine!

"Jimmy, aren't you well?"

ANNA crashed abruptly into his fevered reverie. Jimmy realised that his eyes were closed.

"What makes you ask that?" He opened them and snapped at her because, for one thing, he resented her blundering into his dream, and for another, he had no intention of telling Anna, who'd be coldly unsympathetic, about his collapse.

"You don't look well. That's why," she snapped back.

"I'm all right." Jimmy pulled his slackened limbs into an upright position.

"What you need is a good meal," persisted Anna. "No one could hope to keep fit on the amount you eat."

Jimmy closed his eyes again and allowed the torrent to rush over him. He knew by heart word for word of this special tirade of Anna's.

She was being coldly sarcastic now about his very occasional visits to the "Blue Posts."

"If you spent more on your lunches, Jimmy, and less at the public-house . . ."

Oh, Lord! The nasty digs about the aimless way he worked came next.

"I must say, Jimmy, you must be slow if you have to stop late at the office night after night with such small results. Of course everyone knows how weak you are with Luke. Doing all the work while he plays. Naturally, you are bound to break down if you go on at this rate, and then who has the bother and fuss of nursing you, I should like to know? Certainly not Mr. Luke Levenstone, who is the cause of it all."

Jimmy had listened to it all hundreds of times before; he had schooled himself to shut his mind to Anna's wrath so that it had become merely a string of words; it was literally years since he had troubled to stand up to her taunts.

So there was no reason why now the room should suddenly go a thick, blankety greyish-black, with Anna's voice increasing in volume so that it sounded as though a thousand harridans were shouting at him.

HE felt a raw, burning pain at his wrists and ankles as he tried to drag himself to his feet.

Anna, looking round, saw his body sag into a heap in the chair.

"Jimmy, you are ill."

It was an impatient reproach. But her arm supporting him was strong, dependable. She reached out for a table napkin and, dipping it in the water jug, began to bathe his forehead.

"You'd better come to bed, Jimmy," she said in a kinder tone.

Jimmy made no resistance when she helped him to his feet, and half carried him into the bedroom. He allowed Anna to undress him and put him to bed, drank without protest the warm milk she brought in as soon as he was settled.

"You'll be all right after a good sleep, Jimmy." She passed her hand over his rumpled hair. It was a motherly gesture.

Jimmy wanly smiled his gratitude.

"I'll be all right in the morning," he whispered weakly.

Within a few minutes he had fallen into a heavy, restless slumber, but Anna continued to stand by the side of him. There was a strange, possessive glitter in her long, slanting eyes. This is my husband, they seemed to say, my property to do as I will with. Whatever happens Jimmy Garden is my husband.

Her lips widened into a twisted, cunning smile. She no longer felt any sense of shame about her infidelities. Rather, she gloated over her frequent betrayals of her husband. This poor weakling. This cheat, who, when she had married him, had promised her the fulfilment of her dreams. Money . . . Position . . . At that time she had been able to regard herself as the future Lady Garden.

There were times when she hated Jimmy with murderous savagery.

CHAPTER 9

JIMMY was too ill to get up the following morning. He had been running a high temperature all night and, though this was now normal, he was too weak even to stand alone.

The doctor summoned by Anna prescribed a complete rest, and ordered him to stay in bed for at least a week.

It was entirely thanks to Anna that the prescription was carried out.

"It's waste of money to call in a doctor if you don't intend to do as he tells you," she decreed in her terse, practical way. "Besides, it will do Luke Levenstone good to do some work for a change," she added, snapping her lips viciously.

Jimmy was too exhausted to put up any real fight. Secretly he was only too glad to be allowed to lie in bed. It was an infinite relief not to have to think about anything. He was too tired mentally, he found, even to be able to conjure the energy to worry about the Celestion, or how they were going to afford the expense of a doctor and invalid's luxuries supposing he were really seriously ill.

During the days which followed he had the peculiar but not unpleasant feeling of having surrendered his individuality to some unseen force. He was not himself any more, but rather a puppet, relying on the man who pulls the strings for his slightest movement.

Luke came to see him on the second day he was at home, and Jimmy tried to jerk his drifting mind to focus on business.

Jonas had rolled in with a repeat order for catalogues, had he? Well, that was grand, said Jimmy, but his face was blank and discontented.

He was equally apathetic about Paula. All the morning he'd persuade himself he was looking forward to her coming home from school at midday, but when she slipped in her quiet way, into his room to tell him of some triumph or disaster which had befallen her, he had the greatest effort in either listening to what she said or making the appropriate comments.

As for Anna, she took on all the omnipotent impersonality of a hospital nurse. She washed him, helped him to the easy-chair when she wanted to make his bed, fed him strictly according to the doctor's instructions, and made no fuss about all the extra work his illness entailed. It was only when she lay beside him during the night, lost in deep, peaceful sleep, that Jimmy remembered that this woman who tended him with such scrupulous care was his wife. Then her presence in his bed embarrassed him, and he'd blush a hot crimson from shyness at her nearness.

He had his nerves under much better control, thanks to Anna's nursing, when the doctor called again at the end of the week, and flatly refused to go away for a week or to stay at home any longer.

"Work is going to do me a heap of good after all this laziness," he protested firmly. And knew that what he really meant was: "Christine is going to do me a heap of good."

He'd been thinking about Christine, the cool, pale beauty of her, from the moment his thoughts began to take form again.

Christine was the first person Jimmy set eyes on when he returned to the office the following Monday.

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"Better, Mr. Garden?" she inquired with a direct friendliness, and sunned at him with her gentle smile.

"I feel grand, thanks."

They were in Luke's and Jimmy's office, standing on either side of Jimmy's desk.

"I owe you an apology," he said. He hifted his position so that the desk no onger separated them. "It was pretty awful the way I passed out on you when you were good enough to feed me with chocolate."

"It was nothing."

A faint blush flowed into her cheeks.

"I've missed you," Jimmy blurted out.

"And I you."

They were white-faced now, scared like a couple of inexperienced swimmers who have floundered out of their depths.

Neither ever knew quite how Jimmy came to be holding Christine's hand. The fine texture of her skin turned his blood to fire and set his heart thumping unevenly against his ribs. He knew at that moment, while his fingers fondled hers, that he loved her, and the knowledge brought to him a delicious satisfaction.

There was a long pause before he could bring himself to speak to Christine about it.

"I love you. You know I am a married man with an infant, and yet it doesn't seem wrong to be telling you that I love you." He began in his usual torturing way to analyse his feelings.

"It's irrevocable, Jimmy, I think."

HER eyes shone. There was a proud tilt to her chin. Falteringly Jimmy's soul groped for hers, while his body delighted in their physical contact. He was clinging to her hand as though he could not bear to let go.

"I love you too," she added simply.

That brought Jimmy back to sanity and frightened him almost as much as it thrilled him. Whereas there seemed no harm in him idealistically showering devotion upon Christine, it was all wrong and unfair to take love from her. He was so empty of giving, apart from his love, where Christine was concerned. Everything he possessed belonged to Anna. "Whatever happens," he cried inwardly, "I mustn't let Christine get hurt through Anna." And recognised that his stern, almost puritanical sense of duty would never countenance that Anna might be hurt through Christine.

"Christine," he said gently, "we must talk. We must talk for a long while."

She nodded and from the expression on her face he knew that she, too, was remembering Anna.

"We'll meet this evening if you can manage it."

"All right, Jimmy."

Her curling lashes veiled her eyes. She looked terribly young. So young that he had to rush it at her.

"How old are you, Christine?"

"I'll be twenty-three next birthday."

"I'm seven years older than you."

"Thirty?"

"Yes."

Jimmy sighed. "Thirty," he repeated and thought of when he was twenty-three and all the things he had planned to achieve by the time he was thirty.

There was a sound of movement in the outer office and he suggested quickly:

"Supposing we meet at that cafe round the corner?"

"About six?"

"That'll be grand."

They stood staring at each other like two guilty children planning a raid on the cake tin. Then Jimmy made a forward movement.

"Darling, I've got to kiss you."

She raised her head and gave him her lips. They were very soft and a little moist, like ripe cherries before the sun has dried them of the early morning dew.

JIMMY took a long gulp at his tepid coffee and said:

"Christine darling, I've got to be brutal with you, and you mustn't interrupt; and all the time I'm being brutal you must remember that one day you'll be grateful for all I'm going to say; you'll thank me then for being brutal."

It was his third cup of coffee. Neither he nor Christine were thirsty, but you could not sit for a couple of hours in a cafe without ordering something. There were small scones crumbled on each of their plates, three untouched pats of butter on a dish, and tiny pots of honey in the centre of the table.

"You must eat something," Jimmy had said when they arrived, and Christine had chaffed him with shy tenderness.

"What about you? I am sure the doctor told you that rotten nerves have to be fed at frequent intervals."

She fixed him now with her limpid, childlike gaze. She wasn't in the least surprised at Jimmy's frenzied outburst. He'd said exactly what she had had been expecting him to say since earlier in the day when he had kissed her and told her that he loved her. She had known for days now, from the moment it had been revealed to her in a blinding, luminous flash, that she had fallen in love with him, that Jimmy Garden was not the type of man to countenance unbegrudgingly a clandestine love affair such as theirs would have to be. On the other hand, she could not visualise Jimmy breaking away from his responsibilities. She could not have loved him as she did, had she thought for a second that he would desert his wife and a small child. For Christine was a desperately honest young woman. Like Jimmy, she despised people who broke their promises; and wasn't the man's marriage vow to love, honour and cherish his wife until death should part them, the most sacred of all promises?

Yet somehow she had sensed right from the beginning that it was irrevocable that she and Jimmy should fall in love with each other. His erstwhile indifference had never distressed her. Rather, she had been frightened and bewildered as to whether she would have the strength and determination to fight down his defences when the time came; for days she had sought in her inexperienced young mind for just the right words and phrases with which to calm Jimmy's prejudices, make him understand that she was never going to ask more of him than their consciences permitted. She was as determined as Jimmy himself that Anna and Paula must never be hurt.

"Jimmy." She was gentle with him, but the angle of her tilted chin had a hint of stubbornness. "Jimmy, dear," she told him earnestly. "I can guess exactly all you are thinking. I do understand your brutality, my darling, but you've got everything wrong. I don't want you to do anything you'd be ashamed of. You don't have to remind me about your wife and baby and your responsibilities towards them. All you have to do is to be big enough to accept and enjoy us, believing as I do, that there can be no wrong in two people loving and needing each other, so long as their love doesn't harm anyone else."

It was a conventional, unsophisticated little speech, but Christine brought to it all the passion of her untried youth, her unawareness of the values of the world.

Jimmy adored her for her unselfish, idealistic courage. But she doesn't understand what she is saying, what she is offering, he flayed his soul. He must be firm, ruthlessly firm; kill, if necessary, this shy blossoming of Christine's love before it had time to grow into an ugly, gnarled root.

He hated doing it. Hated having to hurt Christine, and push her out of his life just when he had come to realize that she alone gave it significance.

He did not know how he'd manage without her. Though it was less than twelve hours since he had taken her hand and kissed her pliant, crimson mouth, he too realised it had been irrevocable that they should fall in love with each other. He knew, too, that whatever happened now, he would carry that picture of her, curled up in Luke's chair, solemnly dividing the chocolate and biscuits, to his deathbed.

"Darling Christine" — he spoke with a throttled gasp in his voice—"have you ever considered what it means . . . to be in love with a married man? It isn't so bad at first, perhaps, but love, my sweet, like all the other emotions, never remains stationary. Gradually the superficial glamor of it wears off; the thrill of a daily meeting can become infinitely torturing when one or the other person has to be clock-watching all the while because of getting home at a certain time, and even the joy of making the big sacrifice to convention gets blunted in the passing of time, and one comes to understand how shallow and unsatisfying it is to have to always love in the dark, as it were."

"I've thought about all that, Jimmy," she interrupted steadily. "And none of it seems very important."

Her smile was radiant, her eyes bright.

Jimmy gave a long shuddering sigh.

He'd have to be crude with her; slush her with the personal element instead of making generalisations.

"Listen carefully, Christine." His mind and body felt a twisted mass of pain. "Christine, have you thought how every time we see each other outside the office I shall have to pretend to Anna I'm working late; don't you see, my darling, the humiliation for you in having to slink down side turnings to out-of-the-way cafes so that no one who knows us sees us together? Have you thought of later on, Christine, much later on, when you'll look back upon the weeks, months, maybe years we've had together as a bitter, ugly, wasted period in your life? And when you see other women with their babies, Christine, you'll be so lonely and incomplete because your love may never hope for that fulfilment. Darling, you'll come to hate my daughter with that ugly tearing hatred which is the sad privilege of the woman who knows the man she loves to be the father of another woman's child."

THAT last shot landed home. Jimmy watched with anguish Christine's face blanch, the piteous trembling of her lips and the way her laced fingers tightened.

"My darling," he cried despairingly. "God knows I have to say these things to you. God knows how I loathe hurting you like this. But I've got to talk to you about Paula—my child." His voice dropped to

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a flat, lifeless note. "Because she is the barrier which stands between us. Without Paula . . . "

He propped his elbow on the table and covered his eyes with his hand.

"You mean that if it weren't for Paula you would leave your wife?" Christine finished for him. There was a repressed exhilaration in her eyes; her pale face was tinted a wild-rose pink.

Jimmy nodded and looked acutely miserable.

"It wouldn't worry Anna. She doesn't care for me any more. I doubt if she ever did." He spoke with sudden violence.

"And you, Jimmy?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I loved her once, in a funny, worshipping, frightened fashion. I still admire her tremendously. But our marriage is not a success."

"You love your child?"

"Yes."

Jimmy frowned. Not even with Christine could he discuss those deep conflicting emotions which swayed him whenever he thought of Paula. Neither could he betray his loyalty to Anna by voicing aloud his fears for the child if she were left entirely under her mother's care. A coldness gripped him at the base of his spine and his hand began to tremble, as pictures of Tonio and the Swede and Charlie Mayne flashed upon his consciousness.

"It isn't fair to deliberately deprive a child of either of its parents," he said lamely.

A misty far-off look had come into Christine's clear eyes. Jimmy was under the impression that she was not listening to him any longer. It was as though she had withdrawn her bright spirit from him, leaving him with its lovely empty casket, her slim, tautened body.

"Christine," he appealed hopelessly, trying to drag her back. "Christine, d'you see now, darling, why we've got to give each other up? You must leave the Celestion—you'll agree to that, won't you?" he pleaded, pale and breathless, a sick man in soul and body. "I'll find you another job, a much better job. Because we couldn't go on meeting day by day, could we, Christine? We simply couldn't bear it."

"I don't agree with a single one of your arguments, Jimmy," she contradicted him.

There was a shining quality about her now. A certain unbreakable strength. It made Jimmy realize that he was not talking to a fairy child but to a mature woman, with all a woman's sharp instinct and passions fully developed.

CHAPTER 10

JIMMY was circling round and about Peter Pan's statue long before three o'clock, awaiting Christine. Anna, for some reason she had not imparted to Jimmy, had been anxious to get off to Brixton earlier than usual, and they had lunched at one instead of 1.30. During the meal she told him that they wouldn't be back until late.

"Poppy has a birthday party," she volunteered. "It won't hurt Paula for once in a way to stay up."

She had paused, fixing Jimmy with her pale eyes which held, so he had imagined, a challenging quality. He had supposed it was because she was expecting him to protest about Paula being kept up after her usual bedtime. But he was in no mood for creating a row out of which Anna would as usual emerge the conqueror; and after a minute she said in a queer, flat voice:

"You'll be all right, Jimmy, won't you? . . . You won't be lonely?"

It was a commonplace enough remark, a matter-of-form courtesy which Anna occasionally indulged in when she was good-tempered. But the look she had given him before uttering it—her very tone, had sent a shiver of unaccountable apprehension through him. And he hadn't properly mastered his rising uneasiness when he replied, with a casualness he knew to sound forced, that he had lots of work to do, and that if he got finished in time maybe he'd go over to supper with the Levenstones.

HE kept reassuring himself now, waiting for Christine, and pacing in quick, nervous steps round and round Peter Pan, that there was no cause to feel fussed and worried that Anna should have found out anything. They had been so careful, he and Christine. Not even Luke, who prided himself on scenting a love affair before the people concerned were aware of it, had an inkling of the situation between his partner and his artist.

Jimmy was certain of that. If Luke had even suspected, he couldn't have resisted putting out teasing feelers. Luke was as fond as any woman of gossip and scandal . . .

No—they had been too careful; he kept dinning it into his brain; in the office they addressed each other as Miss Slane and Mr. Garden even when they were alone. They went to the cafe and left it separately, and on Sundays never ventured anywhere where it was likely they would meet anyone who knew Jimmy and Anna. So there couldn't possibly have been any ulterior motive in Anna's remark at luncheon-time, except perhaps a begrudging gratitude because he had not made any fuss about her keeping Paula out late.

Gradually Jimmy's strained features relaxed as his mind became free of qualms. He glanced at his wrist-watch and saw that it was a quarter to three. He smiled to himself. Only another quarter of an hour and he'd see Christine coming up the broad gravel path.

Christine.

His heart began to jump. The palms of his hands were moist. Christine. She was his whole world, his very life-blood. For six or seven hours, he reckoned up, he'd be able to bask in the miraculous loveliness of Christine. But, although he loved her with a passion conflictingly fierce and tender, although he admitted that her shyly entrancing, reciprocal devotion to himself was the most unbelievably wonderful thing which had ever happened to him, Jimmy was not a happy man these days.

It was that gnawing, restless conscience of his which dimmed the light. However he might argue in his own defence, he was never free of an ugly sense of guilt towards Christine, and in a lesser measure towards Anna. God knew, she did not deserve his loyalty—he was for ever exonerating himself about Anna — but marital fidelity was a matter of pride with him. There was also the sentimental aspect . . . Anna was the mother of Paula. You owed her something because of that.

He was certain that at the moment Christine did not suffer from their association. There was a philosophical grandeur about her, the heritage of her youth and inexperience, which could overlook the inevitable and numerous pin-pricks arising from Jimmy's and her own determination to obey the eleventh commandment.

"Honestly, Jimmy darling, I don't mind seeing myself off," she'd say when they had lingered longer than usual in the cafe, and he had to let her go off and find her bus alone, while he scurried for all he was worth in the opposite direction.

Jimmy was convinced she meant what she said. To Christine there was nothing sordid about the very furtiveness of their meetings; she actually made it her business to remind him, "Look around first, Jimmy, just in case . . ." before they took their seats at the kiosk in the park. She was incredibly sweet and tactful, too, about money; wouldn't let him spend a penny more than absolutely necessary on her. He had never told her how hard pressed he was financially, what with Anna's increasing extravagancies, both for herself and the child, but he was certain that Christine guessed.

On the other hand, she had never embarrassed him by suggesting she should pay for her own tea and bus fares. She just was never hungry and insisted, whenever possible, on walking instead of riding.

"She's too good for this, she's too good for me . . . I ought to give her up," Jimmy chastised himself a hundred times a day, and knew that he would never have the courage. He needed her so desperately, even though his joy in her was constantly tainted with the bitterness of an unhappy conscience.

THE afternoon sun was beating down on his back as he waited for her this afternoon. A summer sun which brought to his imagination the magic of country hedges in the early budding of wild roses, fields softly green with the new season's corn. A sudden yearning gripped at him for the scent of grass which was not polluted with petrol fumes; he wanted urgently a glimpse of trees whose vivid green leaves were not filmed with the dust of cities.

He looked again at his watch and saw that it was 3 o'clock, and recognised Christine's bright-blue beret in the distance. She was never unpunctual with Jimmy. He hurried to meet her.

"My darling, right-about-turn," he commanded, taking both her gloved hands. "I've had a brain-wave. We are going to Kew Gardens." It was not real country, but it would do, decided Jimmy, who was becoming resigned to accepting the second best.

"Kew Gardens — oh, Jimmy, how heavenly!"

He adored her for the light of pleasure in her eyes, the quick smile which made her dimple break.

"But will there be time?" she faltered, and her face dropped like that of an intensely honest little girl reminding a grown-up that she has merited punishment.

"There will—oodles of it. Anna and Paula have gone to a party—a very late party—we're going to enjoy ourselves today, Christine," anounced Jimmy breathlessly. "Did I forget to tell you yesterday that I made a bit of extra commission?"

"You did," smiled Christine.

"Well, could you bear to celebrate with me by having supper after Kew?" He teased, and for a moment it did not worry him in the least that taking Christine to supper meant that he would have to break into the money set aside for the electric light bill. He was merely recklessly thankful that he had the two pounds on him.

They caught a bus outside Barker's and

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rode riotously on top on the front seat. They had wandered about Kew Gardens without any sense of direction for quite a while before they came upon a shady glade not far from the lake.

"Let's sit down here," suggested Jimmy

"Yes, let's."

They flung themselves upon the soft, springy grass under a twisted tree. There was no one in sight and Jimmy drew her into his arms.

"I hardly ever kiss you, and want to so badly," he complained.

"Poor darling. . . ."

SHE held up her face. He kissed her dimple and then her lips. Then he was running his fingers through the silky gold of her hair; bade her close her eyes so that he might kiss her on the eyelids. There was, as always, a calm about Christine which acted like some fragrant healing ointment upon his tortured senses, a sweet serenity in her delight. With Christine he felt no shame or embarrassment as he had with Anna in the early days of their marriage. He never set out deliberately to please Christine, so sure was he that there was no need to make the effort. She gave a little sigh, her slender fingers encircling his wrists; her eyes were still closed.

"Isn't this heaven, Jimmy darling, just you and I and the trees."

"Unbelievably heaven."

Jimmy jerked himself to a sitting position; he had to look quickly away from Christine so that she should not see his passion scorching in his eyes. Does she know, he fretted, how badly I want her? Does she understand how completely I want her?

The delirium of the moment died. Some day, someone would initiate Christine and take from her her precious virginity. Some day she'd tire of this unsatisfactory affair of theirs. Somewhere in the future there must be a man who could give Christine everything which he himself had, perforce, to withhold from her.

Jimmy never forgot her generous plea to be everything to him; but he was determined as ever never to take advantage. His idealism of her was such that even the contemplation of it seemed a sacrilege. He was not even certain that she had known what she was offering him. Although she was twenty-three, Jimmy thought sometimes that she was as innocent as the six-year-old Paula. She was such a slim bit of a child, with eyes which held the unsuspecting radiance of a happy baby—so trusting in her love.

"Jimmy darling, what's this tree?" Christine wrenched him out of his distracted reverie. She had plucked a leaf from the overhanging tree and was holding it in the palm of her hand. It was heart-shaped and a dull, dark-green in color.

Jimmy took it from her and his mouth twisted itself into a harsh smile.

"It's a Judas tree," he told her. "Appropriate, don't you think?"

He made a lurching movement forward and kissed her savagely on the lips."

"And that, my dear, is a Judas kiss——"

"Jimmy, what do you mean?"

She broke away from him, with fear spilling itself into her eyes. He loathed himself for having wounded her, but he couldn't stop.

"Every kiss I give you is a Judas kiss," he insisted, lashing himself as well as her "Christine"—he took her wrists again. His grip had the quality of a steel vice, but she did not flinch. "Christine, try and think of me dispassionately . . . as the husband of a good woman"—he rasped the compliment to Anna—"and the father of a nice child; think of my disloyalties all round. I take all. I give nothing. I betray you all!" he concluded, with triumphant cruelty.

"Jimmy, don't, don't!" A forlorn tear trickled down Christine's cheek. "Jimmy, don't blame yourself for things which couldn't be helped—or me," she gasped swallowing a sob.

Jimmy had never seen Christine cry before, and the sight of those silent tears which followed the first one in quick succession made him sick with shame.

"My darling, please . . . Christine, I didn't mean it." He held her tightly, and pressed his cheek against her wet one "Darling Christine, stop, please, please, please! . . . I'm a nasty fellow—and I shan't believe you are even trying to forgive me until you stop crying."

"I've stopped."

Her smile had a rainbow quality.

"Jimmy, say you love me all over again."

"Infant, I adore you."

"For always and always?"

"For always and always." He kissed her with restless, staccato fervor, and they both scrambled to their feet and made their way back to the pathway.

Neither said anything, but both felt that the idyllic spell of the glade had given way to the sinister shadows which slanted across from the Judas tree.

THE orchestra on the top floor of the Oxford Street Corner House was in an Edwardian mood when Christine and Jimmy took their seats.

"Oh, Lord," sighed Jimmy. "Gilbert and Sullivan. I can never make up my mind whether I like it or hate it."

"It depends, I think, on how one is feeling," Christine said in her grave way. "I bet you don't know which operetta they're playing, although the music is as familiar to you as your own name."

Jimmy laughingly admitted defeat.

"It's the 'Yeoman of the Guard'," she enlightened. "They're just working up to its famous song . . . 'Were I thy bride'."

"Christine, darling"—Jimmy's face darkened—"why did you have to be so explicit?"

She shrugged her shoulders. It was a gesture of light-hearted indifference.

"Darling, I honestly don't know. It just came to me."

Her smile was so serenely happy that it stifled the swell of misery which came up in Jimmy's soul. "Were I thy bride." Some day Christine would use that as an angry taunt. One day Christine was going to suffer all the agonies of "the other woman." Still, it did not do to look ahead. It was grossly foolish to allow visions of the future to blur the bliss of the present, philosophised Jimmy, who was nevertheless relieved when the musical selection came to a close.

"What do we eat? Choose something nice, sweetheart, and blow the expense!" He thrust the menu in front of her, and Christine, with a cautious eye on the price column, assured him that what she really fancied was prawn salad and some brown bread-and-butter.

Jimmy, always indifferent about what he ate, ordered the same for himself, and a pot of tea.

"D'you know," he burst forth suddenly, "that this is the first proper meal we have had together?"

"Yes, darling, that's why it's such a lovely treat."

"And we can stay here until half-past nine at least. I shall insist on you having a really elaborate ice." Jimmy played up to her gaiety.

"Oh, Jimmy, I adore ices!" she said. And Jimmy knew that nothing in the world could seriously disturb him so long as Christine's clear eyes continued to shine with that fresh exhilaration. Later, when she started to pull at the chains which bound him so irrevocably to Anna, as soon as Christine showed even the tiniest weary resentment, he'd finish. Quickly. But until then he wasn't going to allow his grateful enjoyment of her to be disturbed by a tiresome conscience.

The Corner House was not very full, so Jimmy and Christine had managed to secure a table for two, with several empty ones surrounding them. It was, thanks to Christine, a happy meal. She had a sixth sense where Jimmy was concerned, and seemed to divine almost before he knew it himself when one of his introspective moods of gloom was upon him. She had noticed the irritated sadness of his features when she had made the unfortunate reference to the Gilbert and Sullivan song. She guessed what was passing through his mind when he lapsed into that tortured silence before asking her what she wanted to eat. So cleverly, she had cudgelled her brain to say things which would reassure him and make him laugh. She loved his laugh, such a boyish chuckle it was when anything really amused him. She kept insisting, with gentle stubbornness that pierced through the rapidly dispersing mist of his misgivings, how much she loved him and how happy she was.

"Happier and happier every day," declared Christine.

"You mean it?" He was always sceptical.

"Don't I sound as though I do?"

"Yes, sweet."

"Well, then . . . " Her dimple broke, and Jimmy remembered how, when he first met her, her eyes had reminded him of bits of highly polished topaz. There was no waitress near them so he fumbled for her hand a little awkardly under the cover of the tablecloth. Her fingers were pliant and soft and very slender. They continued to cling to each other until a waitress appeared with their salads and the tea.

"I'm starving," declared Christine, knowing that it would please Jimmy.

HE was not in the slightest bit hungry, but her enjoyment in her meal gave zest to his appetite. Christine had that power over Jimmy—a capacity for dragging him into her fun. They were both so absorbed in each other that neither realised the approach of Anna and Paula until they stood right in front of the table.

"So I've caught you!" said Anna, and drew up two chairs from the next table. "You sit down." She pushed Paula into one of them and took the other herself, placing it so that she was in between Jimmy and Christine.

Jimmy's face was deadly white. He felt like a man thrown from the heights of paradise into the deepest inferno.

"You've caught me?" he repeated, in a dull, droning voice. "What on earth do you mean?"

He wasn't looking at Anna. His eyes were riveted upon Christine. They spoke anguished apologies, and his shame. Christine had not even changed color. Except for a certain new dignity portrayed in the line of her mouth, you would

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have thought that she and Jimmy were still alone.

"Yes, I've caught you." Anna's tone was shrill. Despite her smart clothes she looked second-rate — common, now that her indignation had torn away the flimsy veil of her superficial refinement. A harridan of a woman without taste or feeling, reflected Jimmy—and my wife.

"Please," he entreated her, "go. Christine, I beg of you."

"No, Jimmy, I'd rather stay."

Though she spoke in firm, bell-like tones, he knew that she was drawing on all her splendid reserve of courage. It was like Christine to stand by him, but he wished violently that she would leave him to tackle Anna.

"Christine"—he made another attempt to send her away—"I assure you it would be so much better——"

Then Anna broke in before he had time to finish his sentence, her voice raised so that she was attracting the attention of a hovering waitress and a couple of girls sitting three or four tables away.

"You thought you could fool me with your tales of working late night after night, didn't you, Jimmy? It's a pity for both your sakes"—she included Christine in her venomous glance of cold hatred—"you did not take the office boy into your confidence when you started going gay."

"Would you mind explaining," asked Jimmy, who knew that it was no use trying to put off the storm until they were home or he had got rid of Christine, "exactly what you mean? It strikes me that you are being unnecessarily melodramatic, my dear Anna."

"Unnecessarily melodramatic?" Anna made a low hissing sound like a snake about to emit its deadly poison. "I like that. So it is melodramatic, is it, for a wife to complain when she discovers that her husband is taking out his fancy piece, and spending money on her when his child needs a new coat and hasn't a vest fit to wear?"

"Anna, please." Jimmy held up his hand in distracted dismay. "Anna, can't this wait until we get home?"

Again he was looking at Christine. She had sagged a little in her chair, but otherwise betrayed no agitation.

"'Mr. Garden has just left the office,'" Anna mimicked the office boy's cockney squeak. "And Mr. Garden takes nearly two hours to get home. I wasn't spying on you the first time I rang up—it was about bringing me home some stamps," she volunteered. "But after I got the same message twice, you may be interested to know I've telephoned every single evening, and every single evening it has been the same tale. I've known for a fortnight now that you're unfaithful to me"—she was shouting now—"but I've been waiting my time. A spot of luck for me that Poppy should have decided not to throw a party, and that I should have brought this child here to-night."

"Anna, will you stop!"

JIMMY was trembling all over; his eyes kept travelling dizzily from the angry, white-faced woman to the calm-featured girl. Inwardly he raged at his impotence in being unable to protect Christine from Anna's crude insults. His whole being writhed in shame and humiliation. Never in his most doubting moments had he imagined that Anna would make a scene like this in public, and before her own child.

Not that he was seriously concerned for the moment for Paula. It was Christine who mattered.

"Christine, I'm so sorry . . . Christine, do go," he implored her once more. She gave him a long smile and shook her head.

"I'd rather stay," she said, in a tiny, pleading voice, which fell as another lash on his lacerated soul.

He turned with the ferocity of a baited bull upon Anna.

"If you have any self-respect left, you'll take the child home and stop making yourself conspicuous in a public restaurant," he said, in a low-pitched, dangerous voice.

"And leave you to have your fun with the girl friend?" sneered Anna. "Not likely."

THE ugly significance she put into the last remark pierced even Christine's magnificent control. A red, murderous mist blurred Jimmy's vision when he saw her wince.

"Will you please leave us, Anna," he thundered. "If you don't I'll have you thrown out!"

His wrath had at last some effect upon Anna.

"I suppose," she said, in a quieter tone, "it hasn't occurred to you that your child is hungry. You wouldn't think, would you, that poor Paula is being done out of a treat, thanks to her father's goings-on." She dropped into the vernacular of the poorer suburbs. "Here, Paula." She addressed the child, who was sitting wide-eyed and frankly curious on the edge of her chair. "Take a good look at the nice sort of daddy you've got. What does he care if we starve so long as he can buy this pretty lady expensive meals? Don't you believe it when he tells you how much he loves you, because it's just a pack of dirty lies. Come along." She dragged the child to her feet. "We aren't staying where we aren't wanted."

Paula, sensing that this quarrel between her parents had a more sinister quality than the many others she had witnessed, burst into a storm of weeping. Jimmy put out his hand to draw her towards him. Never, he reflected grimly, would he forget her sudden paroxysm of frightened grief. Her sobs would sing their wild accusing melody in his ears until he died. And perhaps after. It was terrible, it simply sent one insane to have Paula crying like this, and Christine all frozen as though her whole body were encased in ice.

"Paula," he gasped at last, "Mummie has made a mistake. Paula, your daddy loves you—you believe me, don't you?"

His harassed eyes were fixed in dumb, agonized supplication upon those of his child. Paula gulped, and looked from one parent to the other.

"No," she said in a scornful voice. "Daddy, I don't believe you do. You love the pretty lady."

"And we'll leave him to it," Anna intervened, her pale eyes lighted with triumph. "We'll go somewhere else for your ice-cream, Paula."

Before Jimmy had time to recover from his blinding shock of Paula's treachery, she had swept the child out of the restaurant. His eyes sought those of Christine. He couldn't speak, couldn't think. Even Christine herself had lost importance.

No, Daddy, I don't believe you. His dry lips kept framing the words. He had a peculiar sensation of having had a limb brutally wrenched from his body, leaving it raw and incomplete, and all at once he knew that he could never go back to Westbourne Terrace.

"Funny," he commented with a hoarse cackle of a laugh. "I wanted you to meet my daughter, didn't I, Christine?"

"Jimmy darling, was that necessary?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"She'll never forget this for the rest of her life, and neither shall I. You heard what she said, didn't you, Christine? His head fell limply forward on to his chest. In his dazed agony he completely overlooked how in giving vent to his own feelings he was wounding Christine.

"I can never go back to them." He spoke in the unreal, toneless voice of a sleepwalker. He felt the warm pressure of Christine's hand against his.

"Of course you can't, Jimmy," she agreed calmly.

He raised his eyes and met hers, courageous and undaunted. They made him feel dreadfully ashamed.

"You," he said brokenly. "You—what have I done to you?"

"My darling, nothing except love me. Jimmy, honestly I didn't mind as much as you think. Perhaps," she finished dreamily, "I've known all along that this would have to happen some day."

"I'll get her to divorce me," Jimmy said thickly. "It could be arranged."

CHAPTER 11

IT was striking half-past nine when Jimmy arrived at his office. Luke was at his desk, busy scribbling on a pad. He wheeled round with a nervous jerk as his partner opened the door.

"Morning, Jimmy." From one quick glance at his embarrassed features Jimmy guessed that Anna had already been in touch with him.

He sat down quietly and waited for Luke to open up. He was curious, in an impersonal kind of way, as to how the prosaic, peace-loving Luke would have reacted to an outburst from Anna.

Luke cleared his throat several times before plunging.

"Well, Jimmy, you certainly have got yourself into a mess. Anna has just left." He did not sound unsympathetic, but there was an underlying irritation in his tone.

"So I gathered," returned Jimmy, referring to Anna's visit.

"Are you going to carry this elopement business through? Forgive me for butting in on your private affairs," blustered Luke, taken aback by Jimmy's calmness, and Jimmy said:

"Yes, I'm going to carry it through. I was going to tell you about it myself, but Anna seems to have forestalled me."

A scowl of acute embarrassment passed over Luke's features.

"You realise what you're up against, old boy." He rubbed it in without mercy. "I mean, it sounds as though Anna is going to divorce you."

"I hope she does. I want to marry Christine."

Jimmy sought in his pocket for his cigarettes, but could only produce an empty packet. Luke quickly proffered his case.

"I suppose you also realise," he said rather pompously, "that this is going to be deuced awkward all round?"

"I'm sorry but it's unavoidable."

Jimmy sensed the growing hostility of Luke's attitude, and could not decide whether it amused or annoyed him.

"It'll be pretty expensive, you know,

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keeping two homes going," Luke reminded him next.

"I think that's my affair, don't you?" Jimmy replied, with some heat.

"No, I don't. At least, not altogether. Look here, Jimmy"—Luke dropped his pompousness and grinned persuasively—"you and I have been partners for some years now. By luck and a bit of good management we've pulled this business on to its feet. But neither of us is going to be foolish enough to pretend that it's steady enough to weather what looks like being rather a dirty divorce case against one of the partners." The grin faded, and, to Jimmy's surprise, gave way to a look of real panic. "Remember, most of our clients are respectably married, middle-aged men," went on Luke. "They won't take kindly to a young man, however well he may have served them professionally, who does a bolt with a member of his own staff and leaves a wife and small child in the lurch; besides, as I said just now, you'll need more money than this show can hope to provide."

Jimmy turned rather white about the nostrils. So that was the lay, was it?

"Do I take it?" he asked, in a cold, flat voice, "that you are asking me to resign?"

"Well, yes, Jimmy—thanks for being so quick in the uptake." Luke was considerably relieved that there was no need to beat about the bush any longer. "I don't want to do you down, laddie," he hastened. "Any figure you think reasonable for your share in the old concern will be 'oke' with me."

Jimmy felt his knees trembling with sheer impotent rage, while an ugly coil of hatred for Anna twisted itself round his heart. This, of course, was her doing. Anna, in her calculating shrewdness, had foreseen that there was not enough money to be made out of the Celestion to keep herself and Christine in any measure of comfort. And so she had taken the law into her own hands and deliberately thrown Luke into this panic about the scandal of a divorce ruining the business.

Unerringly Jimmy followed the trail of Anna's scheming. A lump sum. Something to keep her going until the divorce came through, when she would further beggar him in extortionate demands for alimony. He knew a sneering pride that anyhow she had dared to gamble on his earning capacities sufficiently to bank on him getting another job before the "lump sum" was exhausted.

"How much," he inquired, narrowing his eyes upon his partner, "did she suggest, Luke?"

Luke reddened.

"She—who on earth do you mean, Jimmy?"

"You know as well as I do. Anna." Jimmy rasped his wife's name with a bitter snap. "It's no use hedging with me, because you'll never convince me that you and Anna haven't already discussed at full length the terms of the dissolution of our partnership."

"Say four hundred," said Luke.

JIMMY was just turning out of Westbourne Terrace when he saw Anna coming towards him. There were a fair number of pedestrians, but he recognised her from a long way off by the imperial swagger of her walk. Anna was queenly in all her movements.

His impulse was to hurl himself in a passing taxi, until he remembered that some time or other he would have to talk to Anna, and decided once again that it was much better to get it over as soon as possible. So he quickened his steps until he came face to face with her.

"You've been for your things, I see." Her eyes indicated his suitcases and the umbrella.

"Yes."

"You saw Paula, then?"

"Just as you intended I should." His mouth was a curling sneer.

They were standing outside a Lyons tea-shop and he suggested tersely: "If you could spare the time we might go in there. It'll be easier to talk than out here on the pavement."

She did not deign to answer him, but passed through the swing door and led the way to an empty table.

"I'll have tea, please," she volunteered, as he picked up the menu. "A cup with do."

Jimmy called a waitress and ordered two cups of tea.

"And now," he started, when they had been served, "will you please tell me exactly what you wish me to do? You know, of course, that Luke is buying me out of the business."

"Yes. He told me so this morning. I went there to see you—as you hadn't told me where else I might find you," sneered Anna in her turn.

Jimmy accepted the lie without comment.

"I suppose Luke told you that I am to have four hundred pounds?" he continued.

Anna nodded.

"Three hundred of which I propose to hand over to you."

"Thank you, Jimmy."

"And, naturally, directly I get fixed up I shall make you a regular allowance."

"I'm afraid the law will insist on that."

"On condition"—Jimmy savagely ignored the interruption—"that you look after Paula properly."

ANNA raised her eyebrows. Her lips tightened into an ominous smile.

"It isn't I who have failed Paula," she retorted drily.

"I know you haven't—as yet. Neither of us has ever to fail Paula—and don't let's forget it." Jimmy spoke with intense feeling. "Meanwhile, what do you propose to do? Shall you keep on the flat? You can have all the furniture, and the rent is paid until the end of the month."

Anna took her time in answering him. It was one of her minor forms of torment to keep Jimmy in suspense whenever he put some question of vital importance to her.

"The first thing I shall do is to get a separation and maintenance order against you and then I shall begin divorce proceedings," she said at last. "I've seen my solicitor this morning. It will save trouble"—her pale eyes glowed dangerously—"if you send them evidence direct. This is the address."

She took from her bag a card which bore the name of a firm of solicitors in the neighborhood.

"That's all right." Jimmy stuffed the card impatiently into his breast pocket. "But you haven't answered my question. Where are you going to live?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I haven't decided yet."

"But, Anna," persisted Jimmy, keeping a firm hold on his rising temper, "surely you have some idea? Surely I have a right to know what is going to happen to my child?"

"That, I think, is for the court to decide. Naturally, I shall apply for the custody of Paula."

Jimmy had the sensation of having been slapped in the face. Yes, the law would be on Anna's side all right, and wouldn't she use it for all she was worth! There was no use arguing or pleading with Anna, who had the law on her side. He beckoned the waitress and asked for the bill.

"There's no point," he said to Anna, "in our stopping any longer? Do I send the cheque to your solicitors?"

A flicker of animation lightened her marble-cold features.

"No—leave it with Luke. I'll call for it. Meantime, I haven't any money to carry on with."

"Then you'd better come with me to the bank," he said grimly. "Luke's given me something on account. I can let you have five pounds."

CHAPTER 12

CHRISTINE lingered longer than was necessary over the arranging of six full-blown pink roses in two Woolworth vases. But then, they had been a dastardly extravagance, and she owned it to herself and to Jimmy, who shared her passion for flowers, to make as brave a show as possible of them.

It was just after five o'clock and she did not expect Jimmy home before six and there was no cooking to be done, since she had brought in the dinner as usual from the delicatessen shop round the corner. She felt faintly guilty about this. By rights Jimmy ought to have a succulent steak or chop for his evening meal, or a nice tasty stew.

In the beginning she had prided herself on cooking him a hot dinner every evening. It was Jimmy himself who had stopped this.

"Darling," he had pleaded, "if you knew how I hated these horrible disappearances of yours to the nether regions, you'd start catering at the delicatessen shop round the corner. A chop, even when cooked by you, isn't worth the loss of the first half-hour of the evening with you." That was over a year ago, when Jimmy and Christine had first come to live at 199 Horseferry Road.

Christine had given in to his whim without much persuasion. She secretly disliked cooking, even under the best conditions, and the rich, oniony smell of Mrs. Pollock's kitchen had always nauseated her and completely put her off her own food. Besides, she agreed with Jimmy, you could get the most amazingly appetising liver sausage and cooked meat at Kriesloch in Strutton Ground. Occasionally, during the winter, when they were affluent, she supplemented these with a tin of soup which could be heated on the gas ring in their room.

At last she had arranged the roses to her liking, and, scrutinising them intently, stood back to get the effect, and decided that they were not such a terrible extravagance after all, even though they had cost a whole sixpence. And sixpence was quite an important sum in these days when neither Jimmy nor Christine knew where the next was coming from.

Contrary to their expectations, Jimmy had not managed to get that splendid ten pounds a week job they had been so confident about. Nor, for that matter, any job which offered even the most frugal security. It was Anna's fault. Anna, who started her virulent, abusing letter-chain,

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HUSBAND TO ANNA

first to Mr. Jonas, of Ealing, who was so impressed with her plight and Jimmy's villainy that he refused even to see the latter when he called.

She had been equally successful with any other connection Jimmy had made while he was with the Celestion Printing Works. And those who did not actually receive letters from her, heard of Jimmy's scandalous behaviour towards his wife and child from those who had. It did not take him long to discover that, thanks to Anna, he had become a pariah among decent-minded men, and that the whole of the printing and advertising world was closed to him.

She had even put aside a nine-year-old feud and had taken Paula over to Hendon to see Lady Garden and Sir Joshua, who wrote Jimmy a stilted letter dotted with reproachful quotations about "Whom God hath joined together," and full of the weak philosophy of "making the best of things." He finished bluntly by stating that Jimmy would not be welcome at Hendon so long as he continued to associate himself with "this girl." Yes, Anna had cleverly contrived it so as to have his friends and relations and the law on her side.

YET Jimmy himself remained bravely undaunted even when he drew his last fiver out of the bank.

"I'll get something to do. Advertising and printing aren't the only money-making games in this country. Don't you worry, sweet—I'll look after you," he assured Christine time and time again.

And so he did look after her to the best of his ability, and seemed blissfully blind to the pathos of the sorry little jobs he got through answering advertisements. And it never occurred to him that each time he set forth to start a new one, Christine's heart was being silently twisted in tortured compassion for him.

Jimmy could make himself honestly see the humorous side of selling silk stockings from door to door at two shillings in the pound commission, which was his present means of livelihood. But Christine, who still believed that Jimmy was cut out to achieve great things in the business world, had difficulty in withholding her tears when he recounted how at one house the supercilious parlormaid had pointed menacingly at the notice on the gate concerning hawkers and beggars, and threatened to call in the police if he did not "move on." Whereas at another the inebriated mistress of the house had tried to make him take a five-pound note for one pair of four-and-elevenpenny stockings.

Then Jimmy, although he did not realise it, was a vagabond by nature. Also, he was supremely happy.

So was Christine, but she had to keep reminding herself of the fact. She loved Jimmy with all the loyalty and passion of her young soul, but, unlike him, adventure held no glamor for her, and whereas Jimmy appeared to be quite content in living, as they did, hazardously from day to day—chicken for dinner to-night, rice pudding to-morrow—Christine, who had been brought up in the acme of respectable security, craved with a kind of sick longing for some sort of regularity and definite pattern in life. She could, however, have stood their poverty, the frightening uncertainty of Jimmy's precarious jobs, if only they had been able to get married. In vain she argued with herself that this was of small importance. No two people bound together in holy wedlock could have loved or respected each other more than she and Jimmy. And she had, anyway, all the visible trappings of marriage, hadn't she? She used Jimmy's name and wore his ring.

BUT always her innate honesty revolted in secret contempt against the enforced masquerade of respectability. There were times when Mrs. Pollock referred to "your husband" and addressed her as Mrs. Garden, that Christine had difficulty in controlling her desire to give herself and Jimmy away and cry: "He isn't my husband."

She had been careful never to betray her distress to Jimmy, feeling quite certain that he was equally upset and humiliated about the enforced irregularity of their union. She could never forget that dreadful evening when Jimmy came back to her, haggard-faced and limp from that interview with Anna, to which he had sallied forth with such confidence that he would be able to make Anna see reason and apply for her decree absolute.

"My darling," he had had to confess, pressing his cheek against Christine's, "we're trapped."

Anna had been almost diabolically shrewd over the whole business. Eight months previously she had obtained her decree nisi, but no argument or plea from Jimmy would persuade her to make him free to marry Christine.

"Why should I?" she had demanded, in that snake-like voice of hers. "I don't want to marry again."

As a last resort he had threatened her.

"Supposing I enlightened the King's Proctor about Tonio Serini and others?"

From her calm acceptance of the threat he had known that she had been prepared for it, and had her defence ready. The law was still on Anna's side.

"If you do, the whole case will be stopped, and we should be irrevocably legally bound together for the rest of our lives. Judges never condone immorality on both sides, Jimmy," she reminded him, without even attempting to deny his accusations.

YES, Anna had them trapped all right, he and Christine. You had only to read your newspapers to see how harshly invulnerable were the judges in cases where both parties had committed adultery. If only, Jimmy fumed, he had got in first. If only his sense of loyalty to Anna had not been so strong as to have prevented him probing deeper into those affairs of hers. It had only been a question of time, when you came to think of it, and the law would have been on his side even to the extent of giving him custody of his child.

But then he had never been able to fight Anna successfully. Even his momentary victory over her infatuation for Oliver had ended up in being Anna's victory.

She was a cunning one, that Anna. Doing pretty nicely, too, from what Jimmy had heard. She had taken the flat above the one he and she had occupied in Westbourne Terrace, and let it out in rooms. All her lodgers were men, but she was cautious enough to have imported Poppy to live with her. Whatever Anna's private life might be, there wasn't a breath of scandal attached to her name, and the most punctilious of King's Proctors would not have been able to find a thing against her. Legally, she was entitled by her separation and maintenance order to receive ten shillings a week from Jimmy pending the decree absolute and a possible final settlement of alimony, and Jimmy soon discovered that her real reason for putting off the former was that, in the circumstances, the latter would not be worth her while. So she was waiting, with characteristic patience, until he was making enough to provide her with an adequate permanent income.

He had only been able to send her the ten shillings at irregular intervals. But this did not worry him unduly. Anna was making plenty out of her lodgers, whereas he was hard put to it to provide Mrs. Pollock's thirty shillings a week and sufficient wherewith to keep himself and Christine.

They were both shabbier than they realised these days. Jimmy had patches in his shoes and had to shave the cuffs of his shirts, and Christine went about bare-legged while she waited for her only pair of stockings to dry, and had joined the "no hat" brigade from sheer necessity.

AND all the while Jimmy was putting up a pretty grim fight for existence. He took all sorts of jobs. Some so humble that he dared not confess them to Christine. For instance, he had spent a couple of afternoons washing dishes in a Soho restaurant; he'd even paraded a sandwich-board down Regent Street.

Except for Christine's sake he did not mind much. They were together, and loved each other—that was the great thing so far as he personally was concerned. Besides, some day, any day, he'd come into his own. "You wait, my darling, we'll be riding in our Rolls-Royce before very long and thinking back what fun all this was," he was always telling Christine.

She tried not to mind too much, either. But their abject poverty was slowly eating into her soul. They hadn't been actually cold and hungry yet, but who could say when they mightn't be? They literally hadn't a shilling margin, and Jimmy was perforce changing his job almost every week. During the last year he had, to Christine's knowledge, sold stockings and encyclopaedias from door to door; he'd been advertisement canvasser for a church magazine; naturally he had tried his hand with Hoovers and refrigerators.

It hurt her to the quick to see how hard Jimmy was working and with what small reward. Reluctantly he had consented to her doing a little free-lance drawing, but the strain of her present existence had lost her her aptitude. Her sketches were dreary, lifeless things, and did not even inspire an encouraging word from the agencies to whom she submitted them.

"They're too subtle, darling," Jimmy encouraged her. Christine, however, knew better.

Sometimes she would cry herself into a state of complete exhaustion out of sheer homesickness for the comforts of Dulwich, for just one night between the snowy, cool linen sheets of her old bed, with Lucy ambling up with early morning tea.

During these hot summer days she would sit for hours at the window, staring at the dusty army of chimneys which seemed to stretch to eternity, longing with a nagging, despairing longing for just one glimpse of the leafy coolness of the flower-scented garden at home.

But she never gave Jimmy the tiniest hint of her nostalgia for the old life; he never knew of those fierce panics for their future which kept her tossing and turning in a low fever beside his heavily-sleeping form. Jimmy had enough to put up with already, hadn't he, what with the continual worry of providing for them and

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never being certain how long a job would last? Her biggest worry of all was the way Jimmy had to do without the most ordinary amenities of a man's life. He had rationed himself to five woodbines a day; he hadn't so much as tasted a glass of beer for five months; once he let it out that he never had anything to eat between breakfast and supper-time.

"Most people eat too much. You've only to watch the steady increase of patent medicines on the market," decreed Jimmy stoutly.

But in spite of everything Jimmy was happy—Christine was sure of that. So happy that he saw no irony in telling her about Anna's successful venture or how he had run into Luke—who had given him the information—and who had all sorts of good reports to make concerning the progress of the Celestion Printing Works.

Even Christine, in her groping unawareness and inexperience of human nature, could see that her lover was a totally different person from the Jimmy Garden she had first known and fallen in love with, and who was still legally husband to Anna.

THERE was an unbreakable strength about Jimmy these days, a self-confidence which no amount of adversity could destroy. It was this steadfast, unflinching belief in himself rather than any superficial vanity or false optimism which made him tackle even the humblest job with a fierce conviction that he'd make something better of it than his predecessors. It was Jimmy too—whom Anna had always condemned for his lack of money sense—who saw to it that by hook or crook their slender, uncertain budget balanced week by week. Though he did not actually do the shopping he routed around the neighborhood to discover for Christine the best places to patronise. On the face of things Jimmy was on top of the world. He had his responsibilities and shouldered them with a certain wild pride.

Thus Jimmy as he appeared to Christine—as he intended she should see him—a worker, a beloved, idealistic man who was bound to get his break sooner or later.

But just as she hid from him her homesickness, her aimless loneliness when he was out, so Jimmy hid from Christine the secret anguishes of his heart, and she never guessed when he came home bursting with extravagant praises of the liver sausage and brown bread which was their supper, of the savage rage swelling like a torrent within him because he could not take her out to meals occasionally, or afford to have someone to do their cooking. It never occurred to her that he had noticed she had only one pair of stockings to her name, and that this maddened him to the extent of nearly stealing for her from the samples he carried around with him. Christine never thought for a moment how Jimmy had grown to dread the long summer evenings because he could not afford to even take her to Kew Gardens or to watch the leisurely brown flow of the river at Richmond.

They were deliberately deceiving each other all the time, because they loved each other so much.

This evening Christine was still fiddling about with her beloved roses and was thinking how she would leave Jimmy's already over-darned socks until after supper, when he came in half an hour before she was expecting him. She could tell from his expression that something had happened. Something nice for a change.

"Sweet!" She rushed across to him as usual and put her arms round his neck. Neither realised how thin and pallid those arms had grown during the last year. "Sweet, you are early—how lovely!"

"I had to rush back to you." He was a little breathless. "I've good news. Great news." His green eyes glittered like bits of the sea with the sun on it. "Christine"—he hugged her close to him—"I've got a proper job at last. Five pounds a week, Mrs. Garden, I'll have you know."

"Jimmy—how, where and when?" Christine's eyes reflected the sparkle in his own. For once her smile was free of its lurking sadness.

"Chance mostly," he admitted modestly. "I met a man I used to be fairly friendly with. He's just started up an advertising agency and wants me to go in with him on the business side—and, thank God, it's good-bye to all that—from next Monday onwards."

He threw his sample-case to the far side of the room.

"Jimmy, how wonderful! Jimmy, am I dreaming or did you really say five pounds a week?"

Jimmy pinched her cheek.

"If you are dreaming—that'll wake you up."

His laugh had all its old exuberance.

"Jimmy, does he—your friend, I mean—know about us?" she asked dubiously.

"He certainly does. In fact, my darling, if the truth were known, I believe I got the job on compassionate grounds."

"Jimmy darling, don't be so humble. . . ." She held up her face. Pinched and white it was, but her eyes were warm and alive with a newly born hope.

Five pounds a week—it was riches to these two, who had been managing to make ends meet on an uncertain two pounds ten.

Jimmy was about to smother her frail loveliness with kisses when Mrs. Pollock poked her florid countenance round the door.

"A police officer to see you, Mr. Garden," she announced. "He said he'd wait if you weren't in, so there was no point in saying you hadn't come home yet."

BEADS of perspiration broke out on Jimmy's forehead . . . he felt Christine against him trembling like a leaf.

"May I see him in the hall?" he demanded courteously of his landlady.

"Certainly you may, Mr. Garden." Mrs. Pollock's expression was one of friendly sympathy. She had been up against things often enough in life to be able to condole with her young lodgers, and it would have taken a less observant person than Emma Pollock not to have seen the straits they were in.

"I shan't be a second." Jimmy turned to Christine, who still clung to him.

"Jimmy, what will it be about?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"Haven't the faintest idea, angel face. Probably"—he waxed facetious—"I've left my Rolls-Royce outside the Athenaeum Club without its lights on."

He clattered down the uncarpeted staircase to the front door.

The policeman, who was a youngish man, questioned Jimmy's identity with professional brevity.

"Mr. Garden . . . Mr. James Garden?"

"That's right," snapped Jimmy. "What do you want?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I've a summons against you for arrears of maintenance."

He handed Jimmy a buff-colored paper, which demanded in the cause of justice that Jimmy should either pay twenty-eight pounds plus costs within the next fourteen days or appear at the Marylebone Police Court to state before the magistrate as to why he could not produce the said figure.

"I take it, sir, that you are not prepared to pay—at once," proceeded the policeman, in a tone which suggested why the devil should you.

"You take it correctly, officer," returned Jimmy, without the vestige of a smile.

"The magistrate is a pretty lenient bloke," the policeman informed him next.

"That's helpful."

"Out of work, sir?" The officer of the law became respectfully sympathetic.

"No—I'm starting a job next Monday." The policeman gave a broad grin and a knowing wink.

"Better be burying your grandmother this next Tuesday week then, sir," he suggested.

"Yes, I think I'd better," agreed Jimmy. "Thanks officer, for your friendly advice."

"That's all right, sir."

The policeman's grin widened, and he made his departure.

JIMMY stayed as long as he dared in Mrs. Pollock's hall after he had gone. He had to call upon all his courage, his undoubting belief that he was bound to get his good break soon, before daring to face Christine with this new and unforeseen calamity hanging over their heads.

Anna's sinister prophecy came back to him in a lightning flash. In some ways I'm sorry, in some ways I'm glad this has happened—but you will be sorry all ways.

Well, she was certainly doing her dammedest to make it come true. She was slowly taking everything from him. First his child, his home, his profession . . . and not content with that she had to hurl him into the police court for money he hadn't got.

And the law, justice—so aptly represented as a blindfolded woman—was on Anna's side.

Well, thank God, at least she could not rob him of Christine.

Jimmy went slowly up the stairs. He would have given a lot to have spared Christine this new worry, but he knew he could not keep it entirely from her.

She was alone in the room, standing in an unconsciously drooping attitude against the mantelpiece. She gave a frightened little gasp when she saw Jimmy.

"Darling, is it bad?"

"No, sweet." He took her hands. They were ice-cold. "Just inconvenient." He told her briefly what had happened, making as light of it as possible.

"It means your going to the police court again," she said, when he had finished.

"Yes, angel, but who's going to worry about that, except that it means wasting a whole day."

Jimmy sought frenziedly to change the subject and his eyes fell upon the gay pink roses on each end of the mantelpiece.

"Christine, my lamb, you must be a witch girl," he exclaimed with a buoyancy he was certainly not feeling. "To have thought to buy flowers, and such lovely ones on the very day we have something to celebrate—my new job."

Christine's smile of response was a flickering, uncertain thing.

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"Jimmy dear," she faltered, "I don't want to be a panic-monger, but do tell me—there's no chance, is there, of Anna being able to get you put into prison—because you can't pay—because"—her eyes filled with tears—"I don't believe I could bear that."

"You won't have to, beloved. It's much more likely that I'll get the maintenance order reduced," said Jimmy with conviction.

But he was wrong, the £20 had to be borrowed from Luke for the rapacious Anna.

CHAPTER 13

IT was ten o'clock. Christine, after a long bout of nervous wakefulness, had fallen into a fitful, restless slumber about two hours ago.

She had fainted again when Jimmy had got her up to their room, and in his scared helplessness he had had to call Mrs. Pollock to help bring her round. The Irish landlady had been inordinately kind and resourceful.

"It's nothing to take on so about, Mr. Garden. A bit of a faint . . . why, that happens to any girl. Just leave her quiet and she'll be as right as a robin in the morning." Mrs. Pollock has reassured him. She had helped him to put Christine to bed, and had brought up her own hot-water bottle to place at the girl's cold feet.

When Christine came round, it was against Mrs. Pollock's vast, motherly bosom that she had cried in that frightening, despairing way: "I can't bear it . . . I want to, but I can't," and Jimmy's face went rigid, with sheer animal savagery lurking on his lips. Anna! Anna should pay for this! If only, he raged inwardly, he could hurt Anna, break her, as she was breaking Christine.

But Anna was emotionally invulnerable, without sensitiveness and pride. People like Anna could not be hurt.

Mrs. Pollock had tried to persuade him to go out for a while when Christine had at last fallen asleep.

"I'll look after her every bit as well as you, Mr. Garden."

But Jimmy refused to leave Christine's side. He was stiff and aching in his limbs now from his long vigil in the springless armchair. He had not had any food since the plate of soup at lunch, but he was not in the least hungry. He supposed, utterly weary in body and spirit, that he ought presently to think about getting some sleep, but when he attempted to relax and closed his eyes, his eyeballs burnt and stung and he had a peculiar sensation in his head as though a couple of frisky mice were chasing each other round and round inside it.

He picked up a tattered magazine which Mrs. Pollock had lent Christine, and was trying to make sense of what he was reading, when the landlady put her curly fixsen head round the door.

"Everything all right?" she whispered.

Jimmy held up his hand in warning.

"She's asleep," he whispered back.

Mrs. Pollock nodded understandingly and beckoned him. Jimmy rose jerkily out of his chair and tiptoed across the room.

"Better come down to my sitting-room," she said, as soon as he was in earshot. "It's right under here, so we'll hear her if she so much as turns over." And Jimmy, who was beginning to get seriously scared that he'd go mad if he were left alone much longer with his secret dreads and hates, followed to the floor below.

Mrs. Pollock's sitting-room was furnished in very much the same overcrowded Victorian style of Christine's and Jimmy's room except that it was more freely ornamented with crochet mats of varied colors, each holding either a bit of china bearing the arms of some coastal town, or a vase. Reproductions of "Cherry Ripe," "The Dancing Lesson," and Landseer's "Stag at Bay" hung between brightly-colored portraits of the Royal Family, and a calendar which gave you a quotation from Shakespeare for every day of the year.

The table was laid for two. Slices of very pink ham were flanked with appetising lettuce leaves and tomatoes. There was also an uncut loaf of bread on a wooden platter, a slab of cheese, a jar of pickled onions and a dish containing pineapple chunks.

"Now sit yourself down and get some food inside you," Mrs. Pollock commanded Jimmy hospitably, taking the head of the table. "We can't have you crocking up too," she added playfully.

Though Jimmy had believed that the very sight of food would sicken him, he managed to eat the lion's portion of the ham and a sizable hunk of bread and cheese, and felt considerably better for it. When they had finished, Mrs. Pollock filled an enormous brown teapot from the kettle which was boiling on the gas ring, and produced from a wall cupboard two large white breakfast cups.

"Nothing like a good strong cup of tea to settle the old nerves," she commented comfortably, passing Jimmy his. "D'you take sugar, Mr. Garden?"

"No, thanks." Jimmy drank gratefully of the dark-brown, treacly liquid. Certainly tea was comforting. Especially strong, dark tea like this.

"You know, this is most awfully good of you, Mrs. Pollock," he thanked her aloud.

"Not a bit of it. It's only what any neighbor would do for another in trouble."

MRS. POLLOCK was spooning granulated sugar liberally into her own cup.

Jimmy, observing her at close quarters for the first time, decided that she must have been a very beautiful woman in her youth. Her eyes, buried now in puffy rolls of fat, were a clear crystal blue, her mouth was Grecian in line and, despite her bulk, her wrists were exquisitely slim and well shaped. He found himself speculating idly as to what Em Pollock had experienced of life. He supposed, like all beautiful women, she had loved and been loved, suffered. From the very resignation of her expression when in repose you could tell that Em Pollock had known her share of stormy weather. And hadn't let it beat her. He rather hoped that she might talk about herself, her type usually did in these circumstances, but instead, she put it to him unexpectedly:

"Wouldn't it help if you told me a bit about your troubles, Mr. Garden? Maybe I can't do anything, and no one wants advice, but it sometimes eases the old heart when you can share the burden with somebody."

She refilled their cups and sat back in friendly anticipation, her hands folded across her protruding stomach.

"If I did," returned Jimmy, "you'd probably give us a week's notice."

"Meaning that you and Mrs. Garden aren't married." Mrs. Pollock smiled with airy indifference. "Good Lord, man, I knew that the moment you set foot in the place."

"You knew?" Jimmy screwed up his face perplexedly. "But how? Unless you are a thought-reader." For a wild moment he wondered whether Anna had betrayed them.

"She had the hunted look," Mrs. Pollock returned placidly. "That's how I knew. The hunted look of any nice young girl who hasn't the legal right to the wedding ring, or the name she's using. They say we women are good actresses—well, we may be able to get across all the parts except that of a wife without her marriage lines."

"And in spite of you guessing about us," exclaimed Jimmy incredulously, "you took us in."

"WHY shouldn't I?" Mrs. Pollock's fleshy face went quite disgruntled. "It's no business of mine what people do or how they live. I suppose," she continued, "you've had a spot of bother with your 'legal'—that's the current trouble, as you might say."

"My legal——?"

"Your legal wife, Mr. Garden," explained Mrs. Pollock.

"Oh, yes," Jimmy agreed. "Well, as a matter of fact, we have. But how did you know that I had a 'legal'? Did you read that in Christine's face too?" He grinned.

"I prize myself on being something of a judge of character," retorted Mrs. Pollock, "and I could tell at once you weren't the sort to keep that poor young thing upstairs away from the altar rails unless there was just cause and impediment, as you might say. Now, Mr. Garden"—she laid a podgy hand on Jimmy's—"just open up. Tell me all about it. You can trust Em Pollock. Goodness knows, plenty of others have. What has your 'legal' done to you both? I'm an old woman, though I try not to look like one." She smiled archly, and it flashed through Jimmy's mind that before she was an "old woman" that smile might easily have been the toast of a mess or a stag party in St. James's Street. "Better spill the beans to me than keep them rolling inside you," she urged.

Jimmy gave a deep sigh.

"Well now, Mrs. Pollock, it's like this," he started . . . and she let him talk without interrupting, and her cheap alarm clock pointed to half past eleven before he had finished telling her about Anna. The way she had fought him, betrayed him and nearly broken him. He no longer attempted to be fair and loyal towards his wife. Words flowed from his lips like a stream of venom.

To his surprise, he found himself confiding in this woman he scarcely knew, as he never had laid bare his soul to any living being. He poured into Mrs. Pollock's sympathetic ear all those doubts which afterwards became certainties regarding Anna's relationship with Tonio Scripi and others. How by that time he had ceased to feel things, and so it did not matter much whether she had lovers or not, so long as she looked after Paula properly. Never before had he dared to reveal his feelings about his child—that fierce, possessive passion which burnt within him whenever he thought of her. How he missed Paula with a strange, gnawing emptiness of soul. To his disgust, he discovered that his cheeks were wet with tears when he related the scene with Anna in the Corner House and how later Paula had spurned him.

"She didn't need me," he cried. "And that was the worst thing Anna ever did to me, making Paula not want me."

"Never mind," Mrs Pollock soothed when at last he stopped his angry, hurt tirade, "you are free of her now. You've got a

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good job, and you can pay her regularly, so she hasn't a thing against you. She's done her worst to you, you poor things and you'll get your little girl's love back—that is, if you've ever lost it, which I doubt. Children are better judges of character and the right and wrong of things than we give them credit for," she concluded wisely.

"You've forgotten," protested Jimmy bitterly, "that my 'legal' as you call her, refuses to apply for her decree to be made absolute."

Mrs. Pollock shrugged her massive shoulders.

"That'll come," she promised. "Women like your 'legal' always want marriage sooner or later, as a security against old age."

CHAPTER 14

JIMMY was walking jubilantly down Oxford Street. His job with Peter Gray held out good prospects, and he foresaw a healthy future for the brave little business which was conducted from attic offices in Gray's Inn Road—despite its lack of capital. Orders were coming in nicely. Peter was a grand fellow to work with, although he and Jimmy were not as yet on the terms of easy intimacy the latter had enjoyed with Luke.

Christine, too, seemed to be stronger and more peaceful emotionally. Even now, when she had been up and about for over a week—and Mrs. Pollock assured him privately that once she had put on a bit of weight she'd be as fit as a fiddle—Jimmy dared not look back upon that week of anguish when Christine had been too weak even to sit up in bed.

"It's just shock," Mrs. Pollock had pronounced, and refused stubbornly to allow Jimmy to go to the expense of calling in a doctor.

"I can do all there is to be done for her without one of these medicos butting in," she had averred. "All she needs is rest and good nourishing food in her little stomach. And you can leave that to me."

Jimmy gave way to her and made himself believe in her verdict that there was nothing to get alarmed about. But inwardly all that week he had never been free of the haunting fear that Christine was not going to get better.

Sometimes, during those first days, when she had lain whitely still like a crushed lily, with her voice just a weak trickle of a whisper, he had often paced up and down Horseferry Road for hours, not daring to go in for sheer panic of what news Mrs. Pollock would have for him.

But Mrs. Pollock had been right after all. There hadn't really been anything to worry about. Christine had got better. Christine could go out for walks now and managed her own shopping. She was happy, so happy, she kept impressing upon Jimmy, and he believed her. She was not so lonely any more now that Mrs. Pollock had taken them both under her motherly wing.

Clouds were banked low in the sky and it was beginning to rain when Jimmy reached Tottenham Court Road Station. He had made all his calls for the day and had landed a nice order for catalogues. There was no reason for him to go back to the office, and he was just about to board a No. 25 bus for Victoria when he felt a hand on his arm.

"It is Mr. Garden, isn't it?" a vaguely familiar voice addressed him, and, looking round, Jimmy found himself confronted by a tall, generously-built young woman with a pleasantly-freckled face and a wide, frank smile.

"I don't suppose you remember me," she said next. "We only met once and that was in a crowd. I'm Mary Rawlings and a colleague of Poppy Karslof at the Manetta masseuse establishment."

"I do remember you perfectly," replied Jimmy. "You came to Westbourne Terrace once."

Looking at her more closely, it all came back to him. She had been at one of Anna's parties, and had given him the impression she was not enjoying herself and was thoroughly out of place among the kind of people who were Anna's special cronies. He had tried to push his way across the smoke-laden room where she stood a little apart from the others, but Anna had intercepted him to send him to the "Blue Posts" for more beer, and when he came back this girl had disappeared. Someone had told him her name and that she worked at the same place as Poppy. So far as he recalled, she had never come to the flat again, but he did remember clearly that he had liked the look of her and wondered what she was doing among Anna's rabble.

"It's nice to see you again after all this time, Miss Rawlings," he continued conventionally, and began to speculate as to why she had stopped him like this. He supposed, bitterness gripping his soul, that as a friend of Anna's and Poppy's she had taken the opportunity of doing a little quiet spying. She seemed a nice enough girl, but instinctively he distrusted anyone who had anything to do with Anna or any of the Karslofs.

"I've been trying to get in touch with you for some time," she informed him next.

"Very kind of you—but why?" asked Jimmy rather rudely.

Now that he was paying the maintenance regularly he had nothing to fear from Anna, but he was damned if he was going to be spied upon through her friends. Ten shillings a week—that's all Anna had the right to ask of him now.

Mary Rawlings' smile died on her lips and her expression became suddenly tense and urgent.

"I wanted to talk to you about your child," she said with simple frank directness.

Jimmy turned white.

"About Paula? Is she ill?" He gripped tightly hold of Mary's arm.

She shook her head.

"She's extremely fit physically," she assured him quickly. "But I'd be awfully glad if you could spare me a few minutes."

It was Mary's frank eyes challenging him with their trustworthiness which made Jimmy decide to hear what she had to say. There was a cafe opposite the bus stop.

"We might go in there. It's quiet and out of the rain," he suggested.

"Right. I won't keep you longer than I can help," she returned, and her voice sounded sympathetic as though she understood his reluctance to speak of his child with someone who associated with the Karslofs.

Jimmy piloted her across the road. And when they were settled at the quietest table they could find and he had ordered cups of coffee, he asked bluntly:

"Now, will you please, tell me why you want to see me about Paula?"

Mary Rawlings thrust upon him her wide, friendly smile. He noticed that her hazel eyes were set very far apart and were flecked with green. Yes, they were the kind of frank eyes you could trust, even though they belonged to a friend of Anna's.

"I'm afraid you'll think I'm the worst sort of snake in the grass," she started. "You see, I go to your wife's place a good deal to see Poppy, and here I am cadging cups of coffee from you and carrying tales into the bargain."

Jimmy grunted, and reflected that if you could judge from appearances, no one could resemble less a snake in the grass than this wide-eyed, pleasant-faced young woman with such a reassuring smile.

"I'm a friend of Poppy's," she emphasised. "Poppy is a nice child."

"I'm sure she is," agreed Jimmy without enthusiasm. "But about Paula——"

Mary's features went rigid.

"You know, I suppose, the sort of life Anna is leading?"

"I can guess," Jimmy snapped.

"I'm persuading Poppy to leave her," Mary informed him next. "Number four hundred and eighty-one Westbourne Terrace isn't the right atmosphere for an impressionable young girl to live in."

"Nor for an impressionable eight-year-old child," rasped Jimmy, who was beginning to understand why Mary had been so insistent about this talk. She nodded brusquely. Jimmy thought he detected a hint of accusation in the stern line of her mouth, and defended himself.

"You know, I suppose, that Anna has custody of the child and that I have no rights over her at all? I believe I am allowed to see her twice a year, but it is a privilege I am not prepared to exercise—for Paula's sake. At best, it would only be disturbing . . . it might even be extremely painful."

"Quite," agreed Mary, softening. "But I don't believe Anna would object to Paula being sent to boarding-school provided she was not asked to pay the expenses. A child of eight is somewhat of an encumbrance about Anna's flat," she added with brutal significance.

Jimmy gripped the edge of the table. A savagery held his features tight and ravaged them.

"You mean"—he spoke slowly, striving to control his wrath—"Paula is in the way?"

"Yes." Mary helped herself to a cigarette from the packet he had put on the table. "But don't get me wrong, Mr. Garden. To give Anna her due, she looks after the child materially as well as the best of mothers. Paula is properly clothed and fed; in her own harsh way Anna seems fond of her, and I really believe is anxious to keep from her the vagaries of her own life. But it is very troublesome at times."

JIMMY was shaking from head to foot. In swift succession his mental vision was stormed with pictures of Paula at all ages . . . from the moment he had held her, an ugly, crumpled, red-faced baby, in his arms, when he had had that peculiar premonition that she was going to be his reason for living, until that last agonising meeting with her two years ago, when she had told him solemnly that he must please himself about leaving her.

Shame hammered within him so that he felt breathless and sick as it dawned upon him now how badly he had neglected her. True, his mind was never completely free of her; he preferred not to notice his fellow men when they were accompanied by small daughters round about Paula's age. But always he had been satisfied that the suffering of his and Paula's separation was in every sense his loss alone; never had it crossed his mind that Anna would not be fulfilling her duties towards the child. Always he had dinned it into his consciousness that Anna was a good mother, and so he was surprised as much as horrified at Mary's revelations.

"What can I do," he demanded of her, making a groping gesture with his hands, "apart from kidnapping Paula?"

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"I've already told you," Mary replied quite crossly. "Find a decent boarding-school for the child and write and tell Anna that you will be responsible for the fees."

JIMMY dropped into one of his habitual financial reveries. A boarding-school for Paula—would it cost much money? What was the very most he could spare from his weekly salary?

"Of course"—he continued his meditations aloud with a certain arrogance—"Paula would have to go to a very good school, where the kids are properly fed and looked after. I believe some of these cheap places are pretty horrible. How much," he appealed to Mary, "ought a good school to cost?"

She thought a moment before answering, then she advised:

"If I were you I should plump for a convent, unless you are prepared to pay about two hundred or more a year. Shall I try and find out some details for you, Mr. Garden?" she offered. A soft diffidence swept over her calm countenance, and Jimmy thought again what a nice person this Mary Rawlings was. You wouldn't get many young women of to-day putting themselves out like this over somebody else's child.

"It's frightfully good of you, Miss Rawlings," he thanked her warmly, "but, as a matter of fact, I happen to know of a good convent."

A drift of comforting sentimentality swept over Jimmy's troubled soul. There was something very sweet and tender in the idea of Paula being tended to by the same nuns who had brought up Christine. He prayed that it wouldn't hurt Christine too much when he had to ask her for the address and tell her why he wanted it. For, although they talked sometimes of Anna, he had noticed a strange inward withdrawal about Christine if ever Paula's name cropped up.

Still, he knew he could count on her loyalty to himself, however much this hurt her—and when he told her Mary's story, on her warm generous humanity.

"Well, that's splendid." Mary started to pull on her gloves. "And thanks, Mr. Garden, for being so nice about my butting in on your affairs."

"Thank you." Jimmy beckoned a waitress for the bill. "It's unthinkably good of you to have bothered."

"Don't be silly. Children are rather a hobby of mine, and young Paula is an uncommonly nice specimen."

Jimmy wondered at her quick change of expression from that of a pleasant matter-of-fact young woman to one of indescribable sadness and unfulfilment. It was as though Mary was suddenly bleeding inwardly from a wound which could not be stanched and that her heart was crying with despairing forlorniness for some unattainable moon. And yet, he pondered, she did not seem the type to let her emotions get the better of her. There was such an underlying strength of purpose about her, a logic which, unlike Anna's, was not tainted with material greed and false ambition.

Mary got up from the table, and Jimmy went with her to the Tube station opposite the tea shop.

"Let me know how you get on," she said a little stiffly, holding out her hand.

"I'd like to. Should I write to you or what?"

Secretly Jimmy hoped that she might suggest another meeting. Her steady eyes sought his in a kind of shy embarrassment.

"Couldn't you ask me to come to see you—and Christine?" she ventured unexpectedly.

"Christine!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Then, you know about Christine?"

She shrugged her shoulders as much as to say, who doesn't, who knows Anna? And told him simply:

"Naturally, I have heard of her existence and, for what it's worth, I think she must be a very brave girl."

"She is," agreed Jimmy fervently. "When can you come and see for yourself? You know," he went on confidentially, "it would be so frightfully nice for Christine. She hasn't many friends."

He stopped aghast, while a rush of color dyed his cheek a painful crimson. Never had he dared to own before, even to himself, how lonely Christine must be, shut away in that attic room of theirs with no one to talk to all day long except Mrs. Pollock. Christine, who, in her quiet, reserved way, was by nature so gay and companionable.

And yet he did not really regret having said so much to Mary Rawlings. She was, one sensed it instinctively, the kind of young woman one could trust, the kind of young woman who would be open-minded enough to see always the other person's point of view without ever being two-faced.

"Could you possibly come to tea next Sunday—the day after to-morrow?" he invited enthusiastically.

"I'm sorry, but it would have to be the Sunday after."

Something in her tone—a kind of halting reticence, convinced him that she was engaged with the Karslofs on the day he had suggested, and he repeated a little coldly:

"Sunday week, then. We'll look forward to it."

"So shall I . . . what is your address?"

He gave it to her and said they would expect her round about four.

"Christine will be so pleased," he added, raising his hat as she turned to go into the station. And as he jolted home on his bus, Jimmy was filled with that elation of a society hostess who has unexpectedly managed to rope in the lion of the season for her next party.

HE was so pleased about having met Mary and that she was coming to have tea with them that he forgot at first to tell Christine the real object of their encounter. Then, suddenly, after supper, while he sprawled at her feet, running his fingers along the slim outline of her ankle, it all came back to him, and his face went harsh and bitter.

"Paula." Unconsciously, he spoke her name aloud in a sharp, tortured voice.

"Paula?" repeated Christine perplexedly. "Darling, we were talking about your nice girl friend who is coming to see us."

"I know, but what she really stopped me for was to talk about Paula," he explained.

"Is she ill, then, Jimmy?" Christine asked of him, with genuine concern, the same question as he had put to Mary.

Jimmy shook his head. He dragged himself closer to Christine and turned so that his back was resting against her knee.

"Would you mind awfully if I told you all about Paula?" he asked, jerking out the words as though he did not want to say them.

"Of course not," Christine answered quickly, but he felt her stiffen; knew that Christine, with all her sweet, unselfish understanding, resented his child. It was natural in the circumstances, nevertheless it quickened Jimmy's paternal instinct, so that for the moment no one, not even Christine, counted against the rush of this reawakened yearning for his daughter, and his passionate anxiety to get her removed from her mother's flat with all its evil influences. And while he related to Christine in a strangely flat, controlled voice all that he had learned from Mary, he found his mind pushing its way back into the past to the days when nothing in the world was joyous or of any significance except his child. He even recalled, with a sense of guilt, that he wouldn't have been with Christine now if Paula had asked him to stay on that momentous morning when he had gone back to Westbourne Terrace for his luggage.

"So you see," he finished, in the same flat, unnatural tones. "So you see, Christine, we shall have to get her to school."

"Yes, Jimmy."

"I thought," he went on, hating himself for taking no notice of the pathos in her trembling acquiescence, "that maybe you could get me particulars of your convent."

Then almost defiantly he twisted round again so that he looked deep into her topaz yellow eyes, heavily smudged still with dark rings, and dim as though someone had turned the little twinkling lights out behind them.

"Infant" — he was full of contrition—"Christine, forgive me for seeming such a callous brute, but that child—she's so little, and she's half Anna after all, darling, and I can't risk her getting completely like Anna, can I?"

Christine stroked his hair; her lips broke into their brave smile.

"Of course you can't, Jimmy," she assured him quickly. "Do you know I don't believe I could love you quite so desperately as I do if you didn't care a lot what happens to Paula." She dragged the words and her expression was that of a young idealist who begrudges the power of her ideals over that of her desires.

Jimmy raised her hand and held it long against his lips.

"You're so wonderful," he breathed, "so terribly wonderful."

"So are you, you old silly." Christine got up from her chair and went over to the drawer where she kept the cheap writing materials they had used when Jimmy was applying for jobs.

"You had better drop a line to the Reverend Mother right away," she said. "And if you don't mind, Jimmy, dear, I should just tell her that I've recommended you to write."

Jimmy settled himself at the table.

"I wish to God I could say you were Paula's mother," he muttered fervently.

"So do I, darling."

Christine's eyes filled with tears, but as he was sitting with his back to her he did not see them, nor that emptiness which seared her features. She looked, in her pathetically resigned attitude, like a modern conception of a young Madonna whose child must for ever be only an unfulfilled dream.

CHAPTER 15

THE Reverend Mother of the Ursuline Convent at Tanmersleigh answered Jimmy's letter by return of post. In it she stated that for fifty pounds a year she would be prepared to take his little girl and that this would include music lessons and her uniform.

Jimmy looked decidedly glum.

"Fifty pounds a year," he remarked, handing the letter across the breakfast-table to Christine, "is nearly a pound a week. I don't see how we are going to afford it."

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And she reminded him: "Darling, we lived on two pounds ten a week and sometimes less, so we can easily manage now on three-ten. You leave it to me," said Christine decisively

Her attitude delighted him and at the same time baffed him. It did not seem possible that any woman, not even a half-angel like Christine, should accept with such resignation, with pleasure almost the fact that she would have to go without things in order that her lover's child might be adequately educated. By rights Christine should have been begrudgingly jealous of Anna's child; at best she might have accepted her existence and the money Jimmy was compelled by law to send each week, as tiresomely inevitable.

Yet, ever since he had shared with her his anxiety about Paula, Christine had gone out of her way to make him talk about the child; had pressed him to recount to her all the little amusing incidents about Paula's babyhood.

Only once had she faltered in her courage, and that was when she had asked him, her long lashes veiling some mysterious anguish in her eyes:

"Do you often miss Paula, Jimmy?"

He supposed afterwards that he need not have been so brutally truthful; there had been no need to have hurt Christine quite so badly. But then, he never tried to hide his feelings from her, and so he had answered her question with unthinking sincerity: "Always," and his voice sounded sharp-edged with hunger for Paula. He knew, directly he had spoken, that she had read in that one word all its heart-breaking significance, and that he had given it away how incomplete his life was, even shrouded as it was in her love, because Paula had no longer any place in it.

It was for this season primarily that he deliberately made difficulties now concerning the school fees, so as to make Christine believe that her comforts really did matter to him.

But he could not deceive her; they were too near each other in mind to be able to hide a vital emotion, and when she repeated in that firm low voice: "Darling Jimmy, Paula has got to go to school," and told him to write to Anna immediately, he offered no further resistance. Once again he thought, weary all at once of the whole tangle of life, Christine was making a sacrifice for him, and perforce once again he had no alternative but to accept graciously.

He wrote to Anna as soon as he reached his office. It was a cunningly worded note, inquiring what arrangements she was making for Paula's education, and didn't she think it would be a good idea for the child to go to boarding-school. If so, he was prepared to find the necessary money provided she left the choice of a school to him. He signed it, Yours, Jimmy Garden.

"Now," he told Christine the same evening, "we have done all that the law allows us and there is nothing left but to wait for Anna's reply."

"From what Miss Rawlings said, I shouldn't worry about that, Jimmy," Christine comforted him, and he noticed a strange huskiness in her voice.

"Have you been catching cold?" he asked with alarm, always worried about her frail health.

"I don't think so—my throat is just a bit dry," said Christine without interest.

"Better gargle to-night before you go to bed, my sweet."

"Yes, Jimmy."

He became even more alarmed when he noticed the languid way she dragged herself about the room while she cleared away their supper, a task she always insisted on doing by herself. It seemed as though heavy, invisible cords chained her wrists and arms, making it well-nigh impossible for her to use them without a supreme effort of will. When he touched her hand he felt it burning hot with fever.

"You are ill," he insisted almost crossly "Darling, won't you tell me what is the matter?"

She curled herself like a weary child into his lap.

"I'm tired," she confessed. "That's all. Just tired."

PRESENTLY she allowed him to carry her over to the bed and to undress her. She lay, thin and pale and very quiet, between the coarse sheets, her eyelids closed, her breath coming in exhausted gasps.

Jimmy waited until she had fallen asleep and then went down to consult Mrs. Pollock.

"Tell me," he asked urgently, "what is the matter with Christine, Mrs. Pollock—she seems awfully unfit to-night."

"A bit of a cold, I should say, Mr. Garden," replied the landlady promptly. "I heard her coughing this morning and gave her some of my special mixture. She'll be all right, don't you worry."

"But I do worry," protested Jimmy. "For one thing, I am sure she is running a fever."

Mrs Pollock, who had been rocking herself comfortably in her rocking chair, rose to her feet.

"Well, well, perhaps I'd better come up and have a look at her," she pacified him.

Christine was still asleep when they entered the room upstairs. Mrs. Pollock put her hand on her forehead and felt her pulse.

"Nothing to worry about," she repeated. "She may have a temperature, but that often happens when you get a bit of a cold. Give her some more of my mixture if she should wake up—here it is." She produced a bottle from behind one of the ornaments on the mantelpiece where Christine had concealed it. "And if she is still groggy to-morrow tell her to stop in bed until I come up to her."

Jimmy thanked her and promised "not to worry."

But dawn was breaking, a colorful mother-of-pearl streak through the drawn curtains, before he undressed and laid down beside Christine.

Nothing to worry about. It was easy for an outsider, even someone as kind and understanding as Mrs. Pollock, to say that. Perhaps she was right about there being nothing seriously the matter with Christine, but what about the worry of Paula, the worry of providing that extra pound a week without stinting Christine, for whom he was hard put even to provide the bare necessities of life, what with ten shillings a week having to go to Anna and Paula as it was.

It came to him in those long, grim hours of the night how for years and years now he had never really been free from worry.

Looking back on his life he saw it dismally as a long, useless succession of frustrations and thwarted achievements. He had tried to make people happy; he had wanted, with a certain passionate intensity of purpose, to find happiness for himself.

Yes, and there was a time when ambition had burned within him like an unquenchable furnace. Yes, and he had worked at one time for the sheer excitement of the game; but that was before he had discovered about Anna and Oliver. Afterwards he had clung to the Celestion as a drowning man to a lifebuoy to save him from insanity.

HE owned now, though, that subconsciously all his ambition, that frenzy to get on, and later, to make money and keep himself from the lunatic asylum, had been only the diverted channel of his love for Paula. He had wanted always, hadn't he, for her to have the best a good world could offer? A great weariness bordering on despair came over him as he recalled how, when she was only a tiny baby, he had watched children riding in the Row and vowed that one day Paula, too, should have her own pony.

Paula! Paula! Paula! Paula! She seemed as near to him as when he had first taken her from the midwife's arms.

My child, I want my child. Was that being mawkishly sentimental, he wondered? Anyway, what had happened to civilisation that one was compelled to apologise for giving away to these primitive stirrings of the heart which had come down unchanged throughout the ages? Why, in God's name, should he be ashamed of this spiritual emptiness for his child?

When at last he had dragged himself to bed, Christine was breathing quite naturally. Her pale cheeks were flushed a healthy pink. She crept near to him like a small warm animal and called his name softly in her sleep.

He put his arms round her, and some of his depression went from him.

Christine,

Christine!

Lord God in Heaven, surely he had a lot to be thankful for in that he had Christine.

Before going to sleep he played a childish game of make-believe in which he and Christine were walking down Bond St, and he was bidding her: "You can buy yourself anything which takes your fancy, my dear. We are rich now." And he visualised her mistily in that mental limbo of semi-consciousness, extravagantly decked out in furs and jewels. Later they would go and lunch at some fashionable restaurant and drink champagne and eat everything out of season. And all the people they knew who had cast them off, Christine's old aunts, and his Uncle Joshua and Aunt Lydia, and Luke, and Jonas from Ealing would be there to witness their triumph and whisper to one another, "So they won through, after all."

But when Jimmy at last fell asleep it was Paula who stood beside him in his victory and he was at Hamley's instead of in Bond St., and he was buying a lovely fairy doll for Paula instead of a fur coat and diamond rings for Christine.

TO Jimmy's relief, Christine was much better when she awoke the next morning. Her fever had vanished and, except for a slight huskiness, there was no sign of any cold.

She still looked tired and frail, but then she had looked thus for so long that it ceased to worry Jimmy, and he set off to the office in high spirits, with all the despondency of his vigil the night before vanished because Christine was not going to be ill after all.

It was a little before 9.30 when he arrived at Gray's Inn Road, and the office boy greeted him with the message that Mrs. Garden had telephoned and given him a number where he could ring up—if possible, before ten.

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HUSBAND TO ANNA

Jimmy's lips narrowed into a thin smile. Anna had been quick enough to answer him this time. Yes, and she had obviously remembered his erstwhile habit of getting to the office before the cleaners had finished their work.

Still smiling, he told the boy to get the number and wondered why it seemed so familiar to him until he recalled that it was the one of the flat at Westbourne Terrace.

While he was waiting to be put through from the switchboard in the outer room, he knew a sudden panic that Paula might be sent to answer the telephone, and then, contradictorily, mused how comforting it would be to hear his child's low-pitched, staid little voice.

It was Anna, however, who echoed his "Hallo!"

"I've had your letter, Jimmy," she went on, "and I should like to see you about it as soon as possible."

Jimmy was startled that she should ask to see him. It had not occurred to him that it would be necessary for him and Anna to meet, and a clammy nausea, starting in the pit of his stomach, came over him when he remembered that the last time he had come face to face with his wife was before the dock in the Marylebone police court.

Nevertheless, he saw the reasonableness of her request and suggested that they should meet at a cafe near Oxford Circus at 1 o'clock.

"Thank you, Jimmy, that will suit me nicely," said Anna, adding as a polite afterthought: "I hope you are well."

"Very, thanks," returned Jimmy briefly. "One o'clock at the Cabin then," and hung up the receiver.

He sat for some minutes staring blindly at his unopened correspondence on his desk in front of him. He would not have believed it possible that just those few sentences with Anna could have brought on, after all this time and when he had nothing really to fear from her, the old sensation of mental and emotional paralysis. It was as if the whole room were suddenly saturated in an atmosphere of unfightable futility. Through the fogs of his memory Anna stood out in sharp silhouette, in all her most virulent moods. For no reason at all he remembered suddenly how she had once prophesied in her biblical way, "You will always be sorry for this," and he felt frightened and helpless against the gnawing, unseen influence of her, like a man who has just heard the judge pronounce the death sentence upon him.

THE telephone shrilled again at his elbow, and he picked it up with a shaking hand.

Despising himself for his cowardice, he hoped fervently that it might be Anna who had decided that she didn't want to see him and was willing to discuss Paula's future here and now on the telephone. It was really very simple; she had only to say that she approved (which Mary Rawlings had been convinced she would) and then to write to the Reverend Mother herself to find out how soon the child could go. He would see to the rest. Jimmy preened himself, and managed to make his voice sound sharp and business-like when he asked: "Who's speaking?"

But it was Peter Gray, not Anna, ringing up.

"There's a tiny spot of bother with the bank, Garden," he told Jimmy in his cheery way. "They seem in a hurry to get their overdraft reduced, and so I am going along right away to prove to them how unreasonable they are being. Will you look through my letters and see if there is anything I ought to know before I go into battle—a healthy order might help to make the manager see my point of view." He giggled like a schoolboy.

JIMMY went through into the room adjoining his, and hastily scanned Gray's letters, which, like his own, lay unopened on his desk. He found nothing there but "accounts rendered" and a sharp letter from Gray's tailor.

"Bad luck," sighed Peter when Jimmy had broken the news. "Still, I am not going to let it worry me. Have you anything in your mail, Garden, to cheer up the bank?"

Jimmy told him to hang on, and went back to his own room. His own correspondence was equally unproductive. He had not the heart to tell his optimistic employer that a firm from whom he had expected a large order had decided not to advertise this season, after all, and that two promised confirmations had not turned up. He refused, however, to worry any more than Gray. His experience with the Celestion had inured him against bank manager panics. If you had a sound little business, well, the bank stood by you, and Jimmy was confident that he and Gray could make a showing of their venture; besides, Gray was always hinting that it would be the easiest thing in the world for him to go to the City for more capital if they really needed it.

Automatically, his mind still in a daze because of Anna, Jimmy went through his appointments for the day. None of them was important, and he decided not to pay any calls this morning so as to keep himself fresh and alert for the coming encounter with Anna.

But he found that sitting back and reading the newspaper and trade journals made him jittery and more and more scared, so he called in the shorthand-typist and dictated furiously until it was time for him to leave for Oxford Street. He was a few minutes late, but he had to wait a quarter of an hour before Anna turned up, and once again he began hoping that she had changed her mind.

Then, all at once, he caught sight of her coming towards him. As usual, she stood out among all the other pedestrians of the crowded thoroughfare by virtue of her queenly walk and carriage. As she approached nearer he noticed that she had coarsened and aged.

Her clothes, too, were more flashy and daring than those she used to wear. Yet, withal, he owned an impelling attraction about those harsh, clear, and unemotional features; there was still an invincible strength in her pale eyes, which looked lighter than usual, heavily shaded with blue, and her eyelashes standing out stiff with mascara.

He came forward and greeted her, trying to hide his awkwardness.

"This is very kind of you," he said, and wondered whether they were expected to shake hands.

Anna showed no embarrassment and held out an ungloved hand. Her nails were lacquered a dark crimson and had long points like those of a Chinese.

"I've lunched already," she told him, "so we need only have a cup of coffee."

That made Jimmy want to burst into hysterical laughter. It was so typical of Anna to have saved the expense of a meal out, even though she no longer directly benefited from the economy.

They went into the cafe and luckily managed to secure a table for two. Jimmy ordered coffee for Anna and a pot of tea and a poached egg on toast for himself.

"I haven't lunched," he explained, subconsciously defending himself.

Anna made inconsequent conversation until they had been served, then she came sharply to the point of this meeting, with her usual ruthlessness.

"I am afraid you are too late, Jimmy, in your concern about Paula's education," she started, and as of old her voice made Jimmy think of snakes. "I sent her to boarding-school only last week, and she writes that she is enjoying it very well."

Jimmy went rather white, but was careful to show no other sign of surprise or disappointment. Living with Anna had taught him the fallacy of betraying one's emotions to her.

So he asked her, as though he were not very interested: "Where have you sent her and who is paying the fees?"

He recognised the old triumphant warrior glint in Anna's eyes, that tightening of the mouth which showed that she knew long before her opponent that she had scored a victory.

"She has gone to Eastbourne," she replied. "It is a very good and expensive school. I am having her taught riding," she added, and, from the way she had said that, Jimmy knew that she remembered how he had always vowed that Paula should ride in the Row.

"Very nice." He dug his knife and fork into his poached egg and then laid them on his plate, because he was afraid he might be sick if he tried to eat. "But would you mind telling me who is paying for this expensive school and Paula's riding lessons? You must be doing remarkably well, Anna, if it is you who is affording the luxury—for Paula," he sneered.

Anna's face became a study in sheer, calculated cruelty. As usual, she kept him waiting, because she knew Jimmy was impatient for an answer, and despite his defiant front he was convinced that once again she was going to deal him one of those blows which would bruise him for days and weeks to come.

She had looked thus when she discovered him with Christine at the Corner House, and before, when he had refused to divorce her. Yes—and in Marylebone Police Court when she heard the magistrate commit him to twenty-eight days' imprisonment.

"Well?" he rapped out nervously, bracing himself inwardly against her onslaught.

"If you really want to know, though legally it is no business of yours"—she spoke slowly, like someone who is anxious to prolong as much as possible the triumphant moment—"if you really want to know, Jimmy," she repeated, "Oliver Blakestone is very kindly paying for Paula's education—and for her riding lessons."

JIMMY never knew how he managed not to hit her full on her blandly-smiling, over-painted face. His blood surged within him, thick as mud, his forehead was dripping with perspiration. He was staring at her stupidly with glazed eyes.

"Oliver," he heard himself say. "Oliver!"

"Paula had to go to school and I hadn't the money," Anna continued calmly, "and I knew it was no good coming to you, so I asked Oliver for advice and he very kindly said that he would be responsible for Paula's school fees for the next five years. He even recommended this school at Eastbourne, where two of his little nieces have been educated."

"And why," demanded Jimmy in an ice-cold voice, "should Oliver be bothering himself with our child?"

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He gave her a long, searching look, as though he were trying to see through her body to the depths of her secretive soul; hoping, yet fearing, to read there the answer to his question; not daring to ask outright: "What is Oliver to you?"

She dropped her eyes, and for a moment Jimmy believed that perhaps for once he had succeeded in scaring Anna. She would know as well as he did that it was possible to apply to the law for the custody of the child when the parent already in control had proved himself or herself unworthy of the trust.

But all Anna said was: "Don't be melodramatic, Jimmy."

And then he knew that she had prepared herself for his line of attack; knew also that Anna, foreseeing it, was clever enough to have covered both herself and Oliver, no matter what their relations were.

Yes, decided Jimmy, sinking deeper and deeper into an abyss of hopeless humiliation, Anna would be so clever as to make capital out of the hideous situation. . . . Supposing she were to be found out, she had only to say that what she had done was for Paula's sake; that she had sinned in order that her child should be educated, and nobody would believe that Jimmy had gone so far as to write to Christine's convent and had offered to pay the school fees.

As always, Anna would be careful to keep herself in the right in the eyes of the world.

Jimmy toyed with his now sodden egg, but he could not eat. His one conscious desire was to get away from Anna as soon as possible. He offered her another cup of coffee and was immeasurably relieved when she refused it.

"I must be getting back," she told him conventionally, for all the world as though they were meeting as a couple of friends.

Jimmy watched her swing herself out of the cafe and could have sworn that there was an additional swagger in her proud, easy movements.

As soon as she had disappeared from view he ordered himself more tea. There was plenty of work to be done both inside and outside the office, and he was anxious to hear how Gray had fared with the bank, but he simply could not bestir himself until he had faced up to this last devilry of Anna's in all its crude, merciless shame.

He tried to turn over the whole situation dispassionately in his bemused mind. He supposed that from Paula's point of view he ought to be glad that she was at an expensive school and learning to ride.

Oh, but he wasn't! One could not drag one's individual pride to the extent. No matter what were the advantages to Paula he could never become reconciled to the fact that she was being provided for by her mother's lover.

And that was what it amounted to.

He had not a doubt about it. Why, Anna herself had not definitely denied his veiled accusation.

ALL of a sudden, he found himself wondering what Mary would have to say about it, and realised that, while he would have no qualms about telling her the full facts, he would never be able to unburden himself thus to Christine.

No, whatever happened, he could not bear it that Christine, so innately innocent and unspoiled, should learn from him that women could persecute men in the way Anna was persecuting him.

She had been disillusioned enough already—his frail lovely one—through Anna, without having to be besmirched unnecessarily.

So he would pretend to Christine to be relieved that Paula had been sent to boarding-school.

"Anna has persuaded my uncle to pay," he planned to lie, so as to spare Christine.

But he felt that if he could not unburden himself first, openly and without reserve, he would not be able to carry through the lie convincingly. He felt choked emotionally, and unclean in the head. He'd go crazy if he could not get all this new horror off his chest.

He called the waitress for his bill, and then went out into the street to the nearest telephone booth and rang up Mary at the masseuse place.

"Can you possibly spare me a few minutes?" he asked, and excused himself just as she had done. "It's about Paula."

"Of course. I could meet you for tea at four at the same place as before," said Mary.

"Thanks a lot."

Jimmy was grateful for her tact in refraining from questioning on the telephone. He hung up the receiver and felt a certain sense of relief. Anyway, he tried to find a concrete cause for it. . . . Mary will probably be able to tell me the truth about Oliver and Anna.

"WHAT I have got to find out is whether or no Oliver is Anna's lover," Jimmy finished up when he had passed on to Mary what his wife had told him earlier in the day, and waited, his whole body rigid, to hear the worst.

Mary's open face clouded.

"I wish I could give you the information you want," she said thoughtfully, "but you must believe me that I know even less about Anna's affairs than you do. All I can say is, I am sure I never met anyone called Oliver at Westbourne Terrace, and Poppy has never mentioned the name to me."

"He's Oliver Blakestone, the novelist," Jimmy persisted fruitlessly. "He used to be a barrister, but he gave it up for writing."

"A rich man, then?" Mary's eyes narrowed.

"Very rich, even without what his books bring in. In fact," said Jimmy bitterly, "my friend Oliver is one of the few fortunates who could afford to take up a literary career without bothering whether it pays or not."

Mary looked at him sharply, as though she thought he was not being a bit funny.

"About Paula," she reminded him in a crisp voice. "For what it is worth, you don't have to worry on her score any more. The main issue was to get her away from Westbourne Terrace, wasn't it?"

"Quite," agreed Jimmy. "But it isn't extraordinarily nice to think of one's child being educated by one's wife's lover, Mary." Unconsciously he used her Christian name.

"But still it's Paula that counts," she insisted. "You've got to keep on telling yourself that. And all the time you are satisfied that Paula is having a fair break, I don't think you ought to worry overmuch as to how it affects you personally."

Jimmy's mouth was drawn stiffly downwards at the corner as though he had had a stroke.

"But, Mary, to think that Oliver, of all people, my friend and my wife's lover . . . Ugh, it stinks!" He shivered.

"Really, you are being too selfish and self-centred for words. Think a bit for Paula, for goodness' sake. Think"—she rubbed it in—"of what Paula might have been at seventeen or eighteen if she had gone on living all the time with her mother—seeing how her mother lived."

"Mary, don't, please."

Jimmy lit a cigarette and made a feeble attempt to blow a smoke ring. He could see Mary's viewpoint plainly enough and did not hold it against her that she clearly considered he was making a lot of fuss about nothing.

But his shame and humiliation twisted round him like the roots of some evil plant, infesting his whole being with its deadly poison. He knew, too, that Anna was perfectly aware of the completeness of this, her latest victory over him. Anna had known before she came to meet him that she held her trump card up her sleeve. She and Jimmy had faced each other in the ring often enough for her to have discovered all his weak spots.

Yet he was grateful to Mary in spite of her lack of sympathy. She had given him a straightforward, unemotional line on which to hang his pride; she had forced him to regard the situation rationally and without sentiment. As he had suspected, she had made it much easier for him to go back to Christine.

They had finished tea in an intimate silence which was curiously comforting to Jimmy, and he walked with her a little way along Oxford Street.

"We'll be seeing you next Sunday," he reminded her. "And, Mary, if you don't mind, we won't discuss this in front of Christine. I shall just tell her that Anna has already sent Paula to boarding-schol and that my uncle is paying."

Mary smiled. "That's the soundest thing you've said this afternoon, Jimmy," she appraised, and held out her hand. "Don't get morbid," she urged him as she got on her bus.

"It'll be all right. Come early Sunday," he called after her.

BUT Mary was not sure that he'd be all right. Though she had been deliberately callous with him, she understood as well as Jimmy himself how badly he was feeling. If he had but known it, Mary was more sympathetic with him than she had ever been in her life with anyone. This coup d'etat of Anna's she saw as a nasty burrowing insect which would eventually eat through to the very soul of Jimmy Garden. A nightmare from which there was no real awakening. Oh yes, she was sorry for him, desperately sorry.

It would have been no good telling him so, though, she mused. Like most people in trouble, Jimmy Garden has more need of unemotional practical advice than of sympathy. And he knows it; otherwise he would have gone to Christine instead of me.

Her fingers tightened nervously round the handle of her bag, and an odd flickering light swamped her eyes. Throughout the rest of her journey back to Lancaster Gate, where she lived in a one-roomed flatlet, she focused her imagination unerringly upon Christine. What kind of a girl would she be? Was she really and truly fond of Jimmy Garden? Was she, cried Mary's heart, worthy of Jimmy Garden?

But what did it matter—Mary chided herself in her practical way—Jimmy loved her, and that was all there was to it. She cursed herself for every kind of a fool for allowing herself to get involved in Jimmy and Christine's affairs. It was sheer sentimental madness to go on pandering to that unspoken hope which had sprung into being when first she set eyes on him at that party of Anna's and watched him trying to come across the room to her.

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HUSBAND TO ANNA

It was supremely unintelligent to go on telling oneself that it had been a case of love at first sight, so far as she was concerned, and that she had been unable to rid herself of the maddening appeal of those green eyes.

And now, here she was, committed to go and have tea with Jimmy and the girl whom she, Mary, envied more than anyone in the world.

"At least," she decided grimly when the bus stopped at her corner, "At least I was of use to him this afternoon," and steeled herself to be grateful for this small mercy

CHAPTER 16

WHEN Jimmy got home, Christine's cold was worse again, and she had developed a dry, harsh cough. He made her go to bed at once. The following morning even Mrs. Pollock, called up for a consultation, agreed that she ought to stay there.

But despite the kindly woman's nursing and Jimmy's own blundering devotion, Christine did not get any better; she continued to run a temperature and her cough kept her awake most of the time.

When Sunday morning arrived Jimmy wanted to put Mary off, but Christine would not hear of it.

"I've been looking forward to seeing her," she pleaded in a weak, husky voice. "Do let her come, Jimmy, if you don't think she'll be frightened that I'm 'catching.'"

Jimmy was certain that Mary was not the sort of person to be worried about infection, and told Christine so.

"She's not that kind of person at all," he explained, and Christine asked, in that weak ghost of a voice:

"What is she like, Jimmy?"

He found it difficult to describe Mary in so many words. No, she was not exactly pretty, but there was something about her face which attracted you.

"It's like a very nice boy's face," he put it to Christine. "And she walks like a boy, too, and yet there's nothing masculine about her. I am sure she is very clever, but it doesn't stand out, because she is so human and kind."

"She sounds nice," said Christine, and Jimmy agreed fervently.

"Darling, she is nice, I can promise you that, and I know she will simply worship you. Oh, my sweet, I do wish you were well again," he finished unhappily.

"I shall be soon," she comforted him, and asked if the chocolate cake she had told him to buy in Mary's honor was really nice and fresh.

"We must have everything as grand as possible for her," said Christine, and Jimmy knew that she was thinking of him and not wanting them to be let down in front of Mary, who was primarily his friend, and their first visitor in all the time they had been together.

But Mary took far more notice of Christine than of Jimmy. Christine had insisted on getting up, and sat curled up in the armchair, frighteningly frail to anyone who was not used to her small, fleshless form and her white cheeks, painted high on the cheek-bones with bright spots of fever. She wore a faded, blue silk dressing-gown over her pyjamas, and her thin, bare feet were encased in red morocco bedroom shoes.

"D'you know," Mary teased her after Jimmy had made the introductions, "you don't look a day over twelve." And while he busied himself seeing to tea she encouraged Christine to talk about herself and Jimmy, the fun they had had together. Yes, it had been fun when you skirted over the bad patches and remembered not to miss Dulwich too much. Mary could tell that Christine believed herself to be delirously happy, but that deep in her heart she suffered almost more than she realised herself. This Christine, innately fastidious, would never be able fully to accept the unconventionality of her relationship with Jimmy. Mary would have bet, too, that this room, with its sordidly clean atmosphere, which Jimmy had learned to take for granted, was a sharp thorn in the flesh of this girl who had been brought up, so she gathered, in the leisurely, old-fashioned home of a couple of maiden aunts.

And as for Christine, it was like discovering a new world, or finding the one she had lost, being able to prattle like this to someone who was so understanding and never once dropped a hint of patronage. Before Mary had been with them an hour Christine felt that she had known her all her life, and even went so far as to confide to her when Jimmy was out of hearing: "I'm so worried because this cough of mine won't get any better."

"That's a way coughs have," Mary assured her briskly. "Just take things easy and you'll soon feel grand, and as soon as you are well again you and I must go about together. I'd love it if you would come to my funny room."

But she saw how exhausted Christine was, and so as to spare her, began talking about her own life.

Her father had been a doctor with a struggling practice in Gloucestershire, and Mary had wanted passionately to go in for medicine herself. "But I had bigger ideas than daddy," she laughed. "Ordinary G.P. work wasn't good enough for me. I was going in for lungs." Jimmy, who had joined them and was serving the tea, noticed how her face went all frozen and seemed suddenly much smaller while she went on to tell of the frustration of her ambitions. "He died," went on Mary, "while I was walking hospital, and it was only then that I discovered that we had been living on capital for years, and that there wasn't a cent left for me to carry on with my training. It's a way parents have of letting you down," she observed, and Jimmy thought, "That is the first time I've heard Mary bitter and cynical."

"Someone at the hospital put me on to the masseuse job," she explained further. "I knew the kind of place it was, but it didn't worry me. I was past worrying about anything except the necessity of making enough to keep body and soul together. And now that it is under new management it really is quite a good show."

Jimmy, continuing to scrutinise her mobile face, believed that her disappointment over her career was the answer to that sad riddle of her eyes, and why, at unguarded moments, her features held a tautened expression, as though she was holding back something of herself.

In a way he was relieved that it was life itself, rather than an individual, that had hurt Mary.

She went on to entertain them with stories of the people who came for treatment, and it was after six when she got up to go. Christine begged her to stay to supper.

"If you don't hate cold ham," she added pathetically.

MARY assured her that she adored ham. She insisted that she should help Jimmy to wash up the tea-things, and made Christine a feather-light omelette for her supper. After the girl had struggled with a few mouthfuls, Mary ordered Jimmy briefly to go for a walk while she put Christine to bed.

"It's so rotten for Jimmy, me always being ill," Christine complained plaintively, as soon as she heard the front door close behind him. "I can't think where I caught this nasty cold. I really do try and keep out of draughts and things." She defended herself like a small, weary child.

Mary did not answer. She was busying herself in her methodical way about the room.

CHRISTINE lay watching her from the bed. Like Jimmy, she was conscious of the spiritual strength, of the efficiency of the other girl, and a queer longing stole over her that Mary wouldn't have to leave them just yet.

If only, she thought, it were possible to have Mary as a loving butt between her own ill-health and Jimmy. Just until this horrid cough got better. If Mary were here, she would not have to make such an effort to talk and laugh so as to hide from Jimmy how tired she always felt. It came to her fevered mind that before he returned from his walk she was going to tell Mary of this pain in her chest, which felt as though there were half a dozen sharp-edged knives embedded inside her. Yes, Mary, who was so wise, would understand that one was not being lazy in shirking from going even so far as the stalls these days; and wouldn't tell her, as Mrs. Pollock was always doing, to pull herself together. Mary would realise that she, Christine, was a little ill and would see to it that Jimmy was not worried or inconvenienced by it.

"Mary." She raised herself in bed and tried weakly to put her thoughts into words.

"Mary, do you mind my telling you?—it's just that I don't want to worry Jimmy—Mary, I've such a pain . . . I . . ." The effort of sitting up brought on a fit of coughing, and she could not finish her sentence because of a rush of something warm and sickly, which pumped itself suddenly from her throat into her mouth.

In a second, Mary was at her side, holding her own handkerchief to Christine's pale, bluish lips, from which trickled a thin stream of blood.

"It's all right—just lie quiet, Christine; don't be frightened," she commanded, settling the pillows deftly behind her.

Christine felt too weak to be frightened. She lay, as Mary had placed her, flat on her back, and gave herself with an odd rapture to her weakness. A pleasant sense of unreality invaded her wandering senses; there was a certain luxury in not having to fight one's self any more but just to keep still and leave everything to Mary.

For the moment she was free of pain, which made her believe that she was much better. It seemed such a long time since she had been without that tearing sensation in her chest as though the knives had cut great raw places in it.

"Try to sleep a while," Mary told her gently, wiping the girl's moist forehead, and Christine obediently closed her eyes.

"I am going downstairs for a few minutes," Mary said next, and her voice sounded muffled and far away, as though it was coming through dense mists. "You won't mind being alone, will you, Christine?"

Christine shook her head. She did not mind anything so long as she was allowed to lie here with no one expecting anything of her, except that she should get well in her own lingering fashion. Queer fantasies floated through her brain. In some way, Jimmy became suddenly hopelessly intermingled with Lucy out at Dulwich, and

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Then again the aunts were begging of her something she could not possibly consent to. It had something to do with the red roses in the garden.

But no one was cross with her any more, and she was back in her own bed between cool linen sheets instead of the rough ones Mrs. Pollock provided for the lumpy double divan. And Jimmy was pleased about everything, and she did not have to keep telling him how happy she was because he knew it. Jimmy was happy too, and in some way his happiness was connected with his little girl Paula, and she, Christine, wasn't hurt and scared any longer because of all Paula meant to Jimmy.

Mary drew the curtains quietly, and then went to find Mrs. Pollock.

"Could you tell me where the nearest telephone is?" she asked the startled old lady. "And if it is possible to get any ice around here? Mrs. Garden is worse."

Mrs. Pollock nodded as if to say she was not surprised, and produced a bundle of keys from an ancient, black handbag.

"I can let you into the shop below, Miss, for the telephone," she offered; "but as for the ice——"

"The telephone is most important. I want a doctor for Mrs. Garden at once. There's a man I know who will come quickly."

Mrs. Pollock's face became a mass of distressed creases.

"Is she taken as bad as that, Miss?" she asked; and Mary said tersely:

"I am afraid she is. Would you be good enough to go and sit with her until I have telephoned? There's nothing to be done, but I don't like to think of her being alone. Don't bother to come with me—I'll find my way to the telephone all right."

SHE descended the narrow, winding staircase to the shop. Luckily, Doctor Wright, who was an old friend of her father's, was in and promised to come round at once, and she set herself to wait in Mrs. Pollock's hall for Jimmy's return.

The shabby little street was deserted except for a few children playing hopscotch further down. She prayed that Jimmy would not be long, and the next moment was glad of his prolonged absence. It gave her time to think how best to break this dreadful news to him. Oh, if only he would not be too despairing; if only Jimmy would lighten her sad task by confessing that he had known, deep in his heart, how ill Christine was.

But no matter how fiercely unexpected the blow would fall, Mary was resolved on one point. There must be no temporising, no false hope. She was not going to spare either him or herself. Jimmy must be told the cruel, ungarnished truth as quickly as possible, that Christine was in galloping consumption, and probably would not survive another haemorrhage. That was what she had to break to Jimmy, who might be blissfully imagining that she was merely suffering from one of her nasty feverish colds.

Mary wondered, forcing herself to be dispassionate, how men behaved when, in one sentence, their happiness was dragged ruthlessly from them. Would Jimmy be fool enough to go on hoping when there was no hope? What armor had a man like Jimmy, who was not even equipped with the consolation of religion, against this bitter, irrevocable onslaught of death?

The sharp sound of a motor-horn broke her line of thought, and looking down the street, she recognised her friend, Doctor Wright's, ancient Buick. At the same moment Jimmy turned the corner out of Strutton Ground, so that she only just had time to send the doctor upstairs, explaining briefly, "I've got to wait here—that's her husband coming down the road—he doesn't know how ill she is," before Jimmy sauntered up to her.

"Mrs. Pollock is evidently entertaining in a big way," he joked, indicating the car. "What are you doing down here? Have I been too long?" he apologised, and wondered why Mary had left Christine.

SHE took him by the arm and led him through the darkened greengrocer's shop.

"Jimmy," she said, "I've got bad news for you and you've just got to take it for Christine's sake. Forget yourself, Jimmy," she urged, "and think hard all the while of Christine." Then, without waiting for him to speak she told him why the Buick stood outside.

"Take it, Jimmy," she repeated, gripping him firmly by both hands, "for Christine's sake you mustn't go under. You are going to make her terribly unhappy if she sees you upset. She's going to get scared and jittery too, if you are. She doesn't know how bad she is, and it's up to you not to let her find out."

Anxiously she fixed her eyes upon Jimmy's face. Except that he had turned deathly pale, he showed no sign that he was going through his Gethsemane.

"Jimmy"—Mary shook him gently—"promise me you'll play up . . . when you go to Christine wear a grin on your face even though the effort nearly kills you."

It seemed centuries before he spoke, and Mary waited, holding fast on to his hands. Giving him time—that was what he wanted, she told herself stupidly—time to collect himself and let all she had said to him sink through to his inner consciousness. In the dim light she saw his lips move but no sound came from them. It was quiet in that little shop, as though death had already muted what few noises might have come from outside; it was cold too, eerily cold as a tomb might be cold on a hot summer's day.

At last Jimmy broke the silence.

"Are you sure there is no hope?" he asked in slow, even tones.

Mary nodded. She might have spared him a little, but that wasn't her way. She had walked hospital, hadn't she? She'd seen others in Christine's condition, some a little better, some a little worse. But one never gave any hope. Besides, Jimmy was too fine a person to be spared temporarily when there could be no reprieve.

"This is Mr. Garden, Doctor." Mary introduced the two men hurriedly, still holding Jimmy mentally, insisting: "Go on being brave; stand it for God's sake—no, for Christine's sake—stand it."

"If you don't mind," Jimmy addressed the doctor, "I'll go straight to her. Will you tell Miss Rawlings anything there is to know?"

They stood aside to let him pass, and in a minute Mrs. Pollock joined them. Her big face was a greyish white, but Mary was thankful to see that her eyes were tearless; of all things she did not want people crying around Jimmy and Christine.

"If I may be so bold," Mrs. Pollock started, "I would suggest, Miss, that maybe you and the doctor would like a cup of tea in my room. It won't take me a second to get it."

She had omitted to close the door behind her, and Jimmy, standing by Christine and grinning as Mary had instructed him to grin, assuring her breezily that there was nothing to worry about and that all she had to do was to lie quiet and try to sleep—heard the last part of the sentence—". . . a nice cup of tea, it won't take me a second to get it."

Almost the very same words as she had used to himself and Christine when they had come here nearly three years ago. Christine heard them too. Jimmy was sure of that from the way she smiled, that slow, sweet, resigned smile—a smile which was never completely happy, never entirely sad.

As the doctor left, Mary laid a restraining hand on Jimmy's arm.

"Jimmy," she begged, "for goodness' sake play up. My dear"—her voice was pregnant with tenderness—"I know what you are going through; you must believe that, Jimmy," she pleaded, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "But, Jimmy dear, this isn't the time to give way to our own griefs—it is Christine who matters. Jimmy, if she has got to die, let her die happily. And she can't do that if she knows that you are being difficult and miserable."

"No," repeated Jimmy, and his lips narrowed. His eyes were a cold, glassy green. "She can't die happily if she knows I'm miserable. But why," he demanded urgently, "has Christine got to die?"

"Perhaps," she hesitated, "because life has been too much for her. That is the reason lots of people die, Jimmy. Sweet, sensitive people like Christine, who just can't take it in all its stark, naked ugliness."

She caught him, as she had meant, on the raw.

"You mean," he pressed, "our kind of life—living in sin it's called, isn't it?" he sneered. "And never being sure that you can pay the rent."

Mary nodded.

"That's right, Jimmy," she emphasised mercilessly, "living in sin, and not being able to pay the rent—those are the sort of things which kill people like Christine."

SHE hurt him deliberately in order to dull that much deeper hurt which had come to him through Christine.

"Let's go to her," she suggested softly, leading him towards the door.

"I'll go to Christine," corrected Jimmy, whose face was as hard as though it were hewn in granite. "I won't make her unhappy, I promise, Mary, but you needn't come. You must go home."

"I'm not going home," Mary volunteered calmly. "I am going to nurse Christine. Bertie Wright says there is no need to call in a professional nurse if I take the case."

"But—I say . . ." floundered Jimmy.

"I've arranged with Mrs. Pollock that I can have her spare room," Mary informed him, "and I shall tell the masseuse people to-morrow that I have resigned. I was getting deadly sick of it, anyhow," she added, to spare Jimmy any sense of obligation.

"But, Mary," Jimmy insisted wearily, "I simply can't let you do all this. Of course it would be marvellous to have you," he gave himself away, "but I can't accept so much."

"You aren't asked to," she responded. "It's for Christine."

And that stopped him arguing.

For Christine. His little beloved. Oh, if only they would not keep insisting that Christine was going to die.

"Come, Jimmy." He was conscious of the reliable inner strength of Mary as she led him upstairs to Christine, and he knew that whatever happened he and Christine would always be immeasurably grateful to Mary for giving them so freely, with such unthinking generosity, of her splendid strength.

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CHAPTER 17

THERE was a quietness about the sick room, an unearthly quietness, as though the whole world had suddenly gone silent because Christine was dying.

At least that was what Mary had said to him on the telephone. Mary who never spared you, who expected you to play up, had said: "Come quickly, Jimmy. Christine is dying."

Jimmy had been deeply involved in a financial conference with Peter Gray, who wasn't finding it so easy after all to get money from the city, and who hinted to Jimmy that there was a job going for him with one of the big agencies.

"And maybe I'd consider it if it weren't that I were letting you down, old man," said Peter, just as the telephone rang, and Jimmy was going to protest:

"Don't mind me, Peter—it's my fault, anyhow, that the business has gone to bits lately, because I have been so worried with Christine."

They had been, both in Peter's room—it had been his telephone which rang, and yet Jimmy had answered it before Peter had time to reach out for the receiver.

"Jimmy, is that you?" Mary had asked, and when Jimmy asked in a brittle voice:

"What do you want?" she answered: "Come quickly, Jimmy, Christine is dying."

He had sulked his taxi fare from Peter, and now here he was in this quiet room, quiet with the quiet of death. And still he could not, would not believe that it was Christine who had to die. After all, two months ago the doctor had started talking his nonsense about weeks, possibly days, and Christine was still alive, and, so far as Jimmy could tell, no worse. A bit weaker, perhaps, but that came from having been in bed so long.

She was lying now with her eyes closed, bright fever spots on her cheeks. She had been so glad to see him.

"Jimmy," she had said, in that voice which always never rose above a whisper, "Jimmy, I'm glad you are here."

He groped blindly for her hand, turning with fever, and did not notice how thin it was. Christine had always had thin hands, hadn't she?

"My darling, my own." He wanted to keep her with him, and yet something deep in his inner consciousness told him that Christine did not want to stay. She loved him. Yes, he was certain of that. But Christine was glad that she was dying. Life had been too fierce for her, too merciless, in spite of the wealth of his protective devotion—his own unfaltering love.

He whispered: "Mary is in the other room," as though that mattered. He did not want Mary, he wanted Christine. Selfishly he demanded still that his love should achieve victory over death. Christine wasn't going to die, he kept repeating. No, not even if she wanted to, he was not going to let her go.

"Christine darling"—he clung to her hand—"Christine," he asked, "was it worth it?" and remembered her in her lovely courage when she had insisted upon being the co-respondent in his divorce.

"Oh, Jimmy, so terribly, always." A forlorn tear trickled down her emaciated cheeks. "Jimmy," whispered Christine, "I shall love you, only you, my darling, wherever you are."

He put his arms under her, cradling her so that their cheeks lay close together.

"Christine, don't leave me! Christine . . . don't . . . don't!" Tears choked him, and he knew that he was pleading a lost cause, and that she could not stay with him. The grade had been too strong. Christine wanted to die, because the game of living had been too difficult a one for her to play.

He never knew how long he held her; never noticed when her breath stopped coming in those short, irregular little gasps.

"Jimmy, dear Jimmy, come away." That was not Christine talking. That was Mary's strong, reliable voice, Mary's firm grip leading him somewhere — away from Christine.

"Jimmy, it is all over, all her sufferings." Mary talking again, reminding him of Christine's sufferings. Her cough, that crimson flow from her lips when they had to give her ice. But Christine was not going to suffer any more. Mary was saying that over and over again.

"Jimmy, be glad Christine is not going to suffer any more."

Because Christine is dead. That was what Mary was trying to say. That was why she had brought him out of the attic room down to Mrs. Pollock's sitting-room. They had all of them, including Mrs Pollock—who had always told him not to worry—known that Christine was going to die. Mary had given up her job so as to see Christine through with her dying. But they had cheated them all, he and Christine. She had died alone in his arms. She had died happy because he had been with her.

"Her relations," he heard himself saying to Mary in quite a natural voice, "the aunts at Dulwich . . . won't they want to send wreaths?"

"Yes, you'd better tell them," agreed Mary, and went for paper and pens there and then.

"Christine is dead." Jimmy wrote wires to the Misses Slane at Dulwich, and to Lallie and Luke because they had been her friends once.

And still he could not believe it. Not even when tear-stained Mrs. Pollock had closed those beloved topaz-gold eyes, and swathed the slimness of Christine in her little white silk nightgown.

He ought to be grieving, he knew. It was all wrong to be sitting in Mrs. Pollock's parlor swilling the whisky Mary had placed at his side, while others were seeing undertakers and the local vicar.

Christine was dead. He supposed it was because he was so drunk with Mary's whisky that he could not believe it.

HIS ears were alert for her summons. At any moment Christine would be calling to him in that sweet, plaintive whisper: "A glass of water, Jimmy," she'd beg. "Do please turn my pillow, darling. It is so hot on this side." And he would have to confess to her:

"I'm drunk, my sweet, but that doesn't stop me loving you."

He reached out his hand for the whisky-bottle, but someone had taken it from him, and he saw that Mary was in the room with him again. "Mary." He called to her for more whisky but she only put her arms round his shoulders and commanded him gently. "For her sake play the game, Jimmy. Don't rat. Christine would hate that!"

He heard himself asking Mary, his voice thick with the liquor, "Is she really dead?" And Mary told him:

"Yes, Jimmy, but she has not stopped loving you."

A long time seemed to lapse before he found himself lying on his bed, and then it wasn't his and Christine's bed. Nor their room. They had taken him away from Christine. They thought, in their crass stupidity, that he could live without Christine. They—that was to say Mary—had given him lashings of whisky because Christine was dead, and she had thought it would help him to get over it. Then when he wanted more she had taken it away from him, which was so like a woman.

"Jimmy, be brave." That was Mary talking again, interrupting just as he was thinking about Christine.

"Go away," he said peevishly, and thought it morbid of Mary to want to stay with him.

"Jimmy, take it." She was saying the same thing as when she had first told him that Christine was in galloping consumption and that she had to die very soon.

But he had not believed her; even now he did not believe that Christine was dead. Christine would not be so selfish as to die when she knew how much he needed her. Presently he was aware that someone was undressing him, fiddling with his collar and tie, pulling off his trousers.

"Now, Jimmy, sleep."

THAT was Mary again. It was Mary who had poured something between his lips, and told him to sleep. But he did not think he wanted to sleep, because of the terror of waking up and being told all over again that Christine was dead. Nevertheless his eyelids drooped wearily over his eyes. Well, if he was going to sleep after all, he prayed no one would wake him up if it really were true, that Christine had died.

"Sleep, Jimmy, you are so tired." Mary was stroking his forehead. He wished that she would go away and leave him alone. Mary had only stayed with them for Christine's sake, and now Christine was dead. It was Mary, wasn't it, who dragged him away from her side because she was dead?

Keeping his eyes closed, he forced his roving mind to focus upon Christine. Christine had not been able to make the grade. That was it. He had known instinctively right from the start that she wasn't of the right mould to become a poor man's mistress. He ought never to have had anything to do with Christine. In a sense he had killed Christine by loving her so much.

"Miss, come and look at her, she looks like a little angel," whispered Mrs. Pollock at the door, and Jimmy, whom they thought to be sleeping, said petulantly, "I don't want Christine to look like a little angel. I only knew her as the perfect woman."

Nevertheless he insisted on getting up and making a pilgrimage with Mary to the room above. It was already sickly with the scent of death. They had put lilies into Christine's folded hands, and had smoothed her ruffled gold curls so that they lay sleekly against her cheeks.

"Christine!" Jimmy gathered the corpse of her whom he had loved in his arms. "Christine! Christine! Christine!"

Her lips were icy cold to his touch, her arms stiff when he tried to entwine them round his neck.

And then at last he knew that she was dead, and that he had to go on living.

"Jimmy, she's happy." Mary drew him away from the bed, and he did not resent her presence any longer. Mary who had loved Christine enough to give up a job in order to see her through death.

He supposed he would have to do something about Mary for Christine's sake. There was a soft knock on the door, and Mrs. Pollock announced someone by a name he did not recognise. Jealous of anyone who wanted to share Christine with him now, Jimmy turned his head and saw a sad-faced old woman peering at him shrewdly.

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Mary said simply, "This is the man she loved," and to Jimmy, "This is Lucy, who helped bring up Christine."

And he remembered, dimly, Christine talking about a Lucy who used to bring her early morning tea, and who scolded her for being late for meals.

"I'm not narrow-minded, sir," Lucy was saying to him. "Of course the mistresses they are different, but then they never go to the pictures and see how young women of the day behave. The poor lamb—so she's gone the way her grannie did—my ladies' mother," she explained.

Jimmy gripped her by the hand. He was laughing in a cracked, hysterical way when he demanded of her:

"And so you think Christine has behaved like a film heroine? I assure you that all she has done is to be a normal woman."

There were vague whisperings around the room, and this irritated Jimmy, who wanted silence for Christine.

In the dim mists of his brain he heard this woman, Lucy, recounting to Mary and to Mrs. Pollock the anecdotes of Christine's childhood which he had heard so often from Christine herself. Then they talked of burying her, and he rushed insanely from the room into the one downstairs where Mary had put him to bed. What did it matter where they buried Christine? Christine was dead, and nothing else mattered. He lay prone on the camp bedstead and saw for the first time that it had been put up in Mrs. Pollock's kitchen. It was the same one he had been sleeping in ever since Christine was ill, but before it had been in her room. He had insisted upon that.

He wondered where he would be sleeping next week. Not that it mattered.

Christine whom he had loved and worshipped was dead, so it did not matter what became of him. Christine was dead, and there was no further need to provide Mrs. Pollock's thirty shillings a week, no need to bother whether there was food in the house or not.

Christine had died loving him, which was all that mattered. Nothing really hurting could happen to him now that Christine was dead.

He fell into a heavy drugged sleep, and was woken up by the heavy thud of footsteps overhead where Christine was lying. A filter of light came through the drawn curtains, and he realised that he must have slept right through the night. Once again Mary was at his side.

"Darling," she said, "do your stuff, be brave and don't pay any attention to what is happening upstairs."

Jimmy asked, "What is happening upstairs?"

And she replied tersely, "My dear, it is the undertaker."

He felt her arms around him, his head was pillowed against her deep bosom.

"Jimmy," she said next, "I don't even try to spare you, do I? They are measuring for Christine's coffin."

As she had hoped, the frozen, almost insane look in his eyes which had frightened her so yesterday, melted, and, covering his face with his hands, he broke into a frenzied storm of despairing weeping.

CHAPTER 18

IT was three months to the day since Jimmy had followed the humble cortege to Christine's grave, and he was sitting in an exceptionally unprepossessing bed-sitting-room in one of the cheaper streets of Bloomsbury, reading over and over again a letter which had come by the last post.

It was from Luke, who wrote that the Celestion was going ahead in a big way but that it was wanting Jimmy, and would he prove himself the forgiving sport that he, Luke, knew him to be and come to see him with a view to joining in again as soon as possible. "Capital isn't necessary, old boy," Luke finished breezily.

Jimmy gave an impatient sigh, then made as though to throw it into the wastepaper basket, but instead he put it in his blotter.

This was, of course, one of the scurvy blows one expected from Fate, getting back one's best-loved job just when one hadn't any use for it.

He thought, a grim smile tightening his lips, how immeasurably bucked he would have been with such a communication from Luke six months ago, before Christine started dying. Ten pounds a week and commission was Luke's offer, which would have been untold wealth to Jimmy and Christine, who had not had time to get used to the fiver a week Peter Gray had been paying him.

BUT now he had no interest in Luke's or anyone else's proposition. Mary was coming to see him presently and he was going to tell her how he had resigned from Peter Gray's employ this afternoon.

He knew that she would ask in her direct, methodical way:

"Well, Jimmy, and what do you intend to do next?" and he was going to be quite frank with her and point to his packed haversack in the corner of the room.

"I am going to be a common or garden tramp, Mary," he explained to her later when, as he had expected, she wanted to know "what next?"

"London," said Jimmy laconically, "is too full of her. I might shut the windows and turn on the gas," he went on, "but Christine would not have liked that way of making oneself forget. She would not mind, though, the one I have chosen. That." He pointed to his haversack. "I shall just go on walking and walking. And when I'm hungry I'll earn an honest meal by the sweat of my brow. I've always thought the haphazard life of a tramp must be a grand one."

"Grand for you," agreed Mary, her voice curling into a sneer. "But will it be grand for Paula when she is grown up and learns that her father hadn't the strength to carry on without making that sort of silly drama about it? What a shining example to pass on to Paula if she should come up against the kind of blow you have had to face, Jimmy."

He passed his hands wearily over his eyes, dazed from the want of sleep.

"Paula," he retorted, "is Anna's and Oliver's affair."

"Anna has custody of her until she is sixteen," Mary corrected him, "and then Paula has the right to choose which parent she shall live with. I fancy Anna won't be much good to her then, and if you shirk now, Jimmy, neither will you. And," she brought it home, "she's ten already."

Jimmy sucked sullenly at his unlighted pipe.

"Paula will be all right," he said. "Anyway, she won't want me—ever."

"How can you know?"

He had no answer to that.

Paula. Why in God's name did Mary have to speak of Paula? It would be sheer sentimental lunacy to start thinking of Paula now that he had made all his plans.

He was concerned only with his dead, with Christine. Paula was all right. Anna had seen to that at the expense of his own honor.

"My dear"—he strove to be gentle with Mary because he owed her so much—"Paula is as dead as Christine so far as I am concerned. Everyone is dead," he continued wildly. "Because we have buried Christine."

"Oh, you coward, Jimmy—you 'ratter'!" Mary's voice was shrill in its contempt. "You silly, sentimental coward! So you think you can forget Christine by making an ineffective Odyssey into the country? You haven't her pluck, Jimmy, that is obvious. Listen"—she leaned forward and gripped his wrists—"can you imagine Christine thrusting aside her responsibilities in order to go mawkish over her grief if you had died and she had a small child dependent on her?"

"But, Mary, be reasonable," Jimmy's voice rose in nervous self-defence. "I haven't a child dependent on me. Paula is Anna's child."

"For which reason she is going to need her father more than most," commented Mary wryly.

"A father," Jimmy reminded her grimly, "who has deserted her. You forget, my sweet Mary, that Anna got in with her story first. That always, so far as Paula is concerned, Anna has been in first. She never intended that the child should be fond of me. You know that as well as I do. She was jealous of Paula and me from the moment the baby was tactless enough to say Daddy before she could master Mummie."

Mary looked at him with eyes blazing with scorn. He had never seen her before like this, so wrought up and angry.

"Jimmy," she reproached him fiercely, "can't you ever think of anyone but yourself? Can't you love even Paula without stopping to consider what effect the loving will have upon yourself? Doesn't it ever occur to you that some day Paula has got to leave school, like all schoolgirls, groping and tiresomely innocent? Paula's will have questions to ask, Jimmy," she tormented him deliberately. "Do you want her to have to go to her mother for the answers? And if she should have decided upon a career, doctoring, like myself, for instance," persisted Mary, "won't she automatically turn to her father to provide the wherewithal just the same as I did? Jimmy"—her fingernails were digging into his wrists—"are you going to let Paula down the same as Daddy did me?"

JIMMY made no reply, but there was a new strength in his haggard features as he reached out for the telephone on the table and called up Luke at his home in Putney.

"It's a go, old man. Thanks for your letter," he said in a firm voice. "Ten quid a week and ten per cent. Shall I start to-morrow?"

He barely waited for Luke's fervent expressions of joy before slamming down the receiver.

"You win," he said grimly to Mary. "You heard, didn't you? Ten quid a week, Luke is giving me." He turned to the table and took Luke's letter out of the blotter. "Read for yorself." He passed it to Mary. "Thanks to Christine, I have learned to live on two in reasonable comfort. The rest will be put away for Paula. Now," he demanded sharply, "are you satisfied?"

Mary smiled serenely. "I am, Jimmy," she said. "Because eventually you will be, too, and wherever Christine is she is feeling so pleased with you just now, so proud of you, Jimmy."

And Jimmy grunted shamefacedly, "I'm not thinking of Christine, Mary; it's Paula!"

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Mary nodded sympathetically.

"That's right, Jimmy. Think of Paula always."

Jimmy beat an impatient tattoo on the arm of his chair as though he were weary of the conversation, and Mary suggested practically:

"Don't you think it time we went out and had something to eat?"

For the first time since Christine's death Jimmy realised that he felt hungry. For the first time he was able to drag himself out of his selfishly apathetic grief, and began to wonder how Mary carried on, being out of a job as she was. He remembered, too, that he had never thanked Mary for all she had done for him and Christine, and later for himself. Without Mary he would never have got through those weeks, months, following Christine's death. Mary who was so sane, so nice, so honest.

While they ate hors-d'oeuvres in a cheap little restaurant in Charlotte Street, he asked her bluntly: "Mary, how are you managing?" and wished that he dared to suggest that he would be able to help her out if necessary.

Mary shrugged her shoulders and looked vague.

"I have savings," she said. "Heaven knows why I saved, but, as you see, they came in useful, and I can always go back to the masseuse job if I want."

Jimmy was not altogether satisfied with her explanation. Now that he came to think of it, used not Mary to wear a diamond ring? He could have sworn, too, that she had had a wristwatch when they first met.

And why had she moved from Lancaster Gate to a scrubby little room in Bayswater?

But he shrank from pressing her to tell him more. Besides, all her splendid sacrifice had been on Christine's behalf, and nothing to do with him. And on Christine's behalf he thanked her impulsively.

"Bless you for looking after her as you did. I'll never be able to tell you properly how grateful I am, Mary dear."

A queer, repressed look came into her eyes, and she said gruffly:

"Cut it out, Jimmy. If there is one thing I hate in this world it's being thanked."

He saw that she was breaking her bread and rolling it into little pellets. He could not understand why Mary should suddenly behave in this nervous fashion.

CHAPTER 19

"THE best month ever, Jimmy, my boy. I congratulate us" Luke Levenstone looked up from a ledger he had been studying for the best part of the day and grinned across at Jimmy "Another one like this," he went on jubilantly, "and Lallie and I will be gadding off on our summer holiday at long last in our own car."

"Grand!" returned Jimmy, who knew all about the Levenstones' ambition to possess a car.

And for me, he thought harshly, more pounds to be put away in the bank against Paula's coming of age twelve years hence. It was comforting, but it was not exciting.

He had been back with Luke now for a little over four months, and each month had shown a steady increase in profits. The Celestion, that puny, ailing baby of theirs, was starting to count as something in the printing world.

Jimmy was working hard these days, bringing to his endeavors fierce, unemotional frenzy which did not, however, hamper his judgment or clog the flow of his inspiration.

It had been grim in the beginning. At first he had not thought that he would be able to bear sitting at this same desk from which he had once been able to gaze upon Christine's silhouette through the frosted-glass partition, bending over her work.

In the beginning he could not believe that he wasn't going to look up from his work to find Christine standing patiently beside him with some query.

Yet he knew that he had to stick it and make a show of the job for Paula's sake.

And gradually the sharp torment eased to a gentle, nagging pain. Sometimes he could even conjure up a sense of sad elation that he should be back in this office where he and Christine had discovered each other. Her little box of a room, now used as an overflow for files, he looked upon as a precious shrine, and he was thankful that no one sat in it any longer.

But despite his brave efforts to build something out of the ruins of his life, Jimmy was for ever conscious of an acute spiritual emptiness and lack of purpose. People were kind to him—the Levenstones, Mary, and others—but always he had the unsatisfactory feeling that nothing really mattered any longer. In a sense he had ceased to be a personality, and saw himself with a kind of dispassionate contempt merely as the means whereby Paula should be provided for when she came of age.

HE was glad now that the month had been a good one, but in his heart he could not care deeply about it.

Money, yes, he was making money, more than he had ever made in his life, but except as a security for Paula, he was not interested in his steadily swelling bank balance.

As he had tried once to explain to Mary: "Something inside me died with Christine. I'm not moaning, my dear, and I am quite prepared to believe the adage about time being the omnipotent consoler, but that's how I feel now. As if I were dead, too."

Mary had told him sharply not to dramatise his emotions, and that on the whole he had a great deal to be thankful for.

She and Jimmy were seeing each other two or three times a week. They dined together in cheap restaurants, each paying their own share, and sometimes went to the cinema or to a play. Mary was acting as receptionist to a doctor now, and she had never considered it necessary to enlighten Jimmy that she had been down to her last shilling, without another thing in the world to sell or pawn, for a whole week before she landed the job. And if Jimmy guessed something of her financial dilemma, he respected her proud reticence and knew better than to press her for confidences she did not wish to give.

He liked her more and more as their friendship quickened. At first he had gone on seeing Mary because she was a link with Christine, but lately he discovered that he wanted her companionship for its own sake, and flung himself into quite a panic of apprehension whenever it occurred to him that she was a good-looking and charming girl, and would doubtless get married sooner or later and that it might mean an ending to their friendship. He had even gone so far as to "pump" Mary about the men she met and how she felt towards them.

"You'll go and get married one of these day and then where shall I be?" he had dared to tease her once, and she had retorted, with a sort of angry abruptness:

"I wouldn't let that worry keep you awake at night."

"I think"—Luke's voice interrupted the trend of Jimmy's thoughts now as to whether he would go on a bust and buy stalls for a play Mary particularly wanted to see, on the strength of their good month—"I think," said Luke, "that we are justified in shutting up shop and going round the corner for a quick one."

Jimmy agreed that it would be a pretty good idea, when the office boy poked his head round the door with the information that there was someone to see Mr. Garden.

"A Mrs. Pollock," he vouchsafed.

JIMMY sprang to his feet.

"That's my old landlady," he explained to Luke. "The one who was so good to Christine and me. May she come in here?"

"Of course, old boy—like me to vanish?"

"Good Lord, no. I expect she has only dropped in to see that I am in the land of the living." Jimmy assured him, but inwardly he wondered what had brought Mrs. Pollock all this way from Victoria when, to his knowledge, she never roamed further away from her own district than to take a walk in St. James's Park.

He greeted her with delight when she was ushered in by the grinning Gerald. "This is a wonderful surprise, Mrs. Pollock," and pulled forward a chair for her. Mrs. Pollock sat down gingerly. It was not a very large chair. He introduced her to Luke.

"Mrs. Pollock, who was so good to me and Christine," he repeated, and indicating the frosted-glass door, told Mrs. Pollock, "that is where she used to sit. How did you know that I was here?" he added. He had given her the address of his room in Bloomsbury, but no one except Mary knew where he worked.

"Miss Mary told me," Mrs. Pollock enlightened him. "You see, I went round to her place first and she said I might catch you here. I've brought you this, Mr. Garden." She delved into a bulging handbag of bright scarlet and produced from it in the triumphant manner of a conjurer a letter addressed to Jimmy in Anna's writing.

"A lady delivered it herself," Mrs. Pollock informed him further. "She was very anxious for you to have it as soon as possible."

"A dark lady?" Jimmy frowned slightly.

"That's right, Mr. Garden. A dark, foreign sort of a lady." Mrs. Pollock nodded her head reflectively. "She said it was very urgent and wanted me to give her your new address, but I said that that was against my rules, but that I would undertake to see it personally into your hands. I hope I did right."

"Very, very right, Mrs. Pollock, though you should not have put yourself to so much trouble." Jimmy thanked her, toying with Anna's unopened letter and wondering how soon he could get rid of the kindly body without hurting her feelings. He was agog to discover what new devilry Anna was up to, and knew that he could not possibly read her letter until he was alone. He went sick and cold when it flashed through his mind that the letter might contain bad news about Paula. Perhaps she was ill . . . Oh, God, even perhaps

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dead! Children got ill so easily, even healthy ones, and unless it were something dreadful like this, he could not think why Anna had been so insistent upon his getting the letter without delay.

Luke mercifully came to his rescue.

"I am sure Mrs. Pollock is anxious to get home," he said, bestowing upon her his disarming smile. "And I know, Jimmy, that you have a spot of work to see to, so I will take her down and put her in a nice cosy taxi."

Jimmy nodded his assent and shook Mrs. Pollock warmly by the hand, but he was alone some minutes before he could gather courage to open that letter.

THEN, with a sudden ruthless bravado storming his features, he ripped open the envelope and took from it a large sheet of notepaper which was closely covered on both sides with Anna's large, careful writing.

"Dear Jimmy (she started). "This is just to let you know that I have obtained my decree absolute."

Jimmy went white and thought cynically. Thank you, but this has come just seven months too late.

"I am going to be married again almost immediately (he read on). "My fiance is a well-to-do American in the hotel business."

Jimmy grinned mirthlessly. She need not have told him that the man she was going to marry was well-to-do. . . . Anna would not make the mistake twice of marrying where there was no money. Trust Anna.

"His chief hotel is in Philadelphia, and we plan to go back there as soon as possible (Anna explained further). "And now that the divorce is settled, Paula is the only snag. You see, Jimmy, Hank is not mad to have another man's child foisted on him, and I see his point of view, so if you like, and are in a position to look after her properly, I shall be pleased to hand her over to you."

For all the world like a pound of margarine thrown in with the tea, fumed Jimmy.

"I have not seen her for some months (he read next), as Hank and I thought it better that she should spend her holidays at school so as to get used to doing without me, and I am sure you could carry on with the same arrangement if it were more convenient and until she is old enough to come home and keep house for you. I have seen Oliver and he is willing to stand the fees until she is eighteen, and it may ease the position so far as you are personally concerned to know that there was never anything between me and Oliver. What he has done and is doing for Paula is out of friendship for you. I can swear that, Jimmy"—Anna had underlined it—"and I wish it could have been otherwise, for your friend Oliver is the only man I have ever loved. He is the man I shall always love with all my heart and soul, even though I know he has no use for me," wrote this strange woman who had announced in the same letter that she was to be married to an American hotel proprietor as soon as she could get rid of her small daughter.

There followed terse instructions as to Paula's school address and that of Anna's solicitors, who would make legal arrangements for the child to be placed entirely under Jimmy's control. She finished up asking him to telephone her at the Strand Palace Hotel as soon as he received the letter, and expressed polite regrets that Christine had died. "It must have been very sad for you, Jimmy, and I am sorry," wrote Anna.

Jimmy remained seated stiffly at his desk, like one in a trance, after he had finished reading the letter, then he started it all over again. Yes, there was no mistake, he had it in black and white that Anna was willing to give him Paula.

The rest of her letter was unimportant. What did he care whom she married or whom she had loved, so long as he was to have Paula?

After further hesitation he reached out for the telephone and got through to the Strand Palace. Luckily Anna was in. She sounded shamelessly relieved when she learned that Jimmy was only too glad to take on the responsibility of their child, and was in a position to support her. He had to hand this much to Anna. She wasn't giving Paula until she was assured that Jimmy was in regular work (he did not tell her that he was back with Luke), and in a position to look after the child.

"Paula will be very pleased to see you, I think, Jimmy," she informed him. "She often asks what has happened to you. She looks very like you, too," and added that she would be very obliged if Jimmy would see the solicitors without delay, as she and Hank were anxious to sail for America the following week.

"And," declared Anna with a kind of triumph which made Jimmy sweat with shame for her, "we shall get married tomorrow. Hank has the licence all ready."

A WEEK later Jimmy and Mary were standing on the platform at Victoria Station. He was catching the three-forty to Eastbourne, but there were still seven or eight minutes before the train started.

"Don't expect too much," Mary was urging him. "Remember, Jimmy, she is only nine years old and a repressed little beggar at that. Please promise me not to be disappointed if she doesn't do the spectacular film-child gesture of springing wildly into your arms and covering your face with baby kisses. From what I know of Paula she will probably be maddeningly awkward and shy."

"Not more shy than I shall be," confessed Jimmy. "Do you realise, Mary, that it is nearly three years since I have seen her?"

"I do. And don't forget it if she squirms and goes red and disgruntled when you kiss her."

Jimmy laughed.

"What a lot you know about children," he commented.

"People who haven't any of their own often do."

He read in her eyes an unspeakable sadness, a frustration which hurt him. He looked at the clock. There were exactly four minutes to go before the train was due to leave.

"Mary"—his voice sounded thick and muffled—"you know how I felt, how I feel, about Christine. You know that I shall never love again quite like that. But, Mary, as you are fond of children and because you and I understand each other so well"—he fumbled for words—"Mary," he rapped out sharply, "will you marry me?" He reached out shyly for her hand. "I'll do my best to make you happy if you would take the chance."

Mary's eyes were starry bright. He felt her hand tremble in his.

"I'd like to," she said simply, and then the guard blew the whistle and she bundled him into the train, and reminded him as the train chuffed out of the station, "Remember, don't expect too much.'

JIMMY walked down the long shady road which led from the station to Paula's school which, he learned, was at the end of this long road.

He deliberately slackened his pace. He had promised Mary not to expect too much. He was doing all in his power to subdue the racing sensation of excitement which came over him in a hot flush every time he dared to think—in so many minutes I am going to see Paula again. He supposed there would be embarrassing formalities to be gone through before he saw her. He supposed he would have to see the headmistress and hear how good Paula was at arithmetic and how weak in French, or whichever way round it was, and he would also have to explain that he was taking her away from this school at the end of the term. It was more expensive than he could afford; and although he believed what Anna had written in regard to her relationship with Oliver, he did not intend to allow his friend to go on paying for his child's education.

No. Paula was going to Christine's convent next term. Mary had agreed that this was the right thing to do. And Christine, if she was still in touch with the happenings of this world, would be pleased that he was sending Paula to her old school, said Mary, which was exactly what Jimmy had thought.

Perhaps, he reflected whimsically, going slower and slower up the road, something of Christine's own rare spirit would descend upon Paula when she was in the care of the nuns who had brought her up. Anyhow, the thought that Paula would be using the same playground and class-rooms as Christine had used, was infinitely sweet.

He was so lost in his sentimental meditations, his hopes and his fears for his child, that he had reached the large square house with Clancarty Grange painted on its gates, and a brass plate beneath it stating that it was a school for girls, before he realised that he was half-way there.

He pushed the gate open and, as he did so, something tall and thin and wiry, dressed in a dark-brown gym tunic over a fawn blouse, came running towards him, and it said briefly, "Hallo, Daddy!"

She was bigger than he had expected, her sleek hair was more than ever the same colour as his own. He could not decide whether or not she was a pretty little girl.

Remembering Mary's warning, he greeted her as off-handedly as he could.

"Hallo, Paula, how are you?" he said as though they had only seen each other the day before. And then: "Fancy your recognising me."

He felt a small, warm hand slipped into his and Paula told him in her serious way:

"I've never really forgotten you, Daddy. Miss Frenton said I could watch for you at the window and I knew it was you before you got nearly here. . . . We can see right up the road from our window," she explained, and added: "Your train must have been late. I've been waiting for you a long time."

And Jimmy echoed: "I've been waiting a long time for you."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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